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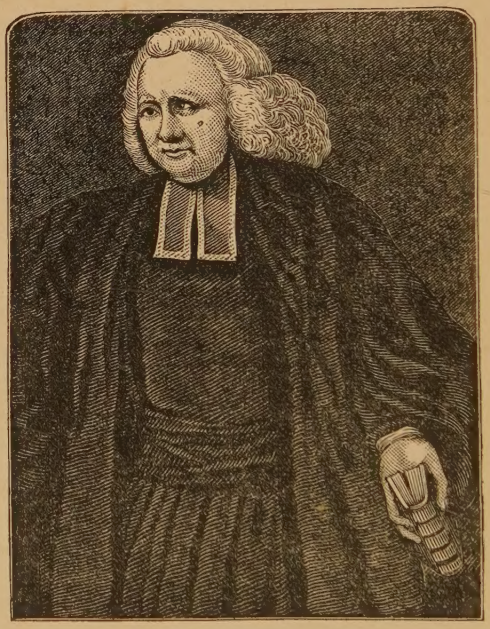

George Whitefield.

LIFE OF

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

"PRINCE OF PULPIT ORATORS"

WITH

SPECIMENS OF HIS SERMONS

BY

REV. A. S. BILLINGSLEY

Late Chaplain U. S. A., and Author of "FROM THE FLAG TO THE CROSS."

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
George Whitfield, - - -	*Frontispiece*
Little George, "The Pot Boy" Waiter, - -	23
Field Preaching, - - - - -	96
Whitfield Preaching at a Horse Race, - -	118
New Orphan House, - - - -	140
Whitfield's Orphan House - - -	140
Preaching from the Old State House Steps, Philadelphia	152
John Wesley, - - - - - -	192
Whitfield's Great Field Victory, - - -	220
Whitfield Assaulted in Bed, - - -	238
Whitfield Mobbed, - - -	298

PREFACE.

WHITEFIELD was a flame of fire. And as that flame has shone so bright, enlightened the minds and warmed the hearts of so many, it is very important to keep it burning. But as it has long since ceased to burn in the original socket, and now shines only as reflected through the historic page, Whitefield's life, words and deeds should be in every household. "Though dead, he yet speaketh." Enshrined in the hearts of God's people, like his great Master, he still lives by the fervent prayers he prayed, the eloquent sermons he preached, and the holy doctrine he taught. Dead to self and consecrated to God, with his towering faith, humble walk and holy life, he still lives by the godly example he set us. Bold, earnest, eloquent and powerful, as a preacher, he still lives as "the unequaled prince of pulpit orators." Having lived and died for Christ he still lives as a martyr for Jesus.

But Whitefield was not only a flame of fire, he was also a flame of *love*. And it was the union of the flame of fire with the flame of love that made him so powerful. Who struck fresh life into a dead church? George Whitefield. How? By the power of his fervent prayers, eloquent sermons and abundant labors. "He smote the rock" of the church's resources, and streams of life and salvation gushed out. He touched the dead corpse "of a lifeless, palsied church, and it rose and stood upon its feet." Then let the church garner his remains, hold forth his brilliant, Christ-like example, print and circulate his life, until it shall abound as the leaves of autumn.

The following pages contain much about Whitefield found in no other biography. Written from a religious stand-point, we hope it will do much to strengthen Christians and to convert sinners. We found it refreshing to write it, and hope it will prove refreshing to read it.

To save room and avoid copious foot-notes, we generally omitted the author and page referred to. If anything should be called in question, we have the authors on hand.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY.

PAGE.

A flaming fire. A big light. Many lighted. Many warmed. Keep it burning. Whitefield in every house. His character as a preacher and orator. A martyr for Jesus. A flame of love. Source of his power, love and fire. Struck fresh life into a dead church. A dead corpse stands on its feet. Garner his life and remains. Let it fly. Condition of the Church when he began to preach. Piety very low. A converted minister a rare thing. Christianity considered "fictitious." Praying to man instead of God. Testimony of Toplady, Bishop Butler, Wesley and Dr. Watson. 3

CHAPTER I.

WHITEFIELD'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Every nation has its great men. Demosthenes, Cicero, Edwards, Whitefield. His Birth and Parentage. Robert Raikes. Hooper, the martyr. One bright light dies, another rises. Distinguished men of humble birth. Little George orphaned at two. "Always a good boy." Object of much parental affection. Much expected of him. Hated instruction. His "roguish tricks." Tender heart. Goes to school. (Three years at Grammar School.) "Born an orator." His eloquence begins to develop. Fond of the stage. Praised and paid for his performances. Saves money and buys a good book. (The stage debauches.) Quits school and comes home. Enters hotel as a "POT BOY and Common Drawyer." Cleans rooms. Unconscious of his great power. Always wanted to be a preacher. Took charge of a hotel. Washing mops and composing sermons. Encouraging example for boys..... 19

CHAPTER II.

HIS EDUCATION AND CONVERSION.

He longs to go to college. His "extraordinary talents." His academic education. Great progress in the classics. "One penny left." "Will you go to Oxford, George?" "WITH ALL MY HEART." "The Rubicon is past." Tender disposition. Early religious impressions. Exchanged Novels for Thomas à Kempis. Set out to be religious at sixteen. An Episcopalian. Enters college as a "servitor" at eighteen. Paid his own way. Got into bad company. Went to church for sport. Low morals at

PAGE.

Oxford. Out in the cold. Persecuted. Lilies among thorns. The "HOLY CLUB." The Wesleys. Origin of Methodism. Read Law's Serious Call. Compassion for the poor. Befriended by Charles Wesley. Joined the "HOLY CLUB." "Lived by rule." Redeems the time. Read "The Life of God in the Soul." Discovered "the true religion." "*Saw a great light.*" Feels he "*must* be born again." His severe pangs of regeneration. Turning point in his salvation. Fasted and prayed himself almost to death. Spent whole days and weeks in prayer. Wore patched clothes and dirty shoes. Sick seven weeks. His "glorious visitation." Deeper convictions. Prays over his Greek Testament. Studies Bible closer. Earnest searching for Jesus. Sees justification by faith. The struggle increases. *His conversion.* Unspeakable joy. Thank God. His friends make light of it. His joy in self-denial..... 24

CHAPTER III.

HIS ORDINATION.

Prostrated by his severe pangs of regeneration, needs rest. At the head of the "HOLY CLUB." Gets £20 a year. Begins to live and work for Christ. Wants religious friends. His first convert. Formed a society. Reads Bible on his knees. Prays over every word. Studies Burkitt and Henry. His sweet communion and blessed assurance. His work enlarges. Kindness to the poor. Visited prisoners in jail..... 36

CHAPTER IV.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

His unbosoming himself reveals the secret of his strength. His big tears and pent-up desires raise high expectations. Feels his own weakness. His first sermon a complete success. "The effect was wonderful." It set fifteen mad. It was on "The Benefit of Religious Society." Enjoyed God's presence. Awed at first. "The fire kindled as he advanced.' A few mocked. "Most seemed struck." Began preaching with one sermon. It established his character at once. His glorious letter. He preached the following Sabbath with great power. Returned to Oxford. Received with great joy. Received the degree of "A. B." Took charge of charity schools. Called away to preach..... 44

CHAPTER V.

HIS FIRST LABORS IN LONDON AND ENGLAND.

His vast field. Pants to thrust in the sickle. Called to London. Sneered at. Everybody carried away with his sermon. "THE BOY PARSON." Visited the soldiers. Preached to the prisoners. Longs to go to America. Returns to Oxford. Bought Henry's Commentary with a present. Goes to Dummer as curate. Dislikes the society there. Likes it and profits by it. Redeems the time. Declines a call to London. The Wesleys urge

PAGE.
him to go to America. "The die is cast." "I WILL GO." His heart leaped with joy..... 48

CHAPTER VI.

HIS WEEPING FAREWELL TO LONDON.

The young Boanerges gets ready. Sorrowful parting. His friends wept sore. Had large offers to not go. His aged mother wept. Offered a fine, rich church to stay. Nothing moved him. Bids farewell to Oxford. Consults Bp. Benson. Revival at Bristol. Whole city moved. Preached before the corporation. Feels his pride and ambition rising. Prays for humility. The word cuts like lightning. Similar impressions at Bath and Gloucester. Big collections. Returned to London. Consults General Oglethorpe and Georgia Trustees. Interviews the Bishop and Archbishop, London. Very enthusiastic. Longs to set sail. Sailing delayed. Labors in London. Goes to the country. Precious refreshings. Exults in God, in a storm. Returns to Bristol. Received with great honor. City electrified with his preaching. Floods of tears. Similar results at Bath. Powerful effects of his sermon on Regeneration. "All London alarmed." *Increased* zeal. Six o'clock morning sermons. Preached to London charity schools. A great rush. Streets crowded long before day, going to church. Prayed all night. Farewell to London. "All drowned in tears." Opposition quails. "God conquers all." "*A spiritual pickpocket.*" Dry bones shake. Sinners flock to Jesus. The doctrines he preached. Thousands pray for him and hugged him in their arms. Farewell..... 52

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

Successful in England, he embarks for America, 1737. Ship full of soldiers. His "*New Charge.*" Cards, cursing, swearing. His cold reception on board. Treated as an impostor. Ship a gambling house. Fled to the hills for prayer. Conquers the opposition. Visits the sick soldiers. Reproves swearing officers. The Captain gave him his cabin. Organized a *Soldiers' Bible Class.* Preached twice the second Sabbath on board. Catechised soldiers. Preached twice every day. "The Whitaker" detained. Fast Day. A sweet Sabbath at Deal. Whitefield sailed out by same wind Wesley sailed in. Narrow escape. Catechised children. Preached daily to the soldiers. Preached Hell and Justification by Faith. Crawled on his knees to visit the sick. Cheerful in a storm. Reaches Gibraltar. Kindly received by the Governor. The Gibraltar Methodists. A glorious light. His soul knit to them. Prayed in caves and rocks. Farewell to Gibraltar. Many wept. Canvasses hearts "*one* by *one.*" A school on board. Fast Day. Preached on swearing. Soldiers wept. Sin much abated. Preaches on accompanying ships. Cards and bad books thrown overboard. Swearing soldiers converted. Whitefield and

PAGE

the shark. "*Way of duty, the way of safety.*" "Breaking children's wills." Preaches on three ships same day. He gets sick. Three ships join in the service. Ship cook dies. The cabin becomes a *Bethel*, the deck a *Church*, the stern a *School*. A great Reformation. "What a change!" Walks by faith. Reaches Savannah..... 61

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITEFIELD'S FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

Landed at Savannah, May 7, 1738. Thanks God for his safe arrival. Very kindly received. Preached the next day. Visits an old sick Indian. Surveys the little colony. Determines to erect an Orphan House. Visits the Saltzburgers. Shares with their orphans. Sung and prayed with them. Gets sick—gets well. Wesley's success. America not such a hard place. "Painted lions." Visits from house to house. Wins people's hearts. Preaches daily at five in morning. Travels twelve or fifteen miles to visit families. Visits Frederica. Heartily received. Stirred up the people to build a church. A lost man. "Looked for persecution, but received like an angel of God." Loaded with presents. Returns to Savannah. Whitefield and the dying infidel. Farewell to Savannah. America a good school to learn Christ in. Many warm friends. His success in America. Slept on the ground..... 75

CHAPTER IX.

HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

Sailed September 9, 1738. Evil forebodings. Storm at sea. "All was terror." Deep distress. His soul wrapt in peace. Sublime victory of faith. Put on short rations. Rejoices in trials. *His great heroism.* Prefers scanty supplies. Better for the soul. Dark clouds thicken. Spiritual desertions. Glories in tribulations. Filled with joy unspeakable. Defies the devil. Rises above fear. A Jonah on board. Half starved. Brought very low. Thanks God for it. Prays to be scourged. Very happy. Long, stormy, distressing voyage. Good for the soul. Sung and prayed at sight of land. Resignation best preparation for blessings. But one-half pint of water left. "Great straits." Learned to endure hardness. Convicted Captain's prayer. W. fears treachery of his own heart. Reaches Ireland. Preaches in Limerick. Kissed by the Bishop. An *Irish cabin*, with pigs, dogs, geese, men, women and children in it. Preaches at Dublin. Highly honored. Refreshed. Prays for humility. Reached England November 12, much encouraged..... 82

CHAPTER X.

NEW MEASURES IN LONDON—BREAKING ICE IN BRISTOL.

Fears "The fiery trial of Popularity." "Whet up" with trials, reaches London December 8, 1738. Finds his churches prospering. Favorably re-

PAGE.
ceived by the Bishop and Archbishop. Pulpits shut against him. Counsels with Wesley. Prays all night. Filled with the Spirit. Overwhelmed with God's presence, cries, "Glory be to God!" Happy Love Feast. Many fell to the ground. His "Happiest New Year's." "The Epoch of Methodism." "Full of God." Holds a conference with Methodists. Big expectations. "Always on the stretch for God." Loves his enemies. Meets with little Praying Bands. Goes to Oxford. His ordination. "A day of fat things." Presented five hundred acres land for Orphan House. London churches shut against him. Opposition helps on. Preaches extempore. God gave a heaven on earth. Action the best remedy for depression. Preached in a hotel. "Just beginning to be a Christian." Many converts in London. Itinerates. Opposers struck dumb. Triumphs everywhere. Threatened with excommunication. Awed by no threats, preaches on. *Field preaching.* The ice broken. First field sermon. The Rubicon is passed. A glorious victory. New era dawns on the Church. Clergy frowned, but God smiled. Gagged in the city, fled to the country. His boldness. Preaches to acres of poor colliers, out doors. Wesley's views. The fire kindled. "All devils in hell can't put it out." Breaking the ice, broke Satan's kingdom. The poor colliers —their tears made "white gutters." Overcome with the glory. Sent for Wesley. He came and took the field. Eventful crisis. Whitefield broke the way, Wesley followed. Twenty thousand weeping over their sins. Whitefield a man of prayer. *Prayer Meetings* a source of his strength—his finishing school. His mighty impulse. Overwhelmed with joy. God hangs greatest weights on smallest wires. His New Measures—New Doctrines. "Alarmed all London." Shook the devil's throne. Revived the churches of two continents..... 90

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND—GREAT FIELD VICTORIES.

Flushed with victory. New measures and new doctrines established. Goes on conquering. Wonderful success with the poor colliers. Fourteen thousand at Rose Green. His soul expands. Thronged with inquirers. Goes to Wales. Scoffers trail a dead fox. Howell Harris. Baptized with Welsh fire, returned to England. Says "The devil is blind." Fears nothing but a calm. Preaches to twenty thousand at Rose Green. Scoffers prayed to silence. People weep over him. Breaking heads and hearts. Welcomed back to Bristol. Loaded with mites. Many converts at Kingswood. Returns to Wales. Big dinner at Kingswood. Prayer for a school. Glories in field-preaching. Stilled a tempest. Many starved out. Preached to thirty thousand in the rain undisturbed. Baptized an old Quaker. "Dead as a stone." Hurries to Oxford. Shocked at backsliders. Wrings his heart with grief. Kindly received at London. Powerful demonstrations of the Spirit. "Floods of tears." "Sweats through and through." Strengthened with trials. Great *field victories* at Moor-

PAGE

fields and Kennington Common. His life threatened. Awed by no threats, preached on. Grand success. Congregation of 30,000. Singing heard two miles, preaching one. "WHITEFIELD'S MOUNT." His power and congregations increase. Fifty thousand at Kennington Common. Big collection. More than he could carry. Congregation of sixty thousand. Periam thought crazy because he prayed loud. Scoffers awed to silence. Visits Dr. Doddridge. Reproved unsound ministers. Called them "blind guides." Hot controversy. Big congregations. Sixty thousand "drenched in tears." Eighty thousand. Changes his base. Goes to Blackheath. Almost drowned out with weeping. People sung and prayed all night. Heaven on earth. First Methodist Seminary. Swearing turned to praising. "Half beast and half devil." Mobbed. Scoffers cowed down by his sermon. Received a blow. Returned to London. Received with great joy. Preached at a horse race. Held the people by his eloquence. His farewell sermon. Thousands burst into tears. But a babe in Christ..... 103

CHAPTER XII.

HIS SECOND VOYAGE AND VISIT TO AMERICA.

His success in England. £1000 for Orphan House. Sailed August 14, 1739. Self-examination. The further he went the worse he got. Called himself "a dead dog." Deeply humbled. His strong confession. Longs for the stake. Inward struggles. His rocky heart breaks—floods of tears gush out. Sweet trials. Strong faith. Suffering a great privilege. Ready to leap into a fiery furnace. His "splendid sins." Reached Philadelphia in October. Rented a cheap house. "Got fixed up." Preaches daily. "Endued with power from on high." Thronged with inquirers. Dined with William Penn. Visited by old Mr. Tennent. Goes to New York. Heard Gilbert Tennent's *searching* sermon. Finds himself but a babe in Christ. New York pulpits shut against him. Preached with great liberty. Left New York under deep concern. Deeply concerned for his mother.... 120

CHAPTER XIII.

TOUR FROM NEW YORK TO SAVANNAH.

Preached as he went. Spoke strongly against unconverted ministers. One quit preaching. Another prayed and was converted. THE LOG COLLEGE. Cradle of Presbyterianism. Preached with melting effect. Sweet communion with Mr. Tennent. *Germ* of New Jersey College. Goes to Philadelphia. His journals translated into Dutch. Revival in Philadelphia. Prayer meetings. Farewell to Philadelphia, November 29. 10,000 "wept bitterly." Great revivals in Philadelphia. Deep affection for him. Court adjourned to hear him. His family goes by sea, he by land to preach. Cards strongly condemned. Grieved him to see sinners dancing over hell. Lunched at Port Tobacco. Dined with Governor of Virginia.

PAGE

Favorably impressed. Kindly received in *North Carolina*. Surrounded with howling wolves. Visits the negroes. Thinks they can learn fast as whites. Swims his horse. *South Carolina* more polite. Broke up a dance. Baptized a child. Starts by day-break. Alarmed by a negro dance. Lost his old friend Gardner. Charleston ladies gay. Levity turned into seriousness. The gayest weep. His *manner* of preaching. Took Mr. Smith's heart. Sails in an open canoe. Sleeps on the ground. Prayed with negroes after midnight. Encouraged by news from New York. Gen. Oglethorpe gave him £150 for a church. His altercation with Mr. Garden. Ordered out of his house. Whitefield bowed himself out..... 125

CHAPTER XIV.

WHITFIELD'S ORPHAN HOUSE.

Its origin. His compassion. Its original mover. Model. English sympathy for. 500 acres of land granted for it. Nucleus of. Situation and plan of. Foundation laid. A work of faith. Whitefield's hobby. A house of mercy. First collection for it in America, $350. Laid first brick March 25, 1740. Big collections for it in Philadelphia and New York. Goes to New England for funds. $1,000 at once. Deep anxiety for it. "I hang on Jesus." Goes home for a wife and funds. 70 orphans. Teachers. Order and piety. English, Scots, Dutch, French. American boys and girls. He preaches to children's *hearts*. Brick and provisions stolen. Indians supplied them. Revival. No fund for it. Built by faith. A little farm garden. Big family, one hundred and fifty. Raised own provisions. Invaded by the Spaniards. Fasted and prayed. Gen. Oglethorpe drove them off. W.'s devotion to orphans. Prefers slavery to seeing them suffer. Weighed down with cares. Sails for Bermuda, 1748. Proposes to make Bethesda a College and Seminary. Visits it again in 1754. Prosperous. Another grant of two thousand acres of land for it. King refuses a charter. Its "broad bottom." Determines on an academy. Two large wings added. Governor and officials go to hear him. Goes north to recruit, and died, Sept. 30, 1770. Willed Orphan's House to Lady Huntington. Her care for it. Destroyed by lightning. Rebuilt. Still continued for its original purpose..... 139

CHAPTER XV.

HIS SECOND TOUR TO PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK.

Farewell to Savannah. Sailed north. Reached New Castle, April 13, 1740. Preached twice same day. People went twenty miles to hear. Embraced with tenderest affection. Went to Philadelphia. Churches shut against him. Fled to the fields. Large congregations. "HAVE I A SOUL?" Revival. Scoffers silenced. Drinking club broken up. Satan losing ground. Established a colored school. All Philadelphia "moved at his

PAGE

coming." Falsely accused. Society of young men organized. Young women also. The work increases. "Religion is all the talk." "Fifty negroes converted." Dr. Rodgers, a converted boy, embraced. Philadelphia proposed to build him a big church. Refused it. Organized a church of one hundred and forty members, Second Presbyterian, Philadelphia. Great change in the people. Franklin said "It seemed all the world was growing religious." Dancing school closed. Goes to New York. Preached as he went. Motto—"*No nestling this side heaven.*" Always revived. Soars along at feet of Jesus. Building on frames. Lifted on his horse. Farewell to New York. Strikes for Georgia. Tennents go twenty miles to meet him. *A sweet ride.* Big stir in New York. "All was life and power." "People hung on his lips." Nottingham revival. One thousand cried out. Some fainted. Overpowered with God's love. "It almost took my life." Another Pentecost. Still greater at Fogg's Manor. Wonderful. Looked like going to judgment. Could scarcely get on his horse. His heart ready to burst. His "*tears of blood.*" Overwhelmed with joy at Savannah. Thought he would have died. Anathemas of Garden. Sweet commencement at Bethesda. Great work at Charleston. Where opposition strongest, success greatest. Word ran like lightning. Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians all communed together. Changed his shirt every sermon. Hard trials, but God gave him victory. Results. Ladies dress plainer. Ashamed of jewelry, hide it. Converted planters. Sued and suspended for praying his own prayers, in Charleston, 1740. He appealed. Refused the sacrament. Thanks God. Walking between the Cherubims of glory. Expected martyrdom. His submission. "Sweet to wear a martyr crown." 148

CHAPTER XVI.

WHITEFIELD IN NEW ENGLAND.

Sailed for Boston August 24, 1740. Prospects encouraging. Revival expected. Mr. Clapp. Interviews Gov. Belcher. Reached Boston unwell. Preached alternately in the church and on the Common. False alarm. Five killed. Harvard College. One hundred students. Tempted. Overjoyed. Big collection. Preached to negroes. Boy going to Whitefield's God. Preaches to children. Visits a dying little girl. Their conversation. Little girl converted. Unconverted preachers. Dead congregations. Offering strange fire. Wants nothing but Christ. Farewell to Boston. Thirty thousand. Governor wept—kissed Whitefield. Exhorted to stir up preachers and rulers. Befriends Princeton College. "Putting fire to tinder." At Northampton. Visits President Edwards. Great revival. How it began. A gay young lady converted. Whole town full of God. Spread like a flash of lightning. Character of Edwards. Spoke to his children. Preached for him. All wept profusely. A sweet couple. Children dress plain. Put W. in notion of getting mar-

PAGE.

ried. Former fires stirred. His soul knit to them. Thrown off his horse. Impulses. Great Revival followed. Appropriate sermons. Religion all the talk. Much crying out, faintings, etc. Children's refreshing meeting. Edwards' ecstatic joy. Whitefield goes to New Haven. Strikes for New York. Goes preaching. Warns unconverted ministers. Gov. Tallcott weeps. Power with unconverted ministers. Likes New England. Opposes preaching with notes. Sign of coldness. Light of Universities becomes darkness. Powerful revival—unprecedented. Twenty Boston ministers converted. Picking holes in coats and hearts. Received as an angel of God. Head, hands, heart full of Christ. Dr. Prince's opinion of him. A great "Wooer of souls." Many converts. Great change in Boston. One hundred and twenty churches in twenty years. New England won his heart..... 162

CHAPTER XVII.

TOUR FROM NEW ENGLAND TO GEORGIA.

Preaches by the way. Big stir in New York. Dejected. Preaches with great power. Carried all before it. Weeping congregations. Overwhelmed him. Solemn wedding. "Obliged to his enemies." Heart strings breaking. "A boy cut to the heart." The boy preaches. Deep impression. Wrapt in Jesus. Tennent blows up the fire in Boston. Powerful work. Rev. Aaron Burr. Goes to Philadelphia. God's glory fills the house. "Set America in a flame." Converted infidel weeps. God struck his heart. Not sectarian. No sectarianism in heaven. Revival at Whiteclay Creek. Fruitful excursion. Touching at Charleston. Reaches Bethesda, December 14. Overwhelmed in prayer. Happy Christmas at Bethesda. Charleston people exceeding kind. Charge of libeling the clergy. Was sued. Plead guilty. Gave bail. Rejoices in it. Farewell to Charleston. Sailed for London..... 181

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS SEPARATION FROM WESLEY.

Having revived American churches, sailed for England, January 16, 1741. Reached Falmouth March 11. Preached at Kennington Common following Sabbath. But, oh! what a scene!—Satan had ruined his societies. Formerly had 20,000, now only 100. Strange prejudice against him. People refuse to look at him. Deplores separation. Threatened with arrest for debt. Heart-rending scene. His heart bled over it. Conquered the opposition. Whitefield a Calvinist, Wesley an Arminian. Hence they differed. Both tried to avoid a separation. His affectionate letter to Wesley. Wesley's reply. The conflict deepens. Wesley's sermon against election. Its effects. Whitefield's reply to it. Greatly blessed. His sweet assurance. Looks for worse trials. Strong faith. "Makes a bed of flame a bed of down." Whitefield's pointed letter to Wesley. Prays for harmony. Abhors

PAGE

preaching against Wesley. "I had rather die." Writes against him. Wesley tore up his letter. The doctrinal chasm widens. Whitefield girding for the battle. The breach consummated. Each one blames the other. Looks up his scattered sheep. They soon return. The *Tabernacle* built. Revival followed. Sent for lay preachers. The farther we go in religion, the cooler yet the more earnest. All peace and sweetness. Jesus rides on conquering. Threatened with arrest for debt. Driven to his knees. Assured of help. His *Letters*. All rich as cream. Good news from New England. Field preaching his plan. Great success in London. Wesley's Calvinism. The separation was short. The breach was soon healed. Wesley said, "Let controversy die." Whitefield said, "Amen." "Let us bear and forbear." Though thus united, "each one pursued his own course." 190

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Whitefield rising. Buoyant and daring, he couldn't be kept down. Reaches Edinburgh July 30, 1741. Preaches for the Erskines *first*. "Received very lovingly." "The *rustling* of Bibles surprised him." Seceders strive to win him to their party. Preaches in Edinburgh. Meets the Seceder Presbytery. An "inside workman." "The devil's people" most need preaching. Willing to preach in the Pope's pulpit. "Narrow spirits." "Foundation too narrow." He "retired, wept, prayed." "Seen an end of all perfection." Received with open arms and open hearts at Edinburgh. *Great revival*. "Three hundred seeking after Jesus." His sermons printed daily. "Everywhere Jesus gets the victory." Congregation of twenty thousand. Twenty-five hundred dollars for orphans. His motto, "Poor, yet making many rich." "I MAKE NO PURSE." Christ's love struck him dumb. Fifty conversions in Glasgow. Preached seven times one day. New "prayer meetings everywhere." "*A flaming fire for God*." Whitefield next to Knox. Left Scotland for Wales..... 203

CHAPTER XX.

HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Manner of courting peculiar. Left it all with the Lord. Courted by letter. Popped the question first letter. Didn't believe in love. His first love-letter. Awkward in winning a woman's heart. Failed to get first one he picked on. He asked her many hard questions. He wanted one dead to everything but Jesus Christ. Married an old widow—a Welsh lady of Abergavenny—neither rich nor beautiful, but *pious*. Her courage. "Now, George, *play the man for God*." The enemy fled. Victory on the Lord's side. His domestic life. Different opinions about it. His affection for his wife. Drove her into a deep ditch. Not hurt much. Took no bridal tour—no, but went *right on* with his work. Their first born. Born when he was from home. So poor, borrowed furniture to

PAGE.
begin to keep house. The child died. He preached on next day. Said "weeping must not hinder sowing." 209

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS PITCHED BATTLE WITH SATAN.

Few more skirmishes first. Warmed with Welsh fire, returns to England. Electrified Bristol. Nearer Christ than ever. Corresponds with the nobility. Things prosperous at London. "The fire kindles." "Jesus rides on triumphantly." "Peace flows like a river." Itinerates. Love feast at Kingswood. Success in England, Wales, Scotland. "Free grace fires his soul." Discontinues his Journals. Rejoices over a converted lord. "What sweet company is Jesus." Another skirmish at Gloucester. "A glorious Pentecost at London." "THE PITCHED BATTLE." At Moorfields on Whitsuntide. "Got the start of the devil." Ten thousand flocked around him. Preaches again at noon. "*What a scene!*" Twenty-five thousand white for Beelzebub's harvest. Mobbed. "Honored with stones, rotten eggs and dead cats." "His soul was among lions." People "turned into lambs." Makes another attack. Enemy being greatly reinforced, made repeated assaults. Whitefield pours in his heavy artillery, volley after volley. The enemy roared, the people prayed, till victory was complete. One thousand awakened—three hundred and fifty "snatched out of the very jaws of the devil." Great rejoicing. Battle lasted three hours. The world eclipsed in oratory. "The devil completely out-generaled." Grand victory! The secret of his success. "His wonderful oratory." The people "*keep praying.*" Labored under disadvantages. Demosthenes. Peter on the day of Pentecost, had every advantage. Peter and Whitefield contrasted. Changed his base. Renewed the attack. Followed up the victory. "Preached in great jeopardy." Threatened to be stabbed. Narrow escape. "Satan out-done himself." "Half devil and half beast." 215

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Flushed with victory, returns to Scotland. Expects greater things there. Prayed as he went. Repelled Satan's fiery darts. Received with great joy. Converts stick fast. Great commotion. Preached with unprecedented power. "Awakening unspeakable." Prays without ceasing At Cambuslang. Demonstrations still greater than ever. Weeping and distress inexpressible. Cambuslang communion. Preached to twenty thousand on Saturday with *great* power. So crowded upon, had to desist. Preached again Monday morning. He never saw the like. The motion fled as quick as lightning. Thousands overwhelmed. Some sung and prayed all night. "*Keep close to Jesus.*" Seceders' fast day because of W.'s success. Called "a destroyer." They called this work "*a delusion.*" "The work of the devil." Cambuslang *second communion.* W. *very*

PAGE.

much stirred up. With forty thousand people, three thousand communicants, twenty-five tables. It excelled all other communions. It lasted till night. Communicants *rushed* to the table. "Never saw so much of heaven on earth." Two thousand awakenings. "Convulsions." Four hundred conversions. Some mocked. Other revivals followed. "Trod sin, death and hell under his feet." Lives by faith. Fears neither men nor devils. "Prefers Christ's reproach to all the treasures in the world." Pitied the Seceders. Dead to self. Whole-hearted consecration. Prayer for Col. Gardner..... 224

CHAPTER XXIII.

HIS OLD BATTLE FIELDS.

Cheered by his success in Scotland, returns to England. He went by coach, his wife by sea. Persecution still rages. Some indicted for going to religious societies. "If you *starve* us we'll go." "Live on grass." Strong devotion to his orphans. His theological course. "The Bible and your own heart." The way to rise. Power of humility. "Fetching blood from the old man." Preaches at Old Points. Presides at Methodist Association in Wales. "Swarzy is taken." Honored with *a salute*. Tendered another "blessed association." Preaching established all over Wales. Opposers "like vipers biting the file." Four hundred miles in three weeks. "Resumed the Lord's battles in Moorfields." Soars on eagle's wings. Mobbed at Hampton. Willing to die for Jesus. Accused falsely. Escaped from mob. Surrenders himself. Thrown into a lime-pit. Filled with joy. His courage shook them. Let out. Thanks God. Taken again. His Christ-like submission. Led through town by the mob. "*His sweet walk.*" Thrown into the creek. Cut his leg. "He talked to them." They repented. He did not sue them. Prayed, "*Father, forgive them.*" He broke up the mob by kindness. They made another attack. He sued them. They found guilty. Preaches at "Bristol Fair." *Assaulted.* "Most unmercifully beaten." He cried "*murder.*" Received repeated blows. The women pushed the murderer down stairs. The neighborhood alarmed. Another murderous scheme frustrated by his kindness. His kindness saved his life. Thought to be mad because he preached loud. One went to stone him and got convicted. He made a preacher. His powerful appeal..... 232

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS THIRD VISIT TO AMERICA.

After a solemn parting, sailed for New England August 4, 1744. "Naturally a coward." Preparing for an attack at sea. Beats up for arms. Kindly received at York. Very sick. Resolved to go and preach and die. "But O what life!" "*What power!*" Thought to be dying. "He is gone." Kind reception in Boston. *Mode* of preaching. Aims at the heart, *through* the head. Effects of Mr. Tennent's labors. Revival increased

PAGE.

with great power. Whitefield's "*unguarded expressions*" created opposition. His converts among the Boston clergy. Picking holes in coats and hearts. "From all this smoke a blessed fire broke out." Six o'clock lecture established in Boston. Declined a big church. Testimony of the revival. A scoffer pricked to the heart. Cape Breton expedition. Gives them a motto. Victorious. Abundant fruits in New York. Preached to the Indians. Saw young ones studying the Catechism. Refused the Philadelphia "golden bait." Reading his sermon "kindled a fire," and organized churches. "*Morris' Reading House.*" People wept bitterly under the reading of his sermons. Presbyterianism established in Virginia. "*His tour North.*" Latin school at Bethesda. Prosperous there. Hunting Maryland sinners. Always "*on the stretch.*" "Hard to be silent." Strong attachment to New England. "*Determined to die fighting on his stumps.*" Returns South. Hunts after North Carolina sinners. Very submissive. The curtain drops. "A wide gap" ensues..... 241

CHAPTER XXV.

WHITEFIELD IN BERMUDAS.

Weighed down with Orphan House cares, he sailed for Bermudas, March, 1748. Very kindly received. Delighted with the place. Commenced preaching at once. Large congregations. Some wept. Many colored people attended. Carried about on the people's affections. Dined with the governor. Whitefield answered his questions so well all were pleased. Invited him home with them. Preached in private houses almost daily. Preached to the negroes and whites together. "Very sensible and attentive." Negroes need the best qualified teachers. They said they would "*strive to sin no more.*" Preached to them again next Sabbath. Some wept. Next Sabbath preached his farewell sermon. Meeting time. Detained. Gave them another farewell next Sabbath. Increased interest. Large donations. Many wept bitterly around him. Sailed for England in June. Had free passage. But not allowed to preach on board. This grieved his heart. Finished revising his journals. Confesses his blunders. His zeal mixed with wild-fire. Much humbled over it. Thanks God for "so much holy fire."..... 251

CHAPTER XXVI.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

After "torrents of popularity," and "torrents of trials" in America, reached London, July 7, 1748. Still panting for souls. Found Tabernacle congregation scattered. All right at Moorfields. Former zeal rekindled. Sold all his furniture to pay his debts. Whitefield and the nobility. Preaches at Lady Huntington's. English lords go to hear him. Lady H. moves to London. He preaches regularly at her house. Ladies' prayer meeting. "The Devil's castaway." The lords greatly delighted with Whitefield. His flights of oratory. "Stop, Gabriel!" Converts

PAGE.

among nobility. No special preference for the rich. John Wesley shunned them. He loved the poor. He thought the middling class superior. *Sketch* of Lady Huntingdon. "*She is all in a flame for Jesus.*" He goes to Scotland. "Fear not temporal support." Great success. Brought on the carpet by the Presbyterians. The more he was blackened the more he was comforted. Churches shut against him. "Strange things." Erskine embraced Whitefield. He aids New Jersey College. Tries for an academy at Bethesda. Asks for colored help. Returns to "winter quarters." Revival at Bristol and Kingswood. Many converts. Excursion to the West. His power of darting the gospel into sinners' hearts. "Rambler" pierced. Arrows stuck fast. "Preached down the uproar." Breaking heads and hearts. Circuit of six hundred miles. "Goes it *blindfold.*" Answers a "virulent pamphlet." Wishes to head no party. Sick of popularity. Love of power intoxicates. Mockers weep. Returns to Wales. In sweet retirement. Great success. Circuit of eight hundred miles. His desired epitaph. "*What is, is best.*" Stoned at Exeter. His head cut. Tour to Yorkshire. His continual vomitings. "*The pulpit is my cure.*" Fighting in winter quarters. Despised. Following Jesus through seas of blood. His *Earthquake Sermon.* Scene terrible beyond description. Interviews Dr. Doddridge and Mr. Hervey. Hervey's sketch of him. Love strikes, wounds, heals. "Satan showing his teeth." Strongly opposed uneducated men preaching. Urged them to quit and study. Mock preacher converted and preaches. Goes to Scotland. "Fire of love burns up all fevers." Great awakening. Power of his conversation. Returns to England. "Fight on your knees." "The world wants more heat than light." Long tours. Views of slavery. Spring campaign. Goes to Ireland. Great riots become quietness. Returns to Scotland. Precious seasons. Multitudes "*stood fixed.*" Heart-breaking partings..... ... 255

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOURTH VISIT TO AMERICA—RETURN—FURTHER LABORS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Weeping farewells in Scotland. Returns to England, and sails for America, August, 1751. Found Orphan House all right. Strikes for a *Theological School* in it. Returns to England in April. Government of Georgia transferred to the King of England. Prospects more encouraging. Tour to Wales. Letter to Benjamin Franklin. Has something of Christ in every letter. Visits Scotland again. Laid the foundation of the *Tabernacle.* Basking in God's presence. Longs for humility. Worked to death. Esteems the reproaches of Christ above all riches. Bitter persecutors converted. Congregation of twenty thousand at Leeds. "People full of fire." Awakenings general. "Reached Edinburgh all of a blaze." Sums up the campaign "Cambuslang seasons." New Tabernacle at Bristol. Visits John Wesley sick. Aids New Jersey College. Closes summer campaign. "THE WONDER OF THE AGE." Closed the year in an ecstasy. Blessings overwhelming. Lofty self-denial..... 276

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIS FIFTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

PAGE.

With twenty-two orphans gathered for Bethesda, he sailed for America, March, 1754. Came by Lisbon. Deeply affected with popish sights and processions. He prayed, "Father, forgive them," etc. Reached Bethesda in May. "All quite well." Goes north "*to cross-plough.*" Reached New York late in July. "Sweet to run about for God." Very sick at Philadelphia. "Glorious range in America." Prejudices dying out. Attends Commencement of New Jersey College. Refreshed by a Synod of Presbyterians. "Seemed like heaven upon earth." "Never saw so many simple-hearted ministers before." Received degree of A. M. "This College is of God." The purest he had seen. Goes to New England. "With enemies silenced, Jesus triumphs gloriously." Traveled two thousand miles during the expedition. "Preaches all the way from Boston (fourteen hundred miles) to Georgia." Arrows stuck fast in North Carolina and Virginia. A Bethesda student ordained to preach. Inexpressably "glorious scenes." Yet we see only the mighty *impulse* given. The drummer overcome by his appeal. The "currents of sin".. 285

CHAPTER XXIX.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND.—1755–6–8.

Left America with regret. "Sinners come like a cloud." His first excursion. Vast congregations. "Sick of himself, the world, and the church," and pants for God. Dedicates a new Tabernacle. America dear to his heart. His tour north. "Five per cent. from man, preferred to one hundred from God. "Cup of many ran over." "*The devil of devils.*" His patriotism. "Nail the flag just below the cross." "Perpetual preaching" better. Ready to die. "O, the pleasure of having nothing." Preaches at Long Acre, a rough place. The bishop's prohibition and hired rioters. Several badly wounded. Whitefield labored on. To stop preaching "worse than death." His life threatened. "Jesus will guard me." *Tottenham Court Chapel.* "Whitefield's Soul Trap." Twice enlarged. Excursion to Gloucester. Returns to Long Acre. Dedicates the new chapel. Goes to Scotland. Great success. Revival at Tottenham Court. "The word flies like lightning." His ninth visit to Scotland. Saw the Presbyterian General Assembly. Invited to their entertainment. Goes to Ireland. Mobbed. "*All a gore of blood.*" "Almost killed." Threw off his disguise. "Rode in triumph through oaths and curses." Left his persecutors to mercy of God. "Went about like a flying angel preaching the gospel." Great revival at Long Acre. Recovered by preaching three times a day. "Put on short allowance." Erected twelve almshouses at Chapel for "godly widows." "His redoubts." Confesses himself "a mere *novice.*" "All ablaze in London." His summer campaign. Knew where he was born again. Goes to Wales. Prays to be put into one furnace after another. Starts for Scotland. Yet "expected

PAGE

death every sermon." Preaching cured him. *Severe partings.* Receives a Legacy. Pays off Orphan House debt. Growing fat. Spring campaign. Rejected a gift of £7000. His record scanty in 1760. Mocked on the public stage. To him such contempt was sweet. Upset in a chaise. "Tried to preach, but could not." Goes to Scotland again. Got better and returned to London. Longs to fly from pole to pole to preach the gospel. His voyage to Holland. "Old times revive again." Another excursion to Scotland. "The kirk was a Bethel." Sailed for America... 291

CHAPTER XXX.

HIS SIXTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

After eight more years labor in the old world, sailed for the new. Voyage very pleasant. "Scarce an oath was heard." "Jesus made the ship a Bethel." Landed in Virginia, August 23, 1763. Met forty "*new-creature*" ministers in Philadelphia. Rejoiced to hear of sixteen converted students. Much encouraged. Preached in Philadelphia. Went over to New Jersey College. Said it is one of the purest in the world. Revival in New York. An Indian school. Six months' excursion in New England. Returns to New York. Has one hundred carriages every sermon. Goes back to New England. "A wider door than ever opened." *Deep* affection for him in Boston and New Haven. Attended commencement at New Jersey College. Crowned with great success, he left Philadelphia, exclaiming, "Hallelujah!" Goes South. All encouraging at Bethesda. "The Chapel a daily Bethel." "Farewell, my beloved Bethesda!" "A luxurious repast." England and America clamorous for his services. People thirsting for the gospel..... 308

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIS LAST LABORS IN ENGLAND.

Last farewell to America. Reached England July 5, 1765. Feeble in health, cries "*O, to end life well.*" Dedicates new chapel at Bath. Aided in London by an Indian preacher. Aids the Indian schools in New England. "Could go to the gates of hell to preach." Power of Methodism. Fifty-two years old, and just *begins* to be a Christian. Power of his earnest appeals. Dedicates Brighton Chapel. "A sweet gospel excursion" at Cambridge. Mounts his "field throne" again. "Old Methodism is the thing after all." *Motto:* "*No resting this side heaven.*" His college project defeated. His firmness. Preached at an earl's funeral. "All was hushed and solemn." Laments his barrenness. Shouts hallelujah. He defends persecuted students, who were expelled for Methodism. Another college arises because of it. Goes to Scotland for the fifteenth and last time. Very affectionately received. Afraid "of being hugged to death." "All goes on better and better." *His wife's death*, August 9, 1768. He preached at her funeral. "Sweet bereavement

PAGE.

when God fills up the chasm." Missed her much. Labored so hard, burst a vein. Kept silent several days. "His whole life a *continual, Christ-like* sacrifice." Zeal increased to the last. Joyful anticipations of death. Pentecostal scenes. Dedicates another chapel. Weeping farewell to England. It seemed like an execution. Messrs C. Winter and Smith sail with him. "All is well." 314

CHAPTER XXXII.

HIS LAST LABORS IN AMERICA.

Reached Charleston Nov. 30, 1769. "His reception heartier than ever." Preached same day. Found Bethesda flourishing. The Legislature's sympathies. The Governor's Council and Assembly heard him preach. Orphan boy's speech. Whitefield's peace flowed like a river. Shouts of hallelujah. Goes to Philadelphia. Explores the region about. Goes to New York in June. Sent a bundle of invitations to England. Strikes for "Fresh Work." Preached at a horse-thief's execution. Stood upon his coffin and exhorted and prayed. Goes to Boston. Preaches with unusual power. All opposition ceases. Writes his *last letter*. Too sick to preach. Prays, "O for a warm heart: O to stand fast." HIS LAST SERMON: nearly two hours long. His personal appearance. His "eloquent face." Very neat and cheerful. *His sermons*. "They swept everything before them." Specimens of. Prayed God to put him into furnaces, that he might see him as he is 324

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHITEFIELD'S DEATH.

Greatly fatigued the day before, he retired early. Drank his water gruel. Closed the evening, Sept. 29, with prayer. Slept till two in the morning. Awoke, panting for breath, with asthma. Would rather *wear* out than *rust* out." Had taken cold. Prayed for direction for Bethesda, the Tabernacle, and all his connections across the Atlantic. Slept again. About four, waked up almost suffocated with asthma. Flees to the window for air. He soon said, "*I am dying*." Ran to the other window. They sent for the doctor. He came. It was too late. Said "*He is a dead man*." Mr. Parsons didn't believe it. He died at 6, Sept. 30, 1770. They rubbed and bathed him, "but all in vain." He had long prayed for death. His death was *sudden*, unexpected. "The battle's fought, the victory won." The word spread like fire. "He died in the zenith of his glory." He died *silent*. He died triumphantly, because he lived earnestly. He made life second to duty 334

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHITEFIELD'S FUNERAL.

Many thousands flock to mingle their tears of sorrow. Bemoan America's and England's loss. Requests sent to bury his remains at Portsmouth and

PAGE.

Boston. Both refused. Buried under Mr. Parsons' pulpit at his own request. Buried in his gown, cassock and wig, October 2, 1770, from Mr. Parsons'. At ten o'clock bells tolled, and all vessels in harbor gave signals of mourning. Great lamentation. Mr. Rodgers cried out, "*O, my father*, MY FATHER!" Bitter weeping. The funeral sermon. The great loss. All New England lamented him. Two continents mourn his loss. The lamentation in England. John Wesley, at Whitefield's request, preached his funeral in the Tabernacle. "*Whitefield's will.*" Willed the Orphan House, etc., to Lady Huntingdon and Mr. Habersham. His *affairs in England* to two worthy friends. Sums of money to special friends, servants and widows. Prizes for best orations in Orphan House Academy. Most heartily forgave all his enemies. Willed mourning rings to John and Charles Wesley. *Whitefield's tomb.* Under pulpit of old S. Presbyterian church. Condition of his remains. Visited by many. One bone taken to England and brought back. "*Whitefield's monument.*" His cenotaph in same church. Surmounted with a golden flame. His Epitaph..... 341

CHAPTER XXXV.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS FUNERAL SERMONS.

Rev. Mr. Parsons preached his first funeral sermon the day he died. He read Henry's commentaries through on his knees. "He flew like a flame of fire." "Alarmed all sorts of people." "Hell trembled before him." He "astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion." (Wesley.) His *strong friendship.* Cheerful and tender-hearted. His *natural* abilities. Preached amid showers of stones. "He was a second Luther." An "eminent divine." (Edwards). "Raised up to shine in a dark place." "The apostle of the British Empire." His "absolute command of the passions." "A most excellent systematic divine." (Toplady.) He *planted*, Wesley *watered.* "Despised preferments and riches." "Proof against reproach and invective." *Manner* of preaching. "He lived without a stain on his reputation." He fascinated all ranks. His love was incapable of repulse. Great bodily endurance. "He was a great and holy man." (Sir Jas. Stephen.) "I have never seen his integrity, disinterestedness, and zeal equaled." (Franklin.) "He looked like a flying angel." Hervey says, "I never saw so fair a copy of our Lord." People ready to bathe his feet in their tears. "The prince of English preachers." "He eclipsed all." (Hamilton.) "He spoke because he *felt*, his hearers understood because they *saw*." Very graphic. His INFLUENCE is incalculable. His eighteen thousand sermons. "He preached with a popularity and success never equaled." (Dr. Alexander.) He did much for the Methodists. He went before, Wesley followed. Whitefield planted, Wesley watered. "He led Methodism over its first barriers." He revived the Established Church of England. His influence greater in America. Whitefield revival in America. It gave rise to Princeton Col-

PAGE.

lege and Seminary. His influence in New England. Numerous conversions among Presbyterians. All denominations. The *spiritual father* of a great nation. He revived, and almost saved the churches of two continents..... 351

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHITEFIELD'S SAYINGS.

The farther we go, the cooler we get, and yet the more zealous. "Jesus carries me in His arms." "The farther I search, the worse. I leave it to the Spirit to make the application." "I feel myself the chief of sinners." "What sweet company is Jesus." "I prefer Christ's reproach to all the treasures in the world." "*Keep close to Jesus.*" "The more I was blackened, the more God comforted me." "O, to be nothing, that Jesus may be all." "The more we are cast out, the more will Jesus come into us." "Let us follow him, though it be through a sea of blood." "Let us be all heart." "The world wants more heat than light." "O, that I could fly from pole to pole publishing the everlasting gospel. "I stop to weep. Farewell."..... 368

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SECRET OF WHITEFIELD'S SUCCESS.

He was a self-made man. Brought up in poverty, he had to hoe his own row. He hoed it well. Rose from a "*Pot Boy*" to be the best orator in the world. His genius and eloquence wonderful. He *began low*, and laid a good foundation. Deeply humbled by the pangs of regeneration. Fasted himself almost to death. Prayed "whole days and weeks." Prayed much for humility. His *entire consecration*. Deep sense of his obligation to preach. Counted all but loss to do it. Yet slow to commence it. Gave himself *wholly* to it. State of piety *low* when he began. Refused a present of £7,000. His very *fun* was mixed with religion. A *great worker*. Always on the stretch for God. Went about doing good. He reaped, John Wesley gathered and shocked. Labors on ship-board. Soon broke up card-playing, swearing and gambling. A great reformation followed. Cards and bad books thrown overboard. Many hopeful conversions. The cabin became a Bethel, and the deck a church. Worked his own way through college. Blacked boots and cleaned rooms. Often preached before day, and prayed all night. Often preached when expected to die every minute. His labors seem almost superhuman. Preëminently *a man of prayer*. Prayer and his *devotional spirit* gave him success. His victories on the field, were won in the closet. He generally preached two or three times a day. Worked himself to death. His *strong friendship*. Would win your heart by shaking your hand. Loved his friends as his own soul. "He made friends fast and held them long." Often "received as an angel of God." Sometimes "in danger of being hugged to death." His heart ready to break with sorrow, and burst with joy. His *great faith* and *deep convictions*. He took God at his word. To him, eternity, heaven

PAGE

and hell, God and the devil, and Jesus Christ, were stern realities. He seemed to bring hell up, and heaven down upon earth. He bid Satan, death and hell defiance. Whitefield gloried in tribulation. Sometimes he seemed to walk between the very cherubims of glory. His *strong* faith was a principal element in his success. By faith he shook the devil's throne, and made hell tremble before him. Whitefield as an *orator*. "His elocution was perfect." (Southey.) He held spell-bound the low, learned, great. He *studied oratory*. Gave *special* attention to delivery. Always *grave and solemn*. He "preached like a lion and looked like an angel." Always deeply sincere, and perfectly *natural*. His vivid *descriptions*. Sometimes he seemed to reënact Gethsemane and Calvary. Lord Chesterfield took his description for the transaction. Very graphic. His *deep pathos*. He was very pathetic. He wept nearly every sermon he preached. He was a *heart* preacher. Aimed at the heart. His eloquent flights were *bursts of passion*. "His bursts of eloquence were perfectly overwhelming." He excelled the world in darting the word of God into the sinner's heart. When he preached at Cambuslang Communion, the effect was so overwhelming he had to stop. The motion fled quick as lightning. The effect was tremendous. He won the *purse* as well as the heart. A most successful beggar. *Preached* money out of the people—even from Benjamin Franklin. Whitefield was *bold*. Buoyant with courage, he broke over the rules and preached out-doors at Hannam Mount. It was a great victory. "The Rubicon is passed." Gagged in the city, he fled to the country. He was not born to be muzzled. Preach he *must*, and preach he *would*. Nothing but death could stop him. Commands the recording angel to stop. Very *direct* and *pointed*. The spirit of "*Thou art the man*," flashes on every page. His great *field victory*. Turned lions into lambs. One thousand convictions—three hundred and fifty conversions under one sermon. The mob roared—the people prayed. What a grand victory! As an orator he eclipsed the world, and completely out-generaled the devil. He was terribly *in earnest*. He preached *with all his might*. Awed by no threats, opposition quailed before him. Always insatiable, no success satisfied, no danger alarmed him. His zeal consumed him. Invincible in his plans, nothing daunted, nothing moved him. "His ideas came red-hot from his heart." "Everything melted before him." His whole life was a continual sacrifice for God. A "flaming seraph," he burnt out in the blaze of his own fire..... 372

APPENDIX.

SERMON FIRST.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xiv. 17.

SERMON SECOND.

GOD, A BELIEVER'S GLORY.

"And thy God thy glory."—Isa. lx. 19.

INTRODUCTION.

TO SEE more clearly the effect of Whitefield's influence, we here give a brief sketch of the condition of the church when he commenced his labors. When Whitefield entered the pulpit, the state of piety in the Established Church of England was very low. Filled with unconverted ministers and formal professors, lifeless forms, instead of earnest devotions, marked nearly the entire church. Intemperance, profligacy and infidelity were so prevalent, that the Rev. Augustus W. Toplady, a contemporary of Whitefield and of the same church, says, "I believe no denomination of professing Christians, the church of Rome excepted, were so generally void of the light and life of godliness, and so generally destitute of the doctrine and of the grace of the Gospel, as was the Church of England. At that period a converted minister in the establishment was as great a wonder as a comet; but now, since that great apostle of the British Empire, the late Mr. Whitefield, was raised up in the spirit and power of Elias, the word of God has run and been glorified." And, said Bishop Butler about the same time, "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of

discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

So great was the ignorance of these times that Rev. Dr. R. Watson says that a great majority of the lower classes were not only unable to read, but "in many places were semi-barbarous in their habits." In some districts the parents knew so little about God, that they taught their children to pray to men. He says a clergyman has recently published, "that in many villages in Devonshire the only form of prayer still taught to their children by the peasantry, is the following goodly verses handed down from their popish ancestry:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on," etc.

Dr. Watson also says, "A great portion of the clergy were grossly ignorant of theology, and contented themselves with reading short, unmeaning sermons, purchased or pilfered, and formed upon the lifeless theological system of the day."

The English heart had now become so corrupt, that John Wesley exclaimed about that time, "What is the present character of the English nation? It is ungodliness. Ungodliness is our universal, our constant, our peculiar character." Yet amidst all this darkness, there were a few bright stars, such as Drs. Watts, Doddridge, Guyse, and Bishops Butler, Horne and Lowth, etc., besides the mighty genius, light and power then slumbering in Whitefield and the Wesleys.

LIFE OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

WHITEFIELD'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

EVERY age and every nation has its great leading spirits. The old dispensation had a Moses, and the new had a Paul. Greece had a Demosthenes, and Rome a Cicero. America had an Edwards and England a Whitefield. Yet, great men, great orators, and especially great preachers, are rare; hence when one does arise, it is important to mark his career and sift well the secret of his power and success.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born in the Old Bell Inn, in the city of Gloucester, England, December 16, 1714. With our present data we can trace back his ancestry only through three generations. The Rev. Samuel Whitefield, his great-grandfather, was an Episcopal minister, and was born in Wantage, England. He was for a while Rector of the churches of North Ledyard and Rockhampton. Of his seven children, only two were sons, Samuel and Andrew. Samuel was also an Episcopal minister, but Andrew, George's grandfather, was an English gentleman. He lived a private life on his own estate.

Of his large family of fourteen children, Thomas, the eldest,

and father of George, was brought up as a wine-merchant in Bristol. But having abandoned the wine business, he took charge of the "Old Bell Inn," in the city of Gloucester, whereupon he married Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards, of Bristol, by whom he had six sons and one daughter, of whom George was the youngest.

Here within the crumbling walls of this old tavern, which is still standing, much improved and surrounded with scenes of historic interest, the immortal Whitefield first drew the breath of life. "Venerable city," though thou hast produced no kings nor queens, yet distinguished for being the birth-place of Whitefield, and the burial place of Robert Raikes, the *founder* of Sunday-schools, and as the noted place where the heroic Bishop Hooper triumphantly died in flames at the stake, under the cruel reign of bloody Mary, thy name is immortal and deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance. Well may the world rejoice, that although one bright Herald of the Gospel has perished within thy walls, another has been raised up to publish it to two hemispheres.

Although "his advent augured no brilliant future," yet if Virgil was the son of a potter, Demosthenes of a smith, Columbus of a cloth-weaver, Ben Jonson of a brick-layer, Shakespeare of a wool-trader, Burns of a poor peasant, and Luther of a miner, it is not surprising "that the world's greatest preacher should have sprung from an inn-keeper."

Made an orphan by the death of his father when but two years old, little George was the object of much tender care by his affectionate mother. Although given to some vicious habits, George was always a promising boy. His early developments induced his anxious mother to expect great things of him; and being in moderate circumstances, she was much troubled and perplexed about his education. In speaking of

her, George says, "She has often told me how she endured fourteen weeks' sickness after she brought me into the world; but was used to say, even when I was an infant, that she expected more comfort from me than from any of the other children. This, with the circumstance of my being born in an inn, has often been of service to me, in exciting my endeavors to make good my mother's expectations, and so follow the example of my dear Saviour, who was laid in a manger belonging to an inn." Although he seems to have been of a serious turn of mind from his youth, yet in the terrible scrutiny of his own judgment in after life, he was exceedingly depraved. He describes himself as "being so brutish as to hate instruction, and used purposely to shun all opportunities of receiving it;" even "stealing," as Dr. Gillies says, "from his mother's pocket, and frequently appropriating the money he received in the hotel, for cards, plays and romances," which, he says, "were my heart's delight." Again he says, "If I trace myself from my cradle to my manhood, I can see nothing in me but a fitness to be damned: and if the Almighty had not prevented me by His grace, I had now either been sitting and in the shadow of death, or condemned, as the due reward of my crimes, to be forever lifting up my eyes in torments." Yet withal, he possessed *a tender heart*, and being full of fun and mischief, he says, "Often have I joined with others in playing roguish tricks, but was generally, if not always, happily detected: for this I have often since, and do now, bless and praise God." His full confessions of these pernicious habits are very touching and humiliating, and should induce the young to "shun all appearance of evil." Reader, if tempted to play "roguish tricks," remember, "*Thou God seest me.*"

When George was about ten years old, his mother got married again; but the match proved an unhappy one, however,

and gave rise to much unhappiness. He was, however, kept at school, and when about twelve years of age he was sent to the Grammar School of St. Mary de Crypt, in Gloucester, where he went about three years, and made great progress in the classics. Although it is said that Whitefield was *born* an orator, and that the first mental manifestations of his childhood were pertaining to the orator, yet it was not until he appeared on the rostrum at the Grammar School, that his native powers of eloquence began to be developed. Here he spoke with such grace and power before the city corporation at the annual school exhibitions, that he not only received much applause, but handsome compensations for his performances. And George, with the other scholars, being fond of acting plays, their teacher, to encourage them in it, composed a dramatic piece for them which they performed before the city corporation, in which George, dressed in girl's clothes, acted a woman's part, the remembrance of which, he says, "has often covered me with shame and confusion of face."

About this time George became deeply interested in "Bishop Kerr's Manual for Winchester Scholars," which having proved a source of comfort to his mother in her afflictions, he saved money enough out of what he received for his stage performances and bought it, carefully read it through, and found it afterwards, he says, "of great benefit to his soul." In speaking of the evil tendencies and corrupt influences of these exhibitions and dramatic performances upon the boys at school, he says, "I cannot but observe here, with much concern of mind, how this way of training up youth has a natural tendency to debauch the mind, to raise ill passions, and to stuff the memory with things as contrary to the gospel of Christ as darkness to light, hell to heaven."

"LITTLE GEORGE"—BOOT-BLACK AND WAITER-BOY.

THE "POT-BOY."

When George was about fifteen, he thought he had learning enough for any ordinary business in life; and as his mother's business was declining, and she not being able to give him a collegiate education, he persuaded her to let him quit school, come home and assist her in the hotel. Taking the position of a common "*pot-boy*," he says, "I began to assist her occasionally in the public-house, till at length I put on my blue apron and my snuffers, washed mops, cleaned rooms, and in a word, became a professed and *common drawer* for nearly a year and a half." During all these ups and downs in George's early life, he was entirely unconscious of his great latent genius and forthcoming power. When washing mops and cleaning rooms in the inn, he knew nothing of the melting pathos and matchless eloquence that then slumbered in his noble soul. Little did he think, when wielding the mop at home, that he would soon so wield the sword of the Spirit that he would astonish the world with his zeal and eloquence. Yet from childhood, George says, "I was always fond of being a clergyman, and used frequently to imitate the ministers' reading prayers." And this desire seemed to have increased as he grew older: for says he, "Notwithstanding I was employed in a large inn, and had sometimes the care of the whole house upon my hands, yet I composed two or three sermons, and dedicated one of them to my elder brother."

From George's example of success, let poor, laboring boys take courage, and "be of good cheer." Toil on, boys! toil on! God alone knows to what eminence you may attain. "Labor conquers all things"—no excellence without it.

CHAPTER II.

WHITEFIELD'S EDUCATION AND CONVERSION.

T THE close of chapter first, we left young Whitefield in the inn, washing mops and composing sermons, with a strong desire to go to Oxford.

Although in early life, George "was so brutish as to hate instruction, and used purposely to shun all opportunities to get it;" yet convinced of his natural talents and outcome, his mother was now very anxious to have him go to school. Her poverty and inability to educate him as she wished gave her much trouble. "From his youth," says Brown's Religious Encyclopædia, "George was endowed with extraordinary talents." At what age and what school he first attended, history does not inform us. We first find him going to a school in Gloucester when about ten years old, from which he was transferred, when about twelve, to the Grammar School of St. Mary de Crypt, where he continued about three years and received his academic education. Here "he made great progress in the Latin classics." When about fifteen, owing to his mother's pecuniary embarrassments, his education was for a time arrested. His mother now gave up the hotel and rented it to one of her older sons, with whom George remained (a while) until he finally left the hotel and went and spent a few weeks with his eldest brother in Bristol.

While George was thus unemployed, with no definite object or plan before him, waiting the indications of Providence, a

servitor student of Pembroke College, Oxford, visited his mother. In the course of his conversation about college affairs, he remarked that after all his expenses for the quarter were paid, he had one penny left; upon which she exclaimed with much gratification, "This will do for my son;" and turning to him, said, "*Will you go to Oxford, George?*" To which he immediately replied, "WITH ALL MY HEART!" "The die is cast." The Rubicon is crossed, and his destiny is fixed. Application was at once made to some influential friends, who pledged themselves to use every exertion to secure a servitor's place for George; whereupon he plucked up fresh courage, returned to the Grammar School, resumed his studies with renewed zeal, lived more prayerfully, and endeavored to promote piety and virtue among his associates.

Although George indulged in some vicious habits and "roguish tricks" in early life, yet possessing a warm heart and a devout, tender disposition, he often underwent, for years before his conversion, frequent probes of conscience, convictions of sin, and deep religious impressions.

But during his first stay at the Grammar School, these impressions seemed to decline somewhat, which, however, during his busy life at the hotel, it pleased God to renew, and the young hero was led with increased earnestness to seek the salvation of his soul. Yet with all these trials, impressions and experiences, the general course of his life up to the age of sixteen was irreligious.

Brought up in the Episcopal Church, and having rid himself of the pernicious influence of some immoral, alluring young men, to which he had been exposed, with his religious impressions deepened, he set out afresh to live a religious life: and giving close attention to devotional reading, he laid aside his novels and took up Thomas à Kempis' Imitation of Christ.

He now attended public worship twice a day, fasted often, prayed much in secret, and at seventeen was confirmed and received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper every month.

WHITEFIELD GOES TO COLLEGE.

Having finished his academical course, young Whitefield, now about eighteen years old, went to Oxford University in 1734, and was at once admitted as servitor in Pembroke College. This was a very important step in George's life; and to encourage him in his laudable undertaking, a kind friend immediately lent him ten pounds (which Whitefield afterwards returned) to pay his matriculation fee. With these bright prospects before him, our young servitor entered upon his duties at college with a buoyant heart. In discharging his duties as servitor, he soon found the advantages of having been trained at a public house; and being expert in his business, many students soon sought his attendance, which helped to increase his income; and being aided by the liberal gifts of a generous tutor, he was able, by strict economy, to work his way through without being more than about twenty-five pounds in debt at the end of three years. Although thus encouraged in the outset at Oxford, he soon found himself much exposed to the immoralities of the students, at which he was sorely vexed and terribly shocked. Here he says, "I got acquainted with such a set of debauched, abandoned, atheistical youths, that I went to church only to make sport and walk about. I took pleasure in their lewd conversation. In short, I soon made great progress in the school of the devil." And being conscious of the danger, he shunned their society as much as possible. The University had not yet recovered from the moral shock received by the expulsion of two thousand Non-Conformists from the Established

Church, by the "Act of Uniformity," in 1662, and the morals at Oxford were very low.

And says he, "I was quickly solicited to join in their excess of riot, by several who lay in the same room. Once in particular, it being cold, my limbs were so benumbed by sitting alone in my study, because I would not go out amongst them, that I could scarcely sleep all night. I had no sooner received the sacrament publicly on a week day, at St. Mary's, but I was set up as a mark for all the polite students that knew me to shoot at."

But among all these "rank thorns at Oxford," there were a few lilies. There was a little "HOLY CLUB" (so-called) at Oxford, formed by Charles Wesley, which, in November, 1729, consisted of only four members—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Richard Morgan, and Robert Kirkham. They agreed to meet and spend three or four evenings in a week for intellectual and moral culture. On Sabbath evenings they read the Greek Testament or something in divinity. On the other evenings they read the Greek or Latin classics. But they soon made religion the chief object of their meetings. In 1732 John Clayton and J. Broughton joined them. The next year Benjamin Ingham, James Hervey (author of the Meditations), and two or three others were added; and 1735 George Whitefield united with them. They now numbered about fifteen, "all of one heart and of one mind." And either in jest or by way of derision, or rather because they "*lived by rule and method*," they were called Methodists. They were generally despised and much talked about. "Practically they had all things common," and all belonged to the Established Church of England. They received the Lord's Supper weekly, prayed and fasted much, and regularly visited and instructed the poor, the sick, and the prisoners. John Wesley, owing to his superior experience and ability, was

their acknowledged leader, and was called "the Curator of the Holy Club."* Their regular habits and upright lives "were proverbial throughout the University and the city." And although their object, in all their voluntary privations and earnest efforts, "was to save their souls, and to live wholly to the glory of God," yet they seemed to know but little or nothing about the plan of salvation by faith in Christ. Influenced by the mystic views of Rev. Wm. Law, says Dr. Philip, they imitated his ascetic habits, and imbibed his spirit of *quietism*. Their devotional habits and religious views, says Dr. Philip, when Whitefield went to Oxford, will be seen from the following routine of devotional exercises. "They interrogate themselves whether they have been *simple* and recollected; whether they have prayed with fervor, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and on Saturday noon; if they have used a collect at nine, twelve, and three o'clock; duly meditated on Sunday from three to four on Thomas à Kempis, or mused on Wednesday and Friday, from twelve to one, on the Passion."

Such was the character of the "Holy Club," among whose society the tender heart and susceptible mind of young Whitefield was thrown when he was earnestly seeking his soul's salvation. His mind had been powerfully wrought upon by read-

*This, says John Wesley, was "the first rise of Methodism," from which has grown, in about 130 years, the great and powerful Methodist Church of the United States, Great Britain, and of the world, "which, in 1869, numbered 21,875 traveling preachers; 2,901,202 members (besides probationers); 3,400,373 Sunday School Scholars, and 5,802,404 mere hearers, making in all, 12,103,979 receiving Methodist instruction weekly."—*Tyerman's Life of Wesley.*

The name *Methodist* was first given to Charles Wesley and his few adherents before his brother John joined them, which was in 1729. The epithet was not then *new*, however. We hear, says Abel Stevens, of "the Anabaptists and the plain pack-staff Methodists one hundred years before this date." Mosheim speaks of the "Popish Methodists" in 1686. And the name was applied to a sect of Nonconformists in 1693, respecting their views of the *method* or way of justification.

ing "Law's Serious Call to a Devout Life," before he went to Oxford, and having learned about the character of the "Holy Club," he at once longed to join it. But being a poor boy and a servitor, he felt his inferiority, and had no way to get acquainted. At last, after he had been at Oxford about a year, the way was opened. A poor woman had attempted suicide; and moved with compassion, Whitefield sent an old apple-woman to tell Mr. Charles Wesley, that he might visit her, charging her not to tell him who sent her; but she did; and Mr. Wesley having heard about Whitefield's character and habits, invited him to breakfast the next morning.* With a soul thirsting for spiritual friends and spiritual strength, he at once thankfully embraced the opportunity and went. Mr. Wesley perceiving his distressed condition, endeavored to adapt his conversation to his wants. And to encourage and give him further instruction he gave him "Professor Frank's Treatise against the Fear of Man," and "The Country Parson's Advice to his Parishioners," to read at his leisure. An introduction to the "Holy Club" soon followed, and Mr. Whitefield, like them, "began to live by rule and method, and to pick up the very fragments of his time, that not a moment be lost." "In a short time," says Whitefield, "Charles Wesley let me have another book, entitled 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' and though I had fasted, watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what *true religion* was, till God sent me that excellent treatise, by the hands of my never-to-be-forgotten friend. At my first reading it, I wondered what the author meant by saying, 'That some falsely placed religion in going to Church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their poor neighbors.' Alas! thought I, if this be not religion, *what is?* God soon showed me (in reading a few lines further,)

'*that true religion was a union of the soul with God, and Christ formed within us.*' A RAY OF DIVINE LIGHT was instantaneously darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did I know that *I must be a new creature.*"

HIS STRUGGLE IN CONVERSION.

Thus far, being ignorant of God's righteousness, "Whitefield went about to establish a righteousness of his own;" but now, like Paul, he "*saw a great light*;" and being for the first time convinced of the *necessity* of regeneration, and seeing and feeling that he "*must be born again*," it was a very important crisis in his religious experience. It was the turning point in his salvation and future usefulness. He was now in the right way to the Cross, but for the want of light and proper instruction, he was long in reaching it. Like Saul of Tarsus, his struggle for the new birth was unusually severe. Yet with many "agonizing self-conflicts," he went on in it with unyielding perseverance and great self-denial. He was so earnest in it, that he practiced such great austerities, and acts of self-mortification, that it came near costing him his life. During Lent "he prayed and fasted himself almost to death." His mind and memory were so much impaired, that says he, "Whenever I endeavored to compose my theme, I had no power to write a word, nor so much as to tell my Christian friends of my inability to do it. All power of meditating, or even of thinking, was taken from me. My memory quite failed me; I could fancy myself to be like nothing so much as a man locked up in an iron armor." "Whenever I knelt down," he says, "I felt great pressure both on soul and body; and have often prayed under the weight of them till the sweat came through me. God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under what I felt. Whole

days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer."

And having twice failed to hand in his weekly composition, his tutor called him to an account for his failure, and after fining him for it, asked him the reason, whereupon says Whitefield, "I burst into tears, and assured him it was not out of any contempt of authority, but because I could not act otherwise."

Mr. Charles Wesley continued to instruct him "as he was able to bear it," and going on in his religious duties, taking the Sacrament every Sunday, and going to Church three times, and to his private devotions seven times a day, during Lent, he says, "By degrees I began to leave off eating fruits and such like, and gave the money I usually spent in that way to the poor. Afterwards I always chose the worst sort of food, though my place furnished me with variety. My apparel was mean. I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woolen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes; and though I was then convinced that the Kingdom of God did not consist in meats and drinks, yet I resolutely persisted in these voluntary acts of self-denial, because I found them great promoters of the spiritual life. It was now suggested to me that Jesus Christ was among the *wild beasts* when He was tempted, and that I ought to follow His example; and being willing, as I thought, to imitate Jesus Christ, after supper I went into Christ-Church walk, near our college, and continued in silent prayer nearly two hours; sometimes lying flat on my face, sometimes kneeling on my knees. The night being stormy, gave me awful thoughts of the day of judgment. The next night I repeated the same exercise at the same place." During Lent he ate but little except sage-tea and coarse bread, and he walked out in the mornings till part of one of his hands was black with cold. "This," he says, "with my continued abstinence and

inward conflicts, at length so emaciated my body, that, at Passion week, finding I could scarce creep up stairs, I was obliged to inform my kind tutor of my condition, who immediately sent for a physician for me." He was sick about seven weeks, during which his friends the Wesleys and his tutor were very kind to him. "My tutor," he says, "lent me books, gave me money, visited me, and furnished me with a physician; in short, he behaved in all respects like a father."

As he advanced in the struggle it is painful and wonderful to see what errors and extravagances he fell into. In reading Castanza's "Spiritual Combat," he says, "Satan so imposed upon my understanding, that he persuaded me to shut myself up in my study till I could do good with a single eye; lest, in endeavoring to save others, I should at last, by pride and self-complacence, lose myself. When Castanza advised to talk but little, Satan said I must not talk at all; so that I, who used to be the most forward in exhorting my companions, have sat whole nights without speaking at all."

With his afflictions sanctified, Whitefield calls his seven weeks of sickness "*a glorious visitation.* I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it through the endless ages of eternity. The blessed Spirit was all this time purifying my soul. All my former gross, notorious, and even my *heart sins* also, were now set home upon me, of which I wrote down some remembrances immediately, and confessed them before God morning and evening." Fresh light having dawned upon his mind, he began to rise out of the fog of quietism and self-righteousness. And now, deeply feeling his sins and the need of a Saviour, and having failed through a long series of monkish austerities to obtain peace to his troubled soul, and being now, as it were, "*shut up to the faith*," he betook himself to a more diligent study of the Scriptures. "Though weak," (he says), "I often spent two

hours in my evening retirements, and prayed over my *Greek* Testament and Bishop Hall's most excellent 'Contemplations'." While thus engaged in searching the Scriptures, and searching for Jesus with all his heart, he discovered the great doctrine of justification by faith; and the gospel of Christ was soon made the power of God unto his salvation.

On one occasion, with his tongue parched with fever, while lying in bed, and searching for salvation, the Saviour's dying words, "*I thirst*," were deeply impressed upon his mind. And while dwelling on the melting scene of Calvary, as this thirst was felt by the Saviour near His death, the thought occurred to him, "Why may it not be so with me? Why may I not now receive deliverance and comfort? Why may I not now dare to trust and rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God?" Having recovered from a long spell of sickness, for which he thanked God, and "having thus," says he, "undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months of inexpressible trials, by night and by day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on His dear Son by a living faith, and, by giving me the spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption. I found and felt in myself, that I was delivered from the burden that had so heavily oppressed me. The spirit of mourning was taken from me, and I knew what it was truly to rejoice in God my Saviour." "I know the place; it may perhaps be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford, I cannot help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed Himself to me and gave me the new birth. But oh! with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of, and big with glory, was my soul filled, when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith, broke in upon my disconsolate soul!

Surely it was the day of my *espousal*, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and, as it were, overflowed the banks. For some time I could not avoid singing psalms, wherever I was; but my joys became gradually more settled, and blessed be God, save a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since." He wrote this in 1756.

Thanks be to God for the conversion of Whitefield! How glorious and important the event! What a great increase of strength it brought into the Church! And if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, well might the world have shouted, "Glory to God," when Whitefield was converted.

Mr. Whitefield had a very warm attachment for Rev. Charles Wesley, and because his ministry was so full of profit and comfort to him, he always regarded him as his spiritual father; yet he was converted about three years before either Charles or John Wesley. He was, therefore no doubt, the *first converted* preacher of the "Holy Club," or of the "Oxford Methodists."* Charles Wesley also had a very affectionate regard for Whitefield. Having thus "passed from death unto life," and feeling so overjoyed upon his conversion, Whitefield could not rest till he wrote to his relatives, "telling them that there was such a thing as the *New Birth*. I imagined they would have gladly received it; but alas! my words seemed

* Says Tyerman, Charles Wesley was converted May 21, 1738,—and John, May 24, 1738, about eleven years after he began to preach.

Although the epoch of Methodism dates, according to John Wesley, from the formation of the "Holy Club," or Oxford Methodists, in 1729, yet that "Club" was not what we now call a regular organized church. The members of the "Holy Club" were all zealous members of the Church of England. The first Methodist church was organized by John Wesley at Moorfields, near London, with eight or ten members, in 1739, and the corner-stone of the first Methodist chapel was laid May 12, of the same year.

to them as idle tales. They thought I was going beside myself."

Notwithstanding the "severe ordeal of agonizing self-conflicts," through which Whitefield passed before his conversion, and although he regarded them as "the dealings of God" with him, as the *preparatory steps* which led to his conversion, yet, doubtless, had he enjoyed the instruction of a converted or *more spiritual* guide, and have *known the way of life*, his conflict most probably would have issued in conversion much sooner. And yet, he delighted in those severe austerities, and said in a letter written about this time, "There is really more pleasure in these formidable duties of self-denial and mortification than in the highest indulgences of the greatest epicure upon earth." His great want at this time was *light.* He was so ignorant of the nature and necessity of regeneration that he said, "I knew no more that I must be born again in God, born again in Christ Jesus, than if I had never been born at all. Hence, let all learn the *great importance of knowing what to do to be saved.*"

CHAPTER III.

HIS ORDINATION.

PROSTRATED by his severe pangs of regeneration, the new convert now needed rest and a change of air. But as part of the "Holy Club" had now left Oxford (the Wesleys being then in Georgia), Whitefield was placed at the head of it, with an annuity of twenty pounds, given by Sir John Philip of London, with the promise of ten more if he would stay; but owing to his feeble health, urged by his mother, tutor and physician, he now left "his sweet retirement" at Oxford for a time, and returned home to Gloucester. On reaching home he says, "My friends were surprised to see me look and behave so cheerfully, after what they had heard about me." But he soon found himself like a sheep among wolves, for they at once began to dissuade him from his religious duties; but watching and praying, God enabled him to stand fast and to triumph over all.

And now, with a deep consciousness of the "great things God had done for him," like the newly converted Paul, he began to pray, "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*" With a heart fired with zeal, he at once began to *live* and *labor* for Christ. Deeply feeling the want of religious associates at home, after having besought the Lord for them, he determined "*I will endeavor either to find or make a friend,*" and after

much importunate prayer about the matter, he called at the house of Mrs. W—, to whom he had formerly read plays, Spectators, etc., hoping as he says, "the change she now would find in my sentiments might, under God, influence her soul. God was pleased to bless the visit with the desired effect. She received the word gladly, and soon became hopefully converted." God also soon made him instrumental in awakening several young persons, who, at once formed themselves into a little society, which soon had the honor of being despised like the "Holy Club" at Oxford.

As these, his *first* efforts in striving to win souls, may be regarded as the dawn of his future zeal and success, we notice, just here, his manner of *preparing* himself for the work.

"My mind being now more open and enlarged, I began to read the holy Scriptures upon my knees; laying aside all other books, and praying over (if possible) every line and word. This proved meat indeed, and drink indeed, to my soul. I daily received fresh life, light, and power from above. I got more true knowledge from reading the book of God, in one month, than I could *ever* have acquired from all the writings of men. In one word, I found it profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction, every way sufficient to make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished for every good work and word." About this time, he received fresh light and obtained clear views of the great doctrine of "*Justification by Faith only;*" while his Oxford friends still "rather inclined to the *mystic divinity.*"

"Burkitt's and Henry's Expositions," he says, "were of great use to lead me into this and all other gospel truths. It is the good old doctrine of the Church of England; it is what the holy martyrs in Queen Mary's time sealed with their blood." In mixing their exercises and preparations with much secret

prayer, he exclaims, "Oh, what sweet communion had I daily vouchsafed with God in prayer after my coming to Gloucester. How often have I been carried out beyond myself when meditating in the fields! How assuredly I felt that Christ dwelt in me, and I in Him, and how daily did I walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and was edified and refreshed in the multitudes of peace!" Going on in his arduous labors to save souls, he says, "I always observed that as my inward strength increased, my outward sphere of action increased proportionately. In a short time, therefore, I began to read to some poor people twice or thrice a week. I likewise visited two other little societies besides my own. Occasionally, as business and opportunity permitted, I generally visited one or two sick persons every day; and though silver and gold I had little of my own, yet in imitation of my Lord's disciples, who entreated in behalf of the fainting multitude, I used to pray unto Him; and He from time to time inclined several that were rich in this world, to give me money; so that I generally had a little stock for the poor always in my hand. One of the poor, whom I visited in this manner, was called effectually by God at the eleventh hour: she was a woman above three-score years old, and I really believe died in the true faith of Jesus Christ."

With a heart full of sympathy and compassion, Whitefield cared much for the poor and distressed. Being accustomed to visit the prisoners at Oxford, on his return home he earnestly prayed that God would open the way for him to visit them there. And having dreamed one night that a prisoner came to him for instruction, he went next morning and knocked at the door of the county jail—but as no one answered, he prayed again, and some months after he received word that an Oxford prisoner had escaped, and had been recaptured and lodged in the Gloucester jail. His name was Pebworth. He went again

and found him; and finding him and others willing to hear the Word of God, he read and prayed with them every day he was in town. He also begged money and had some of them released, and supplied others with food and books. Having spent some nine months in this good work and labor of love, and in studying the works of the non-conformists, such as Baxter's Call and Allein's Alarm, he found that the partition wall of bigotry and sect-religion was so much broken down in his heart, that he said, "I love all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity." He was now so intent on winning souls, that he earnestly labored for it by day, and dreamed of it by night.

During these nine months of earnest effort, although unconscious of the fact, Whitefield was preparing himself for ordination. And by this time his numerous friends in Gloucester were very anxious to have him ordained immediately. But with his exalted views of the sanctity and importance of the ministerial office, he directly refused, grounding his refusal upon the diocesan resolution, "not to ordain any under twenty-three years of age;" and he was not yet quite twenty-one. But this apparently insurmountable difficulty was soon removed. Whitefield, by his known zeal and success in doing good, had already won the confidence and esteem of Bishop Benson. Besides, he had about this time made the acquaintance of Lady Selwyn, who kindly befriended him with a little pecuniary aid, and highly recommended him to Bishop Benson as a proper subject for ordination. The project succeeded. The Bishop soon sent for Whitefield. He went to see him and was very kindly received. Whitefield says: "The Bishop told me that he had heard of my character; that he liked my behavior at church; and, inquiring my age, said, 'Notwithstanding I have declared I would not ordain any one under three-and-twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy

orders.' He then made me a present of five guineas to buy me a book." Although the chief external hindrance was thus removed, yet, with his exalted views of the dignity and importance of the ministerial office, Whitefield so dreaded its responsibilities, that it made him tremble whenever he thought of undertaking it. And it was not without a hard struggle that he got the consent of his heart to do it.

Says he, "I never prayed against any corruption I had in my life so much as I prayed against going into holy orders so soon. Bishop Benson was pleased to honor me with peculiar friendship, so as to offer me preferment, or to do any thing for me." Whitefield's friends were now for *pushing* him into the ministry, but feeling the awful responsibility of the office, he prayed with all his might to be kept out of it. He says, "I prayed a thousand times, till the sweat has dropt from my face like rain, that God of His infinite mercy would not let me enter the pulpit till He called me and thrust me forth in His work. I remember once in Gloucester—I know the room; I look up to the window when I am there and walk along the street—I said, 'Lord, I cannot go. I shall be puffed up with pride, and fall into the condemnation of the devil. *Lord, do not let me go yet.*' I pleaded to be at Oxford two or three years more. I intended to make one hundred and fifty sermons, and thought I would set up with a good stock in trade. Oftentimes I have been in an agony in prayer, when under convictions of my insufficiency for so great a work. I remember praying, wrestling, and striving with God. I said, 'I am undone, I am unfit to preach in Thy great name. Send me not. *Lord, send me not yet.*' I wrote to all my friends in town and in the country to pray against the bishop's solicitations; but they insisted I should go into orders before I was twenty-two. An aged, worthy minister to whom I wrote for advice on the subject,

replied, 'If Saint Paul were in Gloucester to-day, I believe he would ordain you.' After all their solicitations, these words came into my mind: 'Nothing shall pluck you out of my hands;' they came warm to my heart. Then, and not till then, I said, 'LORD, I WILL GO. Send me when Thou wilt.'"

Having at last decided upon ordination, like the Saviour, in all his public acts, he made special preparation by prayer and self-examination. After satisfying himself of the truth of the "Thirty-nine Articles," by closely comparing them with the Scriptures, he says, "I strictly examined myself by the qualifications required for a minister, in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and also by every question that I knew would be put to me at the time of my ordination;" the latter of which he reduced to writing.

Trinity Sunday, June 20, 1736, was set apart for his ordination at Gloucester. About two weeks before the time he went there to compose some sermons and give himself more especially to prayer. But he says, "When I came to Gloucester, notwithstanding I strove and prayed for several days, and had matter enough in my heart, yet I was so restrained, that I could not compose anything at all. The remainder of the fortnight I spent in reading the several missions of the prophets and apostles, and wrestled with God to give me grace to follow their good example."

"About three days before the time appointed, the bishop came to town. The next evening I sent his lordship an abstract of my private examination upon these two questions: 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and administration?' And 'Are you called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the laws of this realm?' The next morning I waited upon the bishop. He received me with much love, telling me he was glad I was

come, and that he was satisfied with the preparation I had made. Upon this I took my leave; abashed with God's goodness to such a wretch, but, withal, exceedingly rejoiced that, in every circumstance, He had made my way into the ministry so very plain before my face. This, I think, was on Friday. The day following I continued in abstinence and prayer. In the evening I retired to a hill near the town, and prayed fervently for about two hours on behalf of myself and those that were to be ordained with me. On Sunday morning I rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over *that precept*, '*Let no one despise thy youth.*' When I went up to the altar, I could think of nothing but Samuel's standing, a little child, before the Lord, with a linen ephod."

Touching his examination, he said, "I trust I answered every question from the bottom of my heart; and heartily prayed that God might say amen. And when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart doth not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body, to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hand upon me,

"I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him
Who hung upon the cross for me.

Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into His Almighty hands." These are wonderful words, and spoken with all the sincerity of a heart glowing with zeal, and love; filled and fired with the Holy Ghost, they reveal a spirit of self-denial, determination, and consecration, unequaled since the

days of the apostles. And although uttered over 130 years ago, they still seem as warm and fresh as though spoken but yesterday. Uttered by one when standing in the threshold of the sacred desk, whose matchless eloquence and unparalleled success has since astonished the world, they ought to inspire a Whitefieldian zeal and self-denial in every minister's heart.

As a mark of respect, the bishop made him another present of five guineas, "a great supply," said Whitefield, "for one who had not a guinea in the world."

The following interesting letter, written on the day of his ordination, expresses more fully the views and feelings of the young deacon upon the solemn occasion:

GLOUCESTER, June 20, 1736.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—This is a day much to be remembered, O my soul! for about noon, I was solemnly admitted by good *Bishop Benson*, before many witnesses, into holy orders, and was, blessed be GOD, kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. I endeavored to behave with unaffected devotion; but not suitable enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake. At the same time, I trust, I answered to every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say amen. "I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the sacrament, upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. This I began with reading prayers to the prisoners in the county jail. Whether I myself shall ever have the honor of styling myself a prisoner of the Lord, I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I call heaven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hands upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him, who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into His almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for, or in my work, you will not be apprised of all the preferment that is expected by

Yours &c., G. W.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

HITEFIELD'S open-hearted unbosoming of himself in his ordination, revealed in his heart "a secret place of thunder," and "a fountain of tears," and pent up desires from which great things might naturally be expected. Although he "set up with so small a stock" of sermons, yet armed with the panoply of heaven, and wrought up to the highest pitch of ardor with the inspiration of the occasion and the importance of the work, his first sermon was a complete success. The effect was wonderful. Commencing his ministry with a deep sense of his own weakness, with his Christ-like devotion and firm reliance upon God for help, he was made eminently successful. Although he commenced preaching with an unfinished education, yet being taught of God, and endowed with power from on high, he seemed to have no lack. Reviving and preaching the great doctrines of Regeneration and Justification by Faith, he so deeply stirred the souls and probed the consciences of his hearers, that sinners were soon converted by hundreds and thousands.

He had intended to prepare a hundred sermons before beginning, but being *pushed* into the pulpit, he commenced with only one; and that, he says, "I sent to a neighboring clergyman to convince him how unfit I was to take upon me

the important work of preaching. He kept the sermon two weeks, divided it into two, preached it morning and evening to his congregation, and then returned it with a guinea for the use of it."

In a letter to a friend, dated Gloucester, June 23, 1736, he says, "With this sermon I intend to begin, God willing, next Sunday, not doubting, but that He, who increased a little lad's loaves and fishes for the feeding of a great multitude, will, from time to time, in the proper use of the appointed means, supply me with spiritual food for whatever congregation He, in His all-wise providence, shall be pleased to call me to. Help, help me, my dear friend, with your warmest addresses to the throne of grace, that I may not only find mercy, but grace to help me in time of need. At present this is the language of my heart,

A guilty, weak and helpless worm, into Thy arms I fall,
Be Thou my strength, my righteousness, my JESUS, *and my all.*

O cease not, for I must again repeat it, cease not to pray for me. Yours, &c., G. W."

The sermon was on "*The Necessity and Benefits of Religious Society*," from Eccl. iv. 9–12, "Two are better than one," etc.; and for originality, systematic arrangement, strength of argument, forcible illustrations, and for pungency, pathos, power and effectiveness, it is but seldom, if ever equaled in one's first effort. The following graphic letter, glowing with praise and gratitude to God, describes the circumstances and effects of its delivery. It was written to his friend, Mr. Hervey.

GLOUCESTER, June 30, 1736.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—GLORY! glory! glory! be ascribed to an Almighty Triune God. Last Sunday, in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church of St. Mary de Crypt, where I was baptized and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Curiosity, as you may easily guess, drew a large congregation together upon the occasion. The sight, at first, a little awed me; but I was comforted with a heartfelt sense of the divine presence, and soon found

the unspeakable advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners and poor people at their private houses while at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted overmuch. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my infant, childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked, but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop, that I drove fifteen mad the first sermon. The worthy prelate, as I have been informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday. Before then, I hope, my sermon upon "*He that is in* CHRIST *is a new creature*," will be completed. Blessed be GOD, I now find freedom in writing. Glorious Jesus,

Unloose my stammering tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Being thus engaged, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Sir,

Yours, etc., G. W.

Mr. Whitefield was induced to choose the above subject for his first sermon, in order to defend and encourage *social religious meetings* among the Oxford Methodists, and in the little flock he had collected at Gloucester, which then so much needed every encouragement. It was therefore appropriate to the occasion.

This sermon was preached June 27th, and is found in the fifth volume of "Whitefield's Works," but not being an exact copy of the original manuscript, it would be unfair to give it as a sample of his style.

Mr. Whitefield had been urged to preach on the afternoon of the same day he was ordained, but having been restrained from writing, he was not prepared. Therefore, he says, "I read prayers to the poor prisoners; being willing to let the *first* act of my ministerial office be an act of charity. The next morning, waiting upon God in prayer, to know what He would have me to do, these words, '*Speak out, Paul*,' came with great power to my soul. Immediately my heart was enlarged; and

I preached on the following Sunday to a very crowded audience, with as much freedom as though I had been a preacher for some years."

Encouraged with his first pulpit performances, he returned the same week to Oxford, where he was received with great joy by his religious friends; and in his twenty-second year, after having spent three years and nine months in the University, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, resumed his visits to the prisoners, and took the oversight of two or three charity Methodist schools. Satisfied with his position now, he thought of remaining some years at the University, to complete his education, and do what good he could among the gownsmen; but Providence ordered otherwise, and he was soon invited away to preach.

CHAPTER V.

HIS FIRST LABORS IN LONDON AND ENGLAND.

AVING already "given himself a martyr for Jesus," and having now received power to preach the gospel; with a vast field, "white already to harvest," lying before him, he earnestly longed to "thrust in the sickle and reap."

Although he would have been contented to remain a little longer in "his sweet retirement" at Oxford, yet, with a wider sphere of usefulness opening before him, he accepted, with fear and trembling, an invitation from a friend to officiate as curate at the Tower Chapel, in London.

Taking the coach, he reached London August 4, 1736, and preached his first sermon there in Bishopsgate church the following Sabbath. Although the congregation was disposed to sneer at his youthful appearance as he ascended the pulpit, yet, astonished and impressed with his eloquence and power, they were ready to admire, praise and bless him as he came down. Being "carried away" with his sermon, every one inquired who he was. The impression was fine, and it established his character at once. He was so much admired that many came out of their shops to see him as he passed along the street; and his hearing one of them say, "*There goes a boy parson*," so mortified his pride, that it led him to pray, "Let no man despise thy youth." From this time on, his fame and popularity continued to increase until his congregations were so large that they had to place constables both inside and outside of the church to

preserve the peace. "Here," he says, "I continued for the space of two months, reading prayers twice a week, catechising and preaching once, visiting the soldiers in the infirmary and barracks daily. I also read prayers every evening at Wapping chapel, and preached at Ludgate prison every Tuesday." The chapel was crowded every Sabbath, and many young people came in the morning to hear him discourse about the *new birth*, and to inquire what to do to be saved.

About this time, while he was still in London, the glowing accounts he received of the missionary work in Georgia, America, from the Wesleys and Mr. Ingham, made him long to go over and help them; but his friends opposing his going, and not being fully persuaded in his own mind, he deferred the laudable undertaking.

Having thus made his debut in London, he returned to Oxford, and resumed labors in his former charge with more encouraging prospects. Here he spent considerable time in studying Henry's Commentary, which was a great favorite with him and his associates in the University. "God," he says, "works greatly by Henry here." A friend gave him seven pounds to buy it, for which he was very thankful.

In the following November, at the request of an old friend, he accepted another invitation to officiate as curate, for a short time, at Dummer in Hampshire. Here, with a different class of people, Mr. Whitefield found the tone of society less congenial, and he began to get lonely. In the language of Dr. Gillies, "Whitefield found himself among a poor and illiterate people," and "his proud heart," he says, "could not, at first brook the change; and he would have given the world for one of his Oxford friends," and "mourned for the want of them like a dove." But he says, "I soon began to be as much delighted with the artless conversation of the poor, illiterate people, as I

had been formerly with the company of my Oxford friends; and frequently learned as much by an afternoon's visit, as by a week's study." To accomplish more while here, he rigidly adhered to his system of economizing time; and divided "the day into three equal parts; eight hours for sleep and meals, eight for public prayers, catechising and visiting, and eight for study and devotional retirement."

While thus laboring in obscurity in Dummer, he received a call to a lucrative and attractive curacy in London; but with the chord touched by the spiritual wants of Georgia still vibrating in his soul, he promptly declined it. And now, with a strong desire to go to America, Oxford, Hampshire, and London had no longer but little attraction for the young evangelist. Having before besought the Lord to direct his steps, touching his going to Georgia, He now opens the way for him to go. "About this time," says Dr. Stevens, "he received several letters from the Wesleys, calling him thither." Besides, Charles Wesley had now returned from Georgia, and reached London in search of more laborers for that promising mission. "In a few days," says Whitefield, "another letter came from Mr. John Wesley, who, after giving a graphic description of that encouring field, said, 'Only Mr. Delamotte is with me, till God shall stir up the hearts of some of his servants, who, putting their lives in His hands, shall come over and help us where the harverst is so great, and the laborers so few. What if thou art the man, Mr. Whitefield? Do you ask me what you shall have? Food to eat, and raiment to put on; a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had not; and a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' Upon reading this," says Whitefield, "MY HEART LEAPED WITHIN ME, and as it were, echoed to the call."

The die is cast: "I WILL GO—*The Lord help me*," doubtless uttered his expanding heart; and he solemnly sealed the resolution with a word of prayer, beseeching God for help and direction.

Many things conspired to make his way clear in this noble enterprise. Mr. Kinchin, Dean elect of Corpus Christi College, agreed to take his work at Oxford, and Mr. Hervey, of the Oxford Club, would fill his place in Hampshire; and "Mr. Wesley," he says, "was my dear friend; Georgia was an infant colony; the government seemed to have its welfare at heart, and I heard many Indians were near it. . . . . A voyage to sea would, in all probability, not do my constitution much hurt. These things being thoroughly weighed and prayed over, I resolved to embark for Georgia: and knowing I should never put my resolutions into practice if I conferred with flesh and blood, I wrote to my relatives to inform them of my design." He told his friends in Gloucester, that unless they would promise not to dissuade him from going, he would embark without seeing them. They made the promise, but when he went to bid them good-bye they broke it, and did what they could to keep him at home.

The following stirring words composed and sent him about this time, by his highly esteemed friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, encouraged him.

"Servant of God, the summons hear;
Thy Master calls—arise, obey!
The tokens of His will appear;
His providence points out the way.

"Fight the good fight, and stand secure,
In faith's impenetrable shield;
Hell's Prince shall tremble at its power;
With all his fiery darts repelled.

"Champion of God, the Lord proclaim,
JESUS alone resolve to know;
Tread down thy foes in JESU'S name;
Go—conquering and to conquer, go.

"Through racks and fires pursue thy way;
Be mindful of a dying God;
Finish thy course, and win the day;
Look up, and seal the truth with blood!"

CHAPTER VI.

HIS WEEPING FAREWELLS TO ENGLAND.

HAVING set his face for America, the young Boanerges now makes ready and bids farewell to England. And being so warmly attached to his friends and congregations, and they to him, the very *thought* of his leaving them filled their eyes with tears. Yet buoyant with hope and flaming with zeal, he now begins his sorrowful work; and like the church at Ephesus for Paul, "many wept sore, and were ready to fall on his neck and kiss him." Much was done to prevent his going. "Many," he says, "made me large offers if I would not go." His aged mother wept sorely. The offer of a fine lucrative curacy in London, besides the tender of "a pretty preferment," if he would remain and preach at home; but, says he, "with a full conviction that it was the Divine will I should go," none of these things moved him from his purpose. Having returned from Dummer to Oxford to bid his friends farewell there, on January 1, 1737, he went to Gloucester to consult Bishop Benson about going to Georgia. He at once sanctioned it, and received him like a father, and gave him much encouragement. While there he preached a few times to very large and deeply impressed congregations. From Gloucester he went to bid farewell to Bristol. Here he was so highly esteemed, the mayor of the city honored him with an invitation to preach before the corporation; and the interest was so great, that

Quakers, Presbyterians, Baptists, and all denominations flocked to hear him. The congregations were immense, and the effect was very deep and powerful.

The prospect of doing good here was now so encouraging that Mr. Whitefield could not leave it, and in apologizing to his friend, he exclaims, "What shall I say? I cannot be with you next week. Methinks it would be almost sinful to leave Bristol at this critical juncture. *The whole city seems to be alarmed.* Churches are as full on week days as they used to be on Sunday; and on Sundays so full that many, very many, are obliged to go away because they cannot get in." And feeling his danger from pride and ambition, he bursts forth into earnest prayer, and cries, "O pray, dear Mr. H., that God would always keep me humble and fully convinced that I am nothing without Him." "The Word was sharper than a two-edged sword; and the new birth made its way like lightning into the hearers' consciences. Sanctify it, holy Father, to Thine own glory and Thy people's good."

"Similar impressions," says Dr. Philip, "were made in Bath and Gloucester, with unprecedented collections for charitable purposes." But his stay in any of these places was short, being obliged to return to Oxford by the first of February.

In March following, he went to London to appear before General Oglethorpe and the trustees of Georgia; and having been accepted by them, he was at once introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who both heartily approved of his mission, and wished him great success.

And now, with all things ready for embarking, and longing to set sail, he seemed to become more enthusiastic, and to enjoy more intimate communion with the blessed Saviour. But as General Oglethorpe and the vessel in which he was

to sail did not get ready as soon as was expected, his departure was delayed some months; which gave him further opportunities of laboring more at home.

After preaching a few weeks in London to crowded congregations, to accommodate his friend, Rev. S. Harris, he went and supplied his church for a while at *Stonehouse*, in his native county. Here the people received him gladly, and here his religious enjoyment was most sweet and precious. And says he, "Could the trees of the wood speak, they could tell what sweet communion with God, I and the brethren have enjoyed under them. Sometimes as I have been walking out, my soul would make such sallies, that I thought it would go out of my body. At other times, I would be so overpowered with a sense of God's infinite majesty, that I would be constrained to throw myself prostrate on the ground, and offer my soul as *a blank* in His hands, to write on it what He pleased. One night was a time never to be forgotten. It happened to lighten exceedingly. I had been expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home, I thought it my duty to accompany them, and improve the occasion to stir them up to prepare for the coming of the Son of Man. In my return to the parsonage, while others were rising from their beds, and frightened almost to death to see the lightning run upon the ground, I and another, a poor pious countryman, were in the field, praising, praying to and exulting in our God, and longing for that time when Jesus shall be revealed from heaven 'in flaming fire.' Oh that my soul may be in a like frame when He shall actually come to call me." In speaking of the grandeur of this scene in one of his letters, he says, "Honest James and I were out in the midst of the lightning, and never were more delighted in our lives." Filled with the fear and love of God, Whitefield had no fear of thunder and lightning. Here,

amidst these scenes of religious enjoyment, he finished his noted sermon on Early Piety, on Eccl. xii. 1. When he left many cried out, "Whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge."

From these "sweet communions," at Stonehouse, he returned again to *Bristol* in May, and was received "with the utmost civllity and kindness." Such was the respect for him, that multitudes, both on foot and in carriages, went a mile out of the city to meet and to welcome him to their homes and hearts; and many more blessed and saluted him as he passed along the streets. Here he remained from May 23d to June 21st, and preached about five times a week to vast congregations with wonderful effect. The whole city seemed to be electrified by his stirring sermons. All ranks and denominations rushed to hear him, and the crowd was always so great, that it was with great difficulty that he made his way to the pulpit. "Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed upon the leads of the church, and altogether made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain." And when he preached his farewell sermon here, and told the people that perhaps they might "see his face no more," all, high and low, old and young, burst into tears. Multitudes followed him home, in tears, with earnest entreaties that he remain in England. But firm in his purpose, he spent only the next day from seven in the morning until midnight, in conversing with the awakened, and then secretly stole away to avoid the display of a public escort. During his stay in Bristol, he revisited Bath and preached with the same power and similar effect as at Bristol. On one occasion, when preaching in the Abbey Church, over one hundred and sixty pounds sterling were raised for the poor in Georgia. About this time he published his powerful sermon on the

Nature and *Necessity* of *Regeneration*, from 2 Cor. v. 7, which "under God," he says, "began the awakening at Gloucester, Bristol, and London."

After again visiting Gloucester and Oxford, he returned to London late in August, where he proposed to remain until he sailed for Georgia. Here he enjoyed "a sweet retirement," for a while, and kept up his usual practice of reading and praying over the Word of God upon his knees. But receiving many invitations to go out and preach to the London religious societies, his sweet retirement was soon broken up. He now soon became so overburdened and worn down with labor, that the people, fearing he would injure his health, besought him to spare himself. But unmindful of self, and being wholly devoted to God, he always replied, "*I had rather wear out than rust out. No nestling, no nestling, this side eternity.*"

ALL LONDON IS ALARMED.

Boldly thrusting in the sickle, he now commenced a course of intense, incessant labor that characterized his ministerial life. Beginning at six o'clock in the morning, either in Cripplegate, St. Annis, or Foster Lane churches, on Sundays, he usually preached four times a day; besides reading prayer twice or thrice, and walking ten or twelve miles to reach the churches.

He now attracted so much attention that his name was put in the London papers, "as a young gentleman going volunteer to Georgia, was to preach before the societies at their general quarterly meeting." This greatly increased the interest and curiosity of the people, and so vexed Mr. Whitefield, that he requested the editor not to repeat it. But he replied, "I am paid for doing it, and I will not lose two shillings for anybody." On that occasion he preached his great sermon on *Early Piety*, from Eccl. xii. 1, and they did him the honor to publish it.

Abounding in these "*mighty deeds*," as the London editor called them, his popularity increased more and more, and there was no end to the people flocking to hear him. The Charity Schools were continually inviting him to preach for the benefit of the poor children. For this purpose they procured the churches, and held their meetings on week days, and yet thousands had to go away from the largest churches for the want of room. The crowd was so great that constables had to be placed at the door to keep order. "I now," says he, "preached generally nine times a week. The people were all attention, as hearing for eternity. The early sacraments were exceedingly awful. O, how often at Cripplegate, St. Annis and Foster Lane, have we seen Jesus Christ crucified and evidently set before us! On Sunday mornings, long before day, you might see the streets filled with people going to church with their lanterns in their hands, and hear them conversing about the things of God."

Deeply feeling his dependence on God in these almost superhuman labors, we find him continually praying to God for help, and begging his friends to pray for him that he might be strengthened and humbled; and going on in the glorious work, "nil disperandum," he said when urged to take care of himself, "I find by experience that the more I do, the more I may do for God." In one of his London letters he says, "God still works here. The collections for the charity schools are very large. '*All London is alarmed.*' Many youths here sincerely love the Saviour; and thousands, I hope, are quickened, strengthened, and confirmed by the word preached. God still works more and more by my unworthy ministry. Last week save one, I preached ten times in different churches, and the last week seven; and yesterday four times, and read prayers twice, though I slept not above an hour the night

before, which was spent in religious conversation and prayer." "On Wednesday night," December 23, 1737, he says, "eighteen of us continued *all night* in praises and praying for our friends." He usually preached four or five charity sermons a week, and the weekly collections for the poor children amounted to about seventy pounds. The third edition of his sermon on Regeneration was published about this time. In summing up the fruits of his less than three months' labor in London, he says, "Great things have been done for us here. Perhaps upwards of a thousand pounds have been raised for the poor and the charity schools, and I have preached above a hundred times since I have been here. A visible alteration is made also in hundreds. Last Sunday, at six in the morning, when I gave my farewell, *the whole church was drowned in tears;* they wept and cried aloud, as a mother weepeth for her first-born. Since that, there is no end of persons coming and weeping, telling me what God had done for their souls: others again beg little books, and desire me to write their names in them. Time would fail me were I to tell you how many have been awakened, and how many pray for me. The great day will discover all. In the meanwhile, I beseech you, Mrs. H, by the mercies of God, to pray, that the goodness of God may humble me. As yet, the divine strength has been magnified in my weakness. Many have opposed, but in vain. God's power conquers all. I am now going as Abraham did, not knowing whither; but I commit myself to the guidance of God's good providence and Spirit. He that has and doth, will deliver me out of all my troubles. My farewell sermon will be published shortly, with two or three more."*

But in the progress of this glorious work, there arose an

* Extract from his last letter before he embarked for Georgia, dated London, December 23, 1737.

opposition. For, says Whitefield, "as my popularity and usefulness increased, opposition increased proportionably. At first many of the clergy were my hearers and admirers; but some soon grew angry, and complaints were made that there was no room for the parishioners, and that the pews were spoiled. Some called me 'a *spiritual pickpocket*,' and others thought I made use of a *charm* to get the people's money." It was now reported, upon the complaint of some of the clergy, that the Bishop of London intended to silence Whitefield; but upon inquiry, Whitefield found the report false. The Bishop approved of his doctrines.*

And just here let us pause a moment and inquire more particularly, by what instrumentalities these glorious results were broght about. *How* was the scoffer silenced, the careless aroused, and the most abandoned moved to call upon God? *By what means* "was all London alarmed," and "vast congregations drenched with tears?" *What caused* this mighty shaking among the dry bones of England? Under God, it was done simply by *earnest praying* and *earnest preaching*. Glowing with zeal and grappling for souls, Whitefield boldly preached *Jesus, Regeneration,* and *Justification by Faith;* and sinners flocked to the Cross, like "doves to their windows." During these times of refreshing, he preached three noted sermons that have been identified, which, as they have been printed and published from his own manuscripts, may be relied upon as

*In the midst of his trials and opposition, Mr. Whitefield derived much strength and comfort in meeting every evening with a little circle of his religious associates for prayer for their acquaintances, and for the spread of the gospel. "Once," says he, "we spent a whole night in prayer and praise; and many a time at midnight and at one in the morning, after I have been wearied almost to death in preaching, writing, and conversation, and going from place to place, God has imparted new life to my soul on these occasions." This fact induced him to compose his sermon on *Intercession*, from the important text, "PRAY FOR US."

specimens of the style and matter of the sermons that produced those wonderful effects: one on *Early Piety*, one on *Regeneration*, and the other on *Intercession*.

Abundantly blessed of God in his farewell labors, Whitefield says, "The nearer the time of my embarkation approached, the more affectionate and eager the people grew. All ranks gave vent to their passion. Thousands and thousands of prayers were put up for me. The people would stop me in the alleys of the churches, hug me in their arms, and follow me with wishful looks. Such a sacrament I never saw before as at St. Dunstan's. The tears of the communicants mingled with the cup: and had not Jesus given us some of His 'new wine,' our parting would have been insupportable."

Before closing this chapter we give the following extract as a specimen of his farewell sermons. In urging the sinner to fly to Christ, with great earnestness he said, "I beseech you, in love and compassion, to come to Jesus. Indeed, all I say is in love to your souls. And if I could be but an instrument of bringing you to Jesus, I should not envy, but rejoice in your happiness, however much you were exalted. If I were to make up the *last* of the train of the companions of the blessed Jesus, it would rejoice me to see you above me in glory. Come then to Christ, every one that hears me this night. Come, come, my guilty brethren. I beseech you, for your immortal souls' sake, for Christ's sake, come to Christ. Methinks I could speak till midnight unto you; I am full of love toward you. Would you have me go and tell my Master that you will not come, and that I have spent my strength in vain? I cannot bear to carry such a message to Him. I would not, indeed I would not be a swift witness against you at the great day of account; but if you will refuse these gracious invitations, I must do it."

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

CROWNED with a glorious success in his first efforts in preaching the gospel in England, and longing to preach it in America, he embarked for Georgia December 28, 1737. Two days later he got aboard of the "*Whitaker*," and found her "full of soldiers," with near twenty women, besides a large number of sailors. "And God," he says, "was pleased to give me a proof that He was with me in the ship." Upon surveying his "*new charge*," as he called it, he found it very different from his weeping congregation at St. Dunstan—there all was love, friendship, and praise; here, there was little but cards, cursing and swearing. The captain of the ship, the surgeon and the officers of the regiment, gave him a cold reception, and treated him, for a while, as an impostor; and to show their disrespect for him, they played hautboy, and turned the ship into a gambling house, the whole of the first Sabbath after he came aboard. This was a very disagreeable situation, yet with his characteristic sagacity, he grasped and mastered it. Perceiving this gathering storm of opposition, he wisely fled from it, and repaired to an adjacent hill with his friends for prayer; where, to his surprise, he met a few of his dear London friends, who had traveled all night to see him. After the usual salutation, about ten they went to church at Gravesend, where he preached three times that day (once without notes), and received the

sacrament from the curate. But with his patient forbearance and unyielding perseverance, this opposition soon gave way. He overcame evil with good. When the crew saw his strong desire and earnest efforts to do them good, they began to respect him. And being conscious of his heavy responsibility, and of his great need of divine aid, he was almost continually begging God for help.

Returning to the ship on Monday morning, January 2, he resumed his "labor of love" in visiting and praying with the sick soldiers, and mildly reproving the swearing officers.* And when he could not reach them by kind *words*, like Jesus, with fallen Peter, he gave them gentle *looks* of reproof. At first he saw but little proof of his labors, but yet, encouraged by the close attention of his red-coat parishioners, and their willingness to receive instruction, he went on in his important work.

Thus things went on for some time, with Mr. Whitefield suffering for the want of a place of retirement for prayer and study. But upon his making known his wants to Captain Whiting, he freely gave him the use of his cabin. This, he says, was given in answer to prayer. Growing in favor with the officers, soon after, he gladly accepted an invitation to a cup of coffee with the military captain, (whom he considered the most desperate of any of the officers,) with whom he took the liberty to say, "That though he was a volunteer on board, yet as he was on board, he looked upon himself as his chaplain, and as such, he thought it a little odd to pray and preach to the servants, and not to the master;" and said, "That if he thought

* "I could do no more for a season, than while I was writing, now and then turn my head by way of reproof to a lieutenant of the soldiers, who swore as though he was born of a swearing constitution. Now and then he would take the hint, return my nod with a 'Doctor, I ask your pardon,' and then to his swearing and cards again."—*Whitefield's MS.*

proper he would make use of a short collect now and then to him, and the other gentlemen, in the great cabin." After pausing a while, and shaking his head, he answered, "I think we may, when we have nothing else to do." Encouraged by this cool reply, he labored on, and finding that there were over a hundred persons aboard, besides the crew, he organized, January 5, a *Soldier's Bible Class*, consisting of six or seven soldiers, to which were added three or four more the next day, whom he catechised regularly on open deck, with much encouragement. The weather was now very cold, and as another mark of respect, Captain Whiting sent his boat to bring Mr. Whitefield to Gravesend. In breakfasting with some gentlemen in the great cabin, he says, "they were very civil, and let me put in a word for God." On Sabbath, January 8, 1738, being very cold, he rose early, and, like a careful nurse, hastened round to see the sea-sick soldiers and their families, to administer to their wants. Upon giving them sage-tea, sugar, etc., he tried to excite their gratitude to God, for the mercies of the stormy night. Although his thoughts now lingered much with his London friends, yet to-day he read public prayers, preached twice to the soldiers, and, at the request of the officers, he read prayers once in the great cabin. This was the first Sabbath he spent on the ship. And here we see what a marked change he wrought in the crew in a few days. A week ago they scorned and treated him as an impostor; to-day they treat him as a minister of the gospel, and were glad to hear him preach.

Owing to contrary winds, the Whitaker was detained in the Downs nearly a month, and reached Margate on the ninth, in the midst of a severe storm. "This afternoon," Whitefield said, "I began to feel the power of faith more than ever I did before, and to find that as our day, so will our strength be.

When I went into the boat, the sea ran dangerously high; but I could boldly say,

> "'God is our refuge in distress,
> A present help when dangers press.'"

January 11. To-day they weighed anchor, and sailed to Deal, where they remained several days. And besides his regular routine of duties in visiting the sick, catechising a large class of women, and writing hosts of letters, he now read prayers and preached twice every day. And so great was the interest, says he, that "the very soldiers stood out to say their catechism like little children."

January 13. "Set apart this day as a day of humiliation, abstinence, and intercession for friends and for all mankind, and found my heart greatly enlarged in that divine exercise. Intercession is a glorious means to sweeten the heart! Remained ashore all day, went to church at Deal, and wrote letters till one in the morning; gave books to the poor, and," says he, "I have not spent so many hours in sweet retirement in a day, since I left the University. The pleasure I felt was inexpressible."

Having no better place, he, his brother, and Mr. Habersham, and two servants, generally retired every night behind the round-house for prayer, praise, and other religious exercises. Sometimes Captain Whiting was found listening within. Mr. Whitefield being so anxious for his salvation, he ventured one day to take "*The Independent Whig*" from his pillow and put in its place a little book called "*The Self-Deceiver*." The next morning the captain came in smiling, and asked who made the change? Whitefield told him and begged him to accept of the book, which he said he had read with pleasure. It produced a visible effect on him. The military captain, becoming more interested, now requested to have public service, and expounding twice a day in the great cabin.

January 18. "Began to live by rule more than ever, for nothing, I find, is to be done without it." Being "a little inclined to heaviness, I drove it off by a long intercession. Prayer is an antidote against every evil." "About eleven at night, went and sat down among the sailors in the steerage, and reasoned with them about righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, at which some of them almost trembled."

January 20. "Rose with great peace of mind, and spent all the morning in composing a sermon," which he began yesterday and almost finished to-day.

Sunday, January 22. "About nine, went on board with Captain Whiting, who is always extremely civil. Visited the sick and read prayers in the cabin. Read prayers, preached my sermon on Early Piety, on open deck to the soldiers; the officers and other gentlemen attending very seriously. Afternoon preached at Upper Deal, on Acts xxviii. 26. Many seemed pricked to the heart, and expressed a desire to follow me wherever I should go."

While lying in the Downs, besides his regular labors, Mr. Whitefield engaged much in personal religious conversation with the soldiers and officers, and spent much time and enjoyed *much pleasure and comfort* in writing and receiving letters from his London friends. He often sat up till two or three o'clock in the morning, writing letters to his friends. On one occasion, he says, "the reception of letters from my London friends filled my soul with unutterable pleasure, and caused me to shed tears of joy."

January 24. Visited Mr. E., "who most kindly entertained us, and offered me his boat to go or come on shore when I pleased. After we returned from his house, we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed for them that opposed themselves,

and then went to bed blessing and praising God." "When the heart is full of God, outward things affect it little."

January 25. At Whitefield's request, the captain pardoned a woman who was sentenced to be sent on shore. He preached to-day at Upper Deal, to a large congregation, with great effect. He says, "a divine fire seems to be kindling there." "*All Deal seems to be in a holy flame.*" And nearly all on board the Whitaker had now become very serious, "and there were great hopes of the captain's conversion." "Oh! that I may catch them by a holy guile."

Sabbath, January 29. Visited the sick, read prayers, preached once on sea, twice on land to crowded congregations, and spoke four hours to four companies who collected to hear him at his lodgings,* and, says he, "I was but little, if any, fatigued."

Thus he labored incessantly, and "went about doing good," until the winds shifted, and orders came, "*Prepare yourselves for sailing.*" He received the news with joy, but his London friends received it with sorrow. They retired for a parting season of prayer, but they had to be very brief. "Having therefore commended ourselves to God, I took my leave. But oh, what affection did the Deal people express to my unworthy person!—for no sooner were they apprised of the wind being fair, than they came running in droves after me to the seashore, wishing me good luck in the name of the Lord; and with tears, praying for my success and safe return. I was confounded with a sense of God's mercies to me." "The sea was very boisterous indeed," but he went on singing psalms and praising God, with the water dashing in his face all the way. They reached the Whitaker and got aboard about five,

*When large crowds collected at his lodgings, he divided them into companies in order to be heard.

and were received with great joy, while the ship was under sail. Owing to the winds shifting, they were detained in the Downs until February 2d, and the same wind that carried Whitefield out, brought John Wesley into the Downs. Wesley sailed in February 1, and Whitefield sailed out February 2d.*

On February 3 they made a very narrow escape, and God wrought for them a glorious deliverance. "An East India ship sailing very briskly," he says, "ran within four yards of us, and had it not been for the expertness of the captain, both ships must inevitably have split one against another." Besides catechising and teaching the children, Whitefield now preached daily to the soldiers on deck, and usually on Sundays to the officers in the great cabin. At the captain's request, he now read prayers morning and evening in the great cabin. He soon gave them one sermon on "Justification by Faith," and another on "The Eternity of Hell Torments." Encouraged with this *beginning* to have full public prayers, Mr. Whitefield exclaimed, "Blessed be God! for I hope we shall now begin to live like Christians and call upon the name of the Lord daily. The very thoughts of God's granting me this petition filled me with joy."

STORM AT SEA.

On February 14, "about twelve at night," he says, "a fresh gale arose, which increased so rapidly by four in the morning, that the waves raged horribly indeed, and broke in like a river on many of the poor soldiers who lay near the main hatchway.

*The ship that brought Wesley back from Georgia, passed Deal while Whitefield was there, but neither of the noted men knew it at the time. Whitefield was surprised to receive a letter from Wesley saying, "When I saw God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have enclosed." What was it? "*Let him* (that is, Whitefield) *return to London.*"

I rose and called upon God for myself, for those sailing with me, for absent friends, and for all mankind. After this I went on deck, but surely a more noble, awful sight, my eyes never beheld; for the waves rose mountain high, and sometimes came on the quarter deck. I endeavored all the while to magnify God for thus making His power known; and then *creeping on my knees* (for I knew not how to go otherwise), I went between decks and sung psalms and comforted the poor wet soldiers and people. The storm raged, but God was so good to assist me, that though things were tumbling, the ship rocking, and persons falling down sick about me, yet I never was more cheerful in my life, and was enabled, though in the midst of company, to finish a sermon before I went to bed." He observed the fourteenth as a day of fasting and prayer.

ARRIVES AT GIBRALTAR.

While busy preaching, writing sermons, and catechising the women and children, he reached *Spain*, Sabbath, February 19, and landed at Gibraltar, the "mart of nations." He preached on board the same day they arrived. Delighted with the pleasant sailing, and deeply impressed with the sight of the huge promontories, the impregnable fort, and the vast, towering rocks, he says, "I could not avoid thanking God for calling me abroad." Upon going ashore, he was delighted with the place, and very kindly received by Governor Sabine, who invited him to dine with him every day he was in town. The ministers also received him very affectionately, and offered him the use of their pulpits. He preached in one of them one day, and was pleased to see so many officers and soldiers accompany the general to church. After a gentleman had kindly provided him comfortable private lodgings, he and Mr. Habersham went to church one morning at six o'clock "to pray with

some devout soldiers, with whom," he says, "my soul was knit immediately." "They were called '*New Lights.*' Another small society were called '*Dark Lanterns.*'" "The former," said Whitefield, "were 'A GLORIOUS LIGHT.' They were 'a light in a dark place.'" They formerly met secretly in dens and caves of the rocks for prayer and praise. For their piety they attracted Whitefield's attention more than anything else in the city. Dr. Philip called them "*The Methodists of Gibraltar.*" The next Sabbath morning, he visited them again, and sung, prayed and expounded with them with much comfort. He preached again the same morning in one of the churches to a thronged congregation of officers and soldiers, with a very deep effect. He had now been preaching or expounding daily for some time, "and perceived the Word of God to run very swiftly." Upon seeing several soldiers on their knees at their private devotions as he entered the church, he exclaimed, "*O happy Gibraltar*, that hast such a set of praying men!" On March 3, he preached his sermon against swearing to a very thronged congregation in the church, and made a farewell application to the soldiers that were about to leave for Georgia. Many officers and soldiers wept sorely, and the effect was very deep. The interest had now increased so greatly, that his congregations numbered over one thousand hearers. One day he went to see the "Roman Catholics at their high mass." He said, "There needs no other argument against popery, than to see the pageantry, superstition, and idolatry of their worship."

FAREWELL TO GIBRALTAR.

The interest had increased so greatly, that his congregations numbered over a thousand hearers; and in summing up his labors here, he says, "Sampson's Riddle has been fulfilled at Gibraltar. Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the

strong came forth sweetness. Who more unlikely to be wrought upon than soldiers? and yet I have not been amongst any set of people where God has made His power more to be known. Many that were quite stark blind, have received their sight; and many that have fallen back, have repented and turned to the Lord; and many saints have had their hearts filled with joy unspeakable. It was quite a revival. I should have wondered if God had not sent me a thorn in the flesh, after such abundant success." On March 6th about noon, he "went to the church, and gave a *farewell* exhortation to a great number of weeping soldiers, women, etc., and after commending each other to God's care, I bid farewell to the generals and the confined prisoners." About two hundred soldiers, officers, ladies, etc., accompanied him to the ship, "who all sorrowed at his departure, and wished him good luck in the name of the Lord."

On March 9, Whitefield married a couple on deck, and gave them a suitable exhortation. The next day they had a violent storm at sea, and he began to expound the Ten Commandments in the great cabin. His seasickness now became worse. But he said, "Suffering times are a Christian's best improving times. For they break the will, wean us from the creature, and improve the heart." His friend Habersham took very good care of him. Besides going on with his regular routine of duties, on the fifteenth he commenced to canvass the hearts of his people "*one by one*, to see what account they could give of their faith." Although he did not find them all "great proficients," "yet I find they know enough to save them, if they put it in practice." Mr. Habersham had now established a regular *School* on the ship, and the children began to come at regular hours. They made rapid progress. Whitefield examined them occasionally, and was much encouraged with the prospect of their speedy conversion.

He observed the 16th as a day of fasting and prayer, and preached again his sermon against swearing. He says: "Several of the soldiers wept. Blessed be God! sin is much abated amongst us." Whitefield now began to extend his labors to the accompanying ships. Accompanied by Captain Whiting he went on board the "*Lightfoot*," dined with the officers of the ship; married a couple; preached a sermon against drunkenness; distributed Bibles, Testaments and religious books, and exchanged some books for cards, and threw the cards into the ocean. The next day he visited the "*Amy*," and performed similar labors. On returning to the "*Whitaker*," he preached his sermon against drunkenness, and Captain Mackay exhorted his men to take heed to what they had heard.

Many of the soldiers, who did little else but curse and swear when Mr. Whitefield came on board, now attend prayers twice a day, and "several give good evidence of a change of heart." Scarce an oath is heard among them. "We live in perfect harmony and peace, loving and beloved of one another."

"Surely, my friends," says Whitefield, "your prayers are heard. Continue instant in them, and you shall see greater things than these." He now exchanged some good books for some bad ones, and threw the latter overboard with great joy. During this voyage Whitefield says: "I was enabled to write letters and compose sermons, as though I had been on land." Altogether, there were about one hundred and fifty persons on board.

WHITEFIELD AND THE SHARK.

March 20. "To-day, while dining, we were entertained with a most agreeable sight. It was a *shark* about the length of a man, which followed our ship attended with five little fishes called the pilot-fish. These, I am told, always keep the shark

company, and, what is more surprising, though the shark is so ravenous a creature, yet let it be never so hungry, it never touches one of them. Nor are they less faithful to him. For, if at any time the shark is hooked, these little creatures will not forsake him, but cleave close to his fins, and are often taken up with him. Go to the pilot-fish, thou that forsakest a friend in adversity, consider his ways and be abashed, and learn how to hold fast. Go to the pilot-fish, thou back-slider, and learn how to persevere and '*cleave to the Lord.*'"

March 23. "This morning we began to have prayers at 6 o'clock, and the drum to beat to call the people. Visited twelve or fourteen patients; and yet, such is God's mercy to me, that though the place where they lie is much confined, and they catch the fever from one another, yet God keeps me from taking it. *The way of duty is the way of safety.* Nothing more useful than visiting sick-beds."

WHITEFIELD "BREAKING CHILDREN'S WILLS."

March 31. "Had a good instance of the benefit of breaking children's wills. Last night going between decks (as I do every night) to visit the sick and to examine my people, I asked one of the women to bid her boy that stood by her, say his prayers; she answered, his elder sister would, but she could not make him. Upon this, I bid the child to kneel down before me, but it would not until I took hold of its two feet and forced it down. I then bid it say the Lord's Prayer (being informed by his mother he could say it if he would), but he obstinately refused, until at last, after I had given it several blows, it said its prayers as well as could be expected, and I gave it some figs for a reward. And this same child, though not above four years of age, came to-night on deck when the other children came to say their prayers to my friend H., and burst out into a

flood of tears, and would not go away until he said his too. I mention this as a proof of the necessity of early correction; children are sensible of it sooner than parents imagine. And if they would but have resolution to break their wills thoroughly when young, the work of conversion would be much easier, and they would not be so troubled with perverse children when they are old."

Whitefield now frequently preached on all three of the ships, the "*Whitaker*," the "*Lightfoot*" and the "*Amy*," on the same day, and says: "Blessed be God, we live very comfortably in the great cabin. We talk of little else but God and Christ. Scarce a word is to be heard but what has reference to our fall in the first, and our new birth in the second Adam." On one occasion "he preached with a captain on each side of him and soldiers all around him; and the two other ships' companies being at times in the trade winds, drew near and joined in the worship of God." Trembling with fear and burning with fever, the greatest swearer on board now sent for Whitefield to go and see him in his distress. He went, and the poor sinner freely confessed his "grievous sins, and prayed most fervently for repentance." Whitefield had given him an effectual warning two days before. Late in April, from exposure in nursing the sick, Whitefield was taken with "a violent fever." Nearly all on board had it. He was well cared for. Captain Whiting gave him his bed, and Mr. Habersham nursed him most tenderly. And what delighted him most, the sick between decks prayed fervently for him. He said: "I was bled thrice, and blistered and vomited once; and blessed be God, I can say it is good for me that I have been afflicted, for God has enabled me to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I thought I was on the brink of eternity. I had heaven within me, and thought of nothing in this world." He longed to depart.

On May 5th Whitefield attended the funeral of the ship cook, who had lately boasted "that he would be wicked till two years before he died, and then he would be good;" but, alas! he was suddenly taken sick and died in about six hours after he made the foolish resolution.

Toward the end of the voyage the religious interest became so great, that Dr. Gillies says, "The great cabin now became a *bethel*, the deck a *church*, and the stern a *school-room*. With two captains made almost Christians, one young gentleman and several soldiers hopefully converted, religion was now the principal subject of conversation. In a word," says Dr. Gillies, "there was a reformation throughout the whole soldiery. The women exclaimed, 'What a change in the captain!'" Whitefield had labored hard. "For many days and nights he had visted between twenty and thirty sick persons, *crawling upon his knees* between decks, to administer medicines and cordials and give advice suitable to their circumstances." God gave him such a signal success that he says, "Hitherto I have been made to go on from conquering to conquer."

At length, "having lain about a week on the coast," he says, "we saw Savannah River, and sent off for a pilot. Oh, what joy appeared in every countenance! How infinitely more joyful will the children of God be, when they arrive at the haven of everlasting rest!" On May 7, 1738, after "a long, yet exceedingly pleasant voyage," they cast anchor near Tybee Island, about fourteen miles off Savannah. After preaching his farewell sermon, "at which many wept," he and Mr. Habersham "took boat and arrived at Savannah about seven in the evening. What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies!"

With full confidence in God's protecting power, Whitefield now went forth, saying, "I am now going forth as a sheep among wolves; but he that protected Abraham when he went out not knowing whither he went, will also guide and protect me."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITEFIELD'S FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

HAVING set his foot upon American soil, with a heart glowing with gratitude to God, he hastened to unite with his friends in prayer and praise for his safe arrival. He landed about seven o'clock on the evening of May 7, 1738, and was very kindly received at the Parsonage House, by Mr. Delamotte, the Mission School teacher at Savannah, with whom he spent the balance of the evening in taking sweet counsel about the affairs of the little colony.

After receiving calls from some of Mr. Wesley's friends, he read public prayers and expounded the scriptures in the Court House, the next day, to 17 adults and 25 children. Out of respect the magistrates proposed to wait upon him the next day, but he chose rather to wait upon them. They received him with great respect, and their conversation turned upon the place of his settlement. It was finally agreed that they would build him a house and tabernacle at Frederica, and have him serve the church at Savannah as long as convenient.

The first thing he did, after recovering from a short spell of sickness, was to visit *Timochichi*, an Indian king, then lying at the point of death on a thin blanket at a neighbor's house. His wife, Senauki, sat by, fanning him with some Indian feathers. In a few days Mr. Whitefield went to see him again, when Tooanoowee, his nephew, was present, who could talk English.

"I desired him to ask his uncle whether he thought he should die. He answered: 'I cannot tell.' I then asked him where he thought he would go after death. He replied: 'To heaven.' 'But, alas! how can a drunkard enter there?' I then exhorted young Tooanoowee not to get drunk, telling him he understood English, and, therefore, he would be punished the more if he did not live better. I then asked him whether he believed in a heaven. He answered: 'Yes.' I then asked him if he believed in a hell, and described it by pointing to the fire. He replied: 'No.' From whence we may easily gather, how natural it is to all mankind to believe there is a place of happiness, because they wish it may be so, and, on the contrary, how averse they are to believe in a place of torment, because they wish it may not be so. But God is just; and as surely as the good shall go into everlasting happiness, the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment."

Recovering his strength, and hungering for souls, he soon went out to survey the condition of the little colony; and in visiting the small neighboring villages of Hampstead and Highgate, he became deeply impressed with the wants of the children. In devising means for their education and protection, he then and there (May 16, 1738,) determined to erect an *Orphan House*, and besought the blessing of God to attend his efforts. Meanwhile he did what he could, and established a school at Highgate for those two villages and one at Savannah for girls. He then visited the *Saltzburgers* at Ebenezer, and found things in a more prosperous condition. There they had two pious ministers, Mr. Boltzius and Mr. Grenaw, who (as they have no courts of jurisdiction) decide all little differences among the people. They have also a good Orphan House, with which Mr. Whitefield was so much pleased that he gave Mr. Boltzius a share of his "*poor's store*" for his orphans; after

which he called them all together, catechised and exhorted them to be thankful for the gift, prayed with them, heard them pray, sung a psalm, and then "the little lambs came and shook me by the hand one by one, and so we parted, and I scarce was ever better pleased in my life." This interesting sight strengthened his purpose and fired his zeal to go on with his own proposed Orphan House.

Early in June his dear friend Mr. Delamotte embarked for England, which left Mr. Whitefield almost alone. And surely, says he, "I must labor most heartily, since I come after such worthy predecessors as Mr. Wesley and Delamotte." Although "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" pronounces Mr. Wesley's mission to America an "entire failure," and that "he left the American shores all but driven out," and although Mr. Tyerman says, "Wesley's mission to America seemed a failure," yet Whitefield, who had a good opportunity to know, says in his journal, "The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people, and he has laid such a foundation that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake."

After laboring about five weeks in Savannah, Mr. Whitefield says, "God has graciously visited me with a fit of sickness, but now I am lively as a young eagle. All things have happened better than I expected. America is not so horrid a place as it is represented to be. The heat of the weather, lying on the ground, etc., are mere painted lions in the way, and to a soul filled with divine love, not worth mentioning. The country is exceedingly pleasant. God sets his seal to my ministry here, as at other places. We have an excellent Christian school, and near a hundred constantly attend at evening prayers. The people receive me gladly into their houses, and seem to be most kindly affected towards me. We do not want for

provisions. Blessed be God, I visit from house to house, catechise, read prayers twice, and expound the two second lessons every day; read to a house full of people three times a week; expound the two lessons at five in the morning, read prayers and preach twice; and expound the catechism to servants at seven every Sunday evening. What I have most at heart now, is the building of an Orphan House, which I trust will be effected at my return to England. . . . Oh, dear Mr. *H.*, pray for me."

The people of Savannah, although made up of different nations, holding different opinions, heard him gladly. And in searching for souls and exploring his new field of labor, sometimes he would go out twelve or fifteen miles to visit a few families. Longing for their salvation, he not only preached to them powerfully from the pulpit, but he endeavored to set them a bright example. Says he, "I have striven to draw them with cords of love."

FREDERICA.

Having spent about two months in Savannah in looking up the lost sheep, he sailed down to Frederica, a small town over one hundred miles southward. The people here being very hungry for the gospel, they received him most heartily. There being no church, he preached in the evening under a big tree to a very attentive congregation. The next day be began to visit from house to house, and perceiving their destitution, he was touched with feelings of compassion, and exclaimed, "Poor creatures, my heart ached for them." He stirred them up, and before night "the timber was sawing to erect a house of worship." His return to Savannah was hastened by hearing that his friend H.'s brother had got lost in hunting a lost horse. The people hunted for the lost man. Great guns were fired to direct his steps; while Whitefield prayed and gave God thanks

for the trial, and resolved to start for Savannah immediately. Having determined to start that (Saturday) night, he preached in the evening to a large weeping congregation. And feeling grateful for mercies received, he exclaimed, "Oh, God! how dost Thou follow me with Thy blessings wherever Thou sendest me! I looked for persecution, but lo! I am received as an angel of God." Being disappointed in starting, he did not sail until he preached another sermon the next day, when the people accompanied him to the ship, loaded him with presents, and bid him an affectionate farewell. His stay in Frederica was short, but he won the affections of the people. He returned to Savannah, August 16, and had the pleasure of finding the "lost sheep."

WHITEFIELD AND THE DYING INFIDEL.

On August 23d, he says, "I was obliged to express my resentment against infidelity by refusing to read the burial service over the most professed unbeliever I ever yet met with. God was pleased to visit him with a lingering illness, in which time I went to see him frequently. Particularly about five weeks ago, I asked him what religion he was of; he answered, 'Religion was divided into so many sects he knew not which to choose.' Another time I offered to pray with him, but he would not accept of it, when I resolved to go to see him no more; but being told two days before he died that he had an inclination to see me, I went to him again, and after a little conversation, I put to him the following questions: 'Do you believe Jesus Christ to be God, the one Mediator between God and man?' He said, 'I believe Christ was a good man.' 'Do you believe the Holy Scriptures?' 'I believe,' replied he, 'something of the Old Testament; the New I do not believe at all.' 'Do you believe, sir, in a judgment to come?' He turned himself about and replied, 'I know not what to say to that.' 'Alas!' said I,

'sir, if all these things should be true'—which words, I believe, gave him concern, for he seemed after to be very uneasy, grew delirious, and departed in a day or two. Unhappy man! how quickly was he convinced! Now he and I are of one mind. The day after his decease, he was carried to the ground; I refused to read the service over him, but went to the grave and told the people what had passed between him and me, warned them against infidelity, and asked them whether I could safely say, 'as our hope is this our brother doth.' Upon which, I believe, they were thoroughly convinced that I had done right. God grant that this may be a warning to all surviving unbelievers."

Anxious to obtain priest's orders, and to raise money for his Orphan House, "to-day, August 27," he says, "I preached my farewell sermon, to the great grief of my dear parishioners, for their hearts, I found, were very full, as well as my own. Many wept sore. But a sensible alteration soon appeared in their countenances when I promised them solemnly before God, to return as soon as possible." "The weather was extremely hot, but God enabled me to preach with power." He started the next day, and the people came from morning to evening with many tears and tokens of love to take their leave and wish him a prosperous journey and a safe return. "I thanked them, and having desired their prayers, bid them farewell." "My heart was full, and I took the first opportunity of venting it by prayers and tears. I think I never parted from a place with more regret; for America, in my opinion, is an excellent school to learn Christ in; and I have great hopes some good will come out of Savannah, because the longer I continued there, the larger the congregations grew."

He went to Charleston to start, and was very favorably impressed with the appearance of the city and very kindly received

by the Rev. Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's Commissary, who assured him, that should he be treated as illy as Mr. Wesley had been, he would defend him with his life and fortune. He preached twice the next day after his arrival. Blest with God's presence, and the hearty co-operation of many warm friends, his visit and labors of four months in America were a complete success.*

* "During my stay here, the weather was most intensely hot, sometimes burning me almost through my shoes. Seeing others do it who were as unable, I determined to inure myself to hardships, by lying constantly on the ground, which, by use, I found to be so far from being a hardship, that afterwards it became so to lie in a bed."

CHAPTER IX.

HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

HAVING won the affections of the people and made his mark in America, he sailed from Charleston on the "*Mary*" for England, September 9, 1738. With but few persons on board, his sphere of action was now confined to a very small compass. Yet, encouraged with the fact that they were all very civil, he went forth with the hope "that the retirement would break his will, purify his heart, and fit him for the great work before him." Owing to contrary winds they were tossed about "from bar to bar" nearly two weeks before they got fairly under way. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Whitefield advanced upon this voyage with forebodings of evil. And ere they had sailed but a few hundred miles his strong faith and great joy in tribulation were seen in the following terrible STORM AT SEA. It rose about 11 o'clock at night and continued till four in the morning. It was so severe that "it put the sailors and officers to their wits' end to manage the ship." "They said they had never seen the like of it before. The main sail was rent in several pieces and much of the tackling split all to tatters; and not a dry place was to be found in all the ship. The captain's hammock in the great cabin was half full of water. In short, all was terror and confusion, men's hearts failing them for fear, and the wind and the sea raging most terribly. But God, forever be adored His unmerited good-

ness, was exceeding gracious unto me. For I felt a sweet complacency in my will, in submission to His. Many particular promises God has made me from His word, that I should return in peace, flowed in upon my heart. And He enabled me greatly to rejoice. Most of our fresh provisions are washed overboard, and our tackling being much out of order, we have a prospect of but an indifferent voyage. But blessed be God, *the prospect pleases me.* For now I shall learn, I trust, how to want as well as how to abound, and how to endure hardship like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. O Lord, let Thy strength be magnified in my weakness, and say unto my soul, *It is I, be not afraid*, and then let storms and tempests do their worst."

How grand this sublime victory of faith! Gaze upon the awful scene—the waves dash—the vessel heaves—the rigging cracks, and with men's hearts failing them for fear, all was terror and dismay. But amid all this distressing confusion, there lies the unterrified Whitefield, calm and composed. Reposing in the arms of Jesus, although the angry waves rolled over him, when all was distress without, yet to him with his hope anchored within the veil all was joy and peace within. Shortly after the storm was over, he gathered the people together and exhorted them "to bless God for their deliverance, and to sin no more, lest a worse storm should befall them."

By the middle of October he says, "God has been pleased to send me many inward trials. And now my fresh provisions are gone, and the people are put to an allowance of a quart of water to each man per day; I hope the spiritual man will grow, having so little for the natural man to feed on. Blessed be God, I rejoice in necessities, and do in every thing give thanks."

While thus shut up in his ship-retirement, searching the Scriptures, and praying for further *preparation* for the great work before him, he was deeply impressed and encouraged

with the fact, graphically expressed by Mr. Henry, "*The mower loses no time while whetting his scythe.*"

WHITEFIELD'S MORAL HEROISM, self-denial and nobleness of soul, is strikingly exhibited in refusing Captain Philip's generous offer in the following case: When they had made about one-third of their voyage, and Mr. Whitefield's fresh provisions were exhausted, and every man put upon short rations, they were overtaken by the "*Constant*," Captain Philips, bound from Jamaica. Learning their destitute condition, the Captain sent for Mr. Whitefield to come on board his ship, offering him a most commodious berth. He went, and was not only very kindly received, but they gave him all the provisions they could spare. "A most providential supply," exclaimed Whitefield, "for ours is quite out." But he refused to give up the "*Mary*," and leave his shipmates in distress, choosing rather to share their fate and sufferings than the commodious berth on "*The Constant*," saying, "Although there was provision for the *flesh* on the '*Constant*,' yet I like my own situation best, because here are greater opportunities of denying myself, and consequently of making farther improvement in the *spirit*. O, that I may always walk by this rule." After another "week of inward trials," he says, "how good is God thus to prepare me by sufferings, so that His blessings may not be my ruin." As soon as they found that the wind was fair, they sung and gave God thanks for His goodness.

On the next page of his journal, he says, "For the last two days, God has been pleased greatly to humble my soul, and bring me low by spiritual desertions; and He has sent us another contrary wind, blessed be His name. Our allowance of water is now but a pint a day, and no one knows where we are; but God does, and that is sufficient." Come again, gentle reader, and see Whitefield rejoicing in tribulation: "Last

night God lifted up the light of His blessed countenance upon me, and to-day fills me with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; so that I have little to eat, yet I inwardly possess all things. I am sometimes afraid lest continued abstinence may occasion a bodily sickness. But wherefore do I fear? If it does, that and everything else I know will work for my good."

WHITEFIELD DEFIES THE DEVIL.

Armed with the panoply of heaven, with a firm reliance upon God for protection, Whitefield, like Martin Luther, sometimes felt himself so *safe and secure* in Christ, that he bid defiance to the devil. Buffeted by Satan, and tossed upon the ocean's surging waves, when nearing the shores of England, he exclaimed, "O Satan, Satan, I defy thee to do thy worst; thou mayest toss me up and down, and bring me into jeopardy on every side, but Jesus Christ is praying for me on the mount. And when the time appointed is come, and my soul hereby prepared, I shall have a happy meeting with my dear friends!" Again he says, "God is on my side, I will not fear what man or devils say of, or do unto me. Let us keep the grace of faith in lively exercise, and we may bid death and hell defiance. Christ is the believer's *hollow square;* and if we keep close in that, we are impregnable. Here only I find my refuge. Garrisoned in this, I can bid defiance to men and devils."

One day a passenger cried out, "What Jonah have we on board?" Whitefield replied, "I am he! yet many now, I believe, bless God that I am with them. For, say they, 'How should we have been blaming and cursing one another, had not Mr. Whitefield been amongst us.' Blessed be God, if my ministry or presence can be instrumental to prevent sin against Thee, O Lord; toss me on the ocean as long as it pleaseth Thee."

With rent sails, a shaky ship, and scanty provisions, their sufferings and trials now began to increase. With their daily fare reduced to "an ounce or two of salt beef, a pint of water and a cake made of flour and skimmings of the pot," and suffering with weakness, hunger and thirst, Whitefield says: "We are brought very low." Yet, in meek submission, he said: "Blessed be God for these things; I rejoice in them daily. And I know they are *preparations* for future mercies. May God, of His infinite mercy, humble me and try me, till I am rightly disposed to receive them. Amen, Lord Jesus, amen." Pierced by November's cold blasts, and sailing on in the deep waters of affliction, Whitefield, like suffering Paul, could now say: "I am in hungerings and thirsting, cold and fastings often; yet, if God still brings me into *greater* wants, Lord, I desire not to be exempted from suffering. If Thy glory can be promoted by my trials, lo! here I am; *scourge me*, try me as it seemeth good in Thy sight!"

And the nearer they approached the end of their perilous voyage, and the severer their trials became, the nearer he seemed to draw to God. For during the last few days of the voyage, he says: "I enjoyed uncommon serenity of soul, and have given my will to God. I am wholly resigned."

On November 9, they set their sails for Ireland. And having enjoyed great peace of mind to-day, he says, "I find all uneasiness arises from having a will of my own; therefore, I simply desire to will what God wills." At length, after nine weeks' rough sailing and much suffering, with great joy, on Sabbath morning, November 12, they came in sight of land while in a large bay west of Ireland. Humbled, subdued, and comforted under God's chastening hand, they joined in a hymn and prayer of thanksgiving to God, for their deliverance. "From which I infer," he says, "that a calmness of mind and

entire resignation to the divine will is the best *preparative* for receiving divine mercies." With "but half a pint of water left," they were brought to very great straits, from which they were not delivered until the 14th, when, at Whitefield's request, the kind mate brought them a boat-load of water and provisions; whereupon they kneeled down and gave God thanks. Mr. MacMahon, a country gentleman, as soon as he heard of their sufferings, rose at midnight and came to their relief, and most kindly invited Mr. Whitefield to his house and stay as long he pleased. He also sent horses to carry him thither.

Though rough and dangerous, Whitefield says, "This voyage has been greatly for my good, and profitable to my soul. It has learned me, in some measure, to endure hardships. My clothes have not been off (except to change), all the passage. Part of the time I lay on open deck, part on a chest, and the remainder on a bedstead covered with my buffalo skin." Yet amid all these trying scenes, God blessed his labors, and gave him souls on the stormy ocean. Captain Gladman, one of the passengers, was converted, and afterwards became Whitefield's traveling companion. On one occasion, Captain Coc was so deeply impressed under a sermon, that he exclaimed, "Lord, break this hard heart of mine." Encouraged with these fruits, Whitefield said, "Lord, if I can but be made instrumental to save one soul, I care not if I am tossed on the ocean through my whole life."

In going forth upon his work now, he says, "I fear nothing so much as the treachery of my heart, lest I should not lead a holy life. But He that preserved Daniel in the den of lions, and the three children in the fiery furnace, will, I hope, preserve me from the fiery trial of popularity, and from the misguided zeal of those who, without cause, are my enemies.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Guide me by Thy unerring wisdom."

WHITEFIELD IN IRELAND.

On the evening of November 12, 1738, they cast anchor at Karrigholt island, and Whitefield went ashore. He was most kindly received and entertained by Mr. MacMahon, who having furnished him three horses, he, his servant, and Captain G., the new convert, set out for Dublin. Eight miles travel brought them to Kilrush, Ireland. Here they put up at a hotel and found Captain Coc, and his half-starved crew, who had come very near being shipwrecked the past night. "At our first coming into our inn," says Whitefield, "we kneeled down and prayed; and again at night we sung and prayed with the captain and several of our shipmates."

In traveling through the country, he was much struck with the poverty and habits of the people.* He reached Limerick Saturday, the 19th, and was very kindly received by Bishop Burscough, who engaged him to preach the next day. He spoke with much power, "for all the inhabitants seemed alarmed," he says, "and looked most wishfully at me as I passed along the streets the next day, When I went to start away, the Bishop kissed me and said, 'Mr. Whitefield, God bless you. I wish you success abroad.'" At *Dublin* he was most kindly received by Dr. Delany, and invited to dine with him. Bishop Rundell and Archbishop Bolton, Lord Primate of Ireland, treated him with similar respect.

*As I stopped to have my horses shod, I went into one of the poor people's cabins. It was about twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, and built with turf and mud. In it was a man threshing corn, two swine feeding, two dogs, several geese, a man, his wife, three children, and a great fire. Georgia huts are a palace to it. Indeed the people live very poorly in these parts, and some walk barefooted with their shoes in their hands to save them from wearing out, others out of necessity.—*Journal.*

Here he preached twice on the Sabbath with much power. The people hung upon his lips to hear the gospel. "Now God begins to show me," he says, "why He so visited me in the ship. Sweetest Jesus, give me *humility*, and I shall yet see greater things than these." Look out for them. In viewing the busy part of Dublin, he said, "the more I see of the world, the more I grow sick of it every day."

On Thursday, November 30, after near twelve months' absence from London, and three months from Georgia, he reached *Parkgate, England*, filled with joy and comfort. In passing down to London he stopped on the Sabbath, December 3, and preached twice at Manchester, and reached London about noon, on the eighth. When he saw his friends coming to meet him on the way, like Paul at the Three Taverns, "he thanked God and took courage."

CHAPTER X.

WHITEFIELD'S NEW MEASURES IN LONDON—BREAKING THE ICE IN BRISTOL.

LTHOUGH Whitefield returned to London, fearing "the fiery trial of popularity," yet believing that "He who preserved Daniel in the lions' den" would preserve him; with his soul whet up by the trials of his late voyage, he reached London December 8, 1738, and entered upon his labors there with renewed zeal. Received with much joy by his Christian friends, he joined with them in psalms and thanksgiving for his safe arrival, and spent the evening with a Religious Society in Fetter Lane, and was rejoiced to find that God had greatly watered the seed he had sown when last in London. "Here seems," he says, "to be a great out-pouring of the Spirit, and many who were awakened by my preaching a year ago are now grown strong men in Christ by the ministrations of John and Charles Wesley." The doctrine of Justification by Faith, he found much revived.

The next day he waited upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, "and met with a favorable reception from both." But in the clergy he found an opposition so great, that within two days five pulpits were shut against him. Yet like Paul, "he rejoiced in this opposition," and regarded it as a prelude to greater blessings.

However, he preached on the following Sabbath at St. Helens in the morning, and at Islington in the afternoon, to

very large congregations, with great demonstration of the Spirit; and, by the twelfth, John Wesley came to see him; and again "they took sweet counsel together."

While some bury their talents, others live and die with them half developed. Although Whitefield had "stirred all London" and achieved great spiritual victories before he went to America, yet it was not till after his return to London that his great strength was more fully developed. It was there, while waiting on the Lord, expounding, watching and praying in the small Religious Societies, that he seemed to receive fresh power from on high. On Christmas morning, after spending the whole night in prayer, he says, "God vouchsafed so to fill me with His blessed Spirit that I spoke with supernatural strength, and with as great power as ever I did in my life." And it was here, in Red Cross street, when filled with joy and peace, that he, for the first time, in public, *ventured to pray extempore.* Although the clergy treated him coolly and shut their churches against him, yet none of these things moved him; and constrained by a Saviour's love, they went on with these meetings until the close of the year, when Whitefield was so overwhelmed with a sense of the divine presence, that he exclaimed, "Glory be to God, He fills me continually with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "On New Year's night," (1739) says John Wesley, "Messrs Hall, Kinchin, Ingham, Whitefield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at a love-feast, with about sixty of our brethren. About 3 o'clock in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His majesty, we broke out with one voice, '*We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the*

Lord.'" And says Whitefield, "It was the happiest New Year's day I ever saw. It was a Pentecostal season, indeed." "Sometimes," in these meetings, "whole nights were spent in prayer. Often have we been filled as with new wine, and often have I seen them overwhelmed with the divine presence, and crying out, 'Will God, indeed, dwell with men upon earth! How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven!" In this way, endued afresh with power from on high, did the three great evangelists, Whitefield, John and Charles Wesley, begin together the memorable year which has since been recognized as "*the epoch of Methodism.*"

During the last week of 1738, he preached and lectured twenty-seven times; and the Word being quick and powerful, "many were pricked to the heart," and there was no end of people's coming to him crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Thus laboring alternately in the pulpit and in the social prayer meeting, he went on from strength to strength, until he was so richly blessed that he said, "My heart is full of God." Encouraged with these precious revivings, on January 5, 1739, at Islington, he held a Conference with seven Methodist ministers from different parts, about several important matters concerning their work. "What we were in doubt about, after prayer, we determined by lot, and everything else was carried on with great love, meekness and devotion. We continued in fasting and prayer till three o'clock, and then parted with a full conviction that God was going to do great things among us."

And now, with his spiritual strength renewed, and being continually "*on the stretch for God*," he says, "The spirit of supplication *increases* in my heart daily." "My understanding is more enlightened, my affections more inflamed, and with my

heart full of love towards God and man, blessed be God, I can say I love my enemies." And being conscious of the advantages "of expounding and praying *extempore*," he prayed God to enable him to continue it. Besides tending the prayer meetings and the love feasts, Mr. Whitefield also frequently met with the *Little Praying "Bands"* of six or more Christians, who met to compare and talk over their religious experiences.

Having thus kindled the fire in London, Mr. Whitefield went to Oxford. After visiting his old friends, and after much prayerful preparation, he was there *ordained priest* January 14, 1739, in Christ's church, by "his good friend, Bishop Benson," who had formerly ordained him deacon. The same day he preached and administered the Sacrament in the Castle in the morning, and preached again at St. Albans in the afternoon, to a crowded house, surrounded by gownsmen of all degrees. And rejoicing in the Lord, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, this has been a day of fat things." Taking an affectionate leave of his dear Oxford friends, he now returned to London, and was very kindly received by the Georgia Trustees, who, without his request, "presented him the living at Savannah," and gave him 500 acres of land for his Orphan House. The London clergy now began to oppose, and shut their churches against him.* The pulpit and press rung with opposition. But Whitefield took it so patiently he even "prayed by name" publicly for the minister who wrote against him, and longed "to do him any good." "Blessed be

* The occasion of this opposition may be traced to two causes—*doctrines* and *measures*. Besides the then common objection to the cardinal doctrines of Regeneration and Justification by Faith, Whitefield's and Wesley's prolonged midnight prayer meetings, and their expounding and visiting from house to house, led many of the clergy to deny them their pulpits. Private societies and *extempore* prayer were much objected to.

God," he said, "the more I am opposed the more God enlightens my understanding. The more man frowns, the more God smiles."

Having on Christmas day prayed publicly for the first time *without a form*, to-day (February 2d) *he preached the first time without notes.* It was at a communion at Islington. They said, "He preached with uncommon power." He says, "I find I gain greater light and knowledge by preaching *extempore*, so that I fear I should quench the Spirit, did I not go on to speak as He gives me utterance." After "preaching *extempore* again with great freedom," he felt so exceedingly happy, he says, "God gives me a heaven upon earth, and makes my heart leap for joy almost continually." Notwithstanding Mr. Whitefield's superabundant labors and unspeakable joy, he says, "Sometimes my strength goes from me, and I find myself *deserted* for a little while and much oppressed, especially before preaching, but comfort soon after flows in." "*I find* ACTION *is the best way to take all oppression off the spirits.*" "God *will* bless us *when doing His work.*"

Thus he went on, preaching and expounding amidst increasing opposition, until his burning unquenchable desire to preach the gospel rose to such a height, that, like the flaming Peter and John, he exclaimed, "*I cannot but speak the things that I have seen and felt* in my own soul." And having preached one day in a *Hotel*, in Basingstoke, he said, "I hope I shall learn more and more every day, that no place is amiss for preaching the gospel." "God forbid that the word of God should be bound, because some, out of misguided zeal, deny the use of their churches." "The more I am bid to hold my peace, the more earnestly will I lift up my voice like a trumpet." Yet with all his glorious attainments and precious enjoyments, with his lofty views of holiness, zeal and self-denial,

he says, "We are just *beginning to be Christians.*" "Lord, melt down my frozen heart with a sense of Thy unmerited love."

Blest with "many conversions" in London, Whitefield now visited Windsor, Basingstoke, and Dummer. And glorying in tribulation, he says, "I find opposition does me much good, for it drives me nearer to my Lord and Master." At Basingstoke, he spoke with such irresistible power that his opposers were quite struck dumb, and so confounded, that they said, "We will never oppose again." Here he was "filled with ineffable comfort and unspeakable joy."

Taking suddenly ill the next day, he says, "It would have melted any one down to have seen my dear friends weeping and praying around me." Struggling like one in the agonies of death, like the heroic Paul, he exclaimed, "O how I longed to be dissolved and be with Christ!" And rejoicing in his inexpressible comforts, he says, "Wherever I go God causeth me to triumph and knits the hearts of His people most closely to me."

Having "set the town on fire, he now went to kindle a flame in the country." And prayed, "Oh, that such a fire may not only be kindled, but blow up into a flame all England, and all the world over."

Shortly after Whitefield came to Bristol, the Chancellor of Bristol charged him with preaching false doctrine and threatened to suspend and excommunicate him. But awed by no threats, Whitefield replied, "I cannot but speak the things that I know," and resolved to proceed as usual. After praying for the tyrannical Chancellor, he went on and preached with unusual power and unspeakable joy.

FIELD PREACHING.

And just here let us pause a moment and see how, step by step, the bold evangelist overstepped the rules of the Estab-

lished Church and rose to his present lofty position of influence power and success.

Having preached one day at Bermondsey church, with great liberty to a crowded congregation, with near 1,000 people standing outside, he says, "I had a strong inclination to go out and preach to them from one of the tomb-stones. This first put me upon thinking of preaching out-doors. I mentioned it to some friends, who looked upon it as '*a mad notion.*' However, we knelt down and prayed that nothing might be done rashly." Having already learned to pray without a form, and to preach without notes, he now ventured another step, and preached without a church.

Denied a church to preach in at Bath, he soon went to Bristol. And finding all the Bristol churches shut against him, moved with a bleeding compassion for the poor, neglected colliers of Kingswood, a large mining district hard by, he went out to see them. Though poor and uncultivated, they received him very kindly. Earnestly longing for their salvation, and urged by the great emergency of the case, on February 17 1739, he went out without any previous notice, to a "mount," called "*Rose Green,*" and preached to upwards of two hundred of them, on Regeneration, from John iii. 3. This was Whitefield's first field sermon. He says, "We returned full of joy, and I believe I never was more acceptable to my Master than when I was preaching to those hearers in the open fields." Filled with joy and gratitude to God for thus having broken "the iron decorum of the church," he exclaimed, "Blessed be God that I have now broken the ice and taken the field." He said, "I thought it might be doing the service of my Creator, who had a mountain for a pulpit, and the heavens for a sounding board; and who, when His gospel was refused by the Jews, sent His servants into the highways and hedges." Strengthened by this

FIELD-PREACHING.

noble act, he preached the next day at St. Mary's to such a congregation as he never saw, with great liberty and demonstration of the Spirit. "Some may censure me. But is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied and the poor colliers ready to perish for the lack of knowledge." His first *field* congregation numbered over 200, the second nearly 2,000, the third 5,000 and it soon reached from 10,000 to 20,000. *The Rubicon is passed.* The crisis is met—a glorious victory is achieved, and *field-preaching*, "the morning star of England's second reformation," is made a complete success. With it, a *new era* dawned upon the church, and "the poor have the gospel preached to them;" and the poor colliers heard it for the first time with surprise and joy. Although driven out of the churches, Whitefield, by the magic power of his eloquence, evidently took possession of the people. The clergy frowned, but God smiled upon the effort, and to muzzle the bold evangelist was impossible. Gagged in the city he fled to the country.

All ablaze with zeal to save souls and to preach the gospel to the poor, for him to be kept silent was more intolerable than death itself. He could not endure it. Dead to self, and consecrated to God, rising above the fear of man, the threat of excommunication, and the iron bondage of church forms and customs, he went forth and preached to acres of perishing colliers in the open air, disregarding what the world might say or the church might think or do; while John Wesley, with less courage and more tenacity for church order and professional etiquette, hesitated and said, "I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church."

Having been forbidden by the Bishop of Bristol to preach in his diocese, upon the threat of excommunication, we re-

gard Whitefield's "taking the field," though counted "*a mad notion*" at first, the boldest and one of the most important acts of his life.

Rejoicing in the work he says, "Blessed be God, the fire is kindled in the country; and I know all the devils in hell shall not be able to put it out." It opened a wide door for preaching the gospel to the poor. The stroke that "broke the ice," did much to break down Satan's kingdom, and to save the churches of Europe and America.

The moral condition of these colliers was but little above heathenism, and "when provoked they were a terror to the city of Bristol." It was considered dangerous to go among them. They were very much neglected. "And," says *Blackwood's Magazine*, "they were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved." They lived altogether at "Hannam Mount," three miles from Bristol. Here Whitefield often preached to them with great power. "And O, with what gladness and eagerness many of them received the Word, is beyond description." The first discovery of their being affected was to see "*the white gutters*," made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal pits. "As the scene was quite new, and as I had just begun to be an *extempore* preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say, either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew, by happy experience, what our Lord meant by saying, 'out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' The open firmament above me, the prospect of

the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horse-back, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me." Wrought up to a white-heat zeal, Whitefield never preached with greater power than now. "He was carried out beyond himself." And having thus opened such a wide, effectual door for preaching the gospel to the poor, he now sent for John Wesley, to come down and help him. He came the last of March. Upon seeing Whitefield's grand success, he longed to "take the field" and help him. But, bound by "the iron decorum of the church," "at this grand crisis, the most important in his life," he was afraid and hesitated. But after a hard struggle, and seeing the dauntless Whitefield preach with such wonderful power to vast acres of gaping colliers at "Boling Green," "Hannam Mount," and "Rose Green," his prejudices gave way, and he went, "took the field," and preached with great power. To this important event, Wesley owed much of his future success. And in it we see to some extent how much he was indebted to Whitefield for it. Whitefield broke the way, and Wesley followed him.

"Standing still as death, sometimes with over 20,000 collected around the little hill, a thrill of emotion ran through the vast crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins, and sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music." This was the first outburst of the new light upon the outer world. Hitherto it had been limited, shining, as it were, under ground in obscure corners where a pulpit could be found. In this grand movement, Whitefield acted as Wesley's *pioneer*, and "began with a kind of splendid inadvertence, *his greatest efforts.*

Whitefield went forth in quaint evangelical simplicity, and did what his hand found to do, caring no more for his character or standing than had he possessed neither." (*Blackwood.*) Resulting in the conversion of thousands, this out-door effort was, doubtless, the greatest gospel victory since the Day of Pentecost.

GETTING STRENGTH IN THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Whitefield was pre-eminently a man of prayer. He loved the prayer-meeting. It was his heart's delight. He often spent whole nights in prayer. And although his success was owing greatly to his great powers of eloquence, yet it was owing more, perhaps, to his prayers, and his attending prayer-meetings. Where was he when his heart became so full that he had to break over and lay aside the Prayer Book, and rush to the throne of grace and pray as "the Spirit gave him utterance?" He was in the prayer-meeting, where he had been praying all night, in Red Cross street, London. Where was he, the Wesleys and others, "when the power of God came so mightily upon them that many fell to the ground and cried out for exceeding joy?" They were at a prayer-meeting and love-feast at Fetter Lane, London, "where they had spent the whole of New Year's eve in close prayer, praise and thanksgiving." Whitefield said this "was the happiest New Year's Day he ever saw." Praying and preaching he thus went on "from strength to strength," until he made the bold strike at Kingswood, and achieved the glorious victory of field-preaching at "Rose Green."

"These prayer-meetings," says Dr. Philip, "were to Whitefield what the 'third heavens' were to Paul; the *finishing* school of his ministerial education—the school of his Spirit. He was as much indebted to them for his *unction* and enter-

DAVID T. MOORE

prise, as to Pembroke College for his learning." Here he says "I found supernatural strength and expounded with extraordinary power." "Here he caught the holy and heroic impulse which prepared him to challenge the Scribes and Pharisees anywhere, 'and to warn them and sinners everywhere, to flee from the wrath to come.'" Here, we believe, he caught the holy fire and received that mighty heroic impulse which made him so mighty through God, in pulling down Satan's strongholds. Here he says, "God gives me heaven upon earth, and makes my heart leap for joy almost continually. Here have I often seen them overwhelmed with the divine presence; and crying out, "Will God indeed dwell with men upon the earth? How dreadful is this place! This is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." 'It was not till after Wesley expounded in one of these meetings, that he overcame his scruples and ventured to preach in "the field." "God often hangs the greatest weights on the smallest wires." And says Dr. Philip, "Social prayer-meetings are the strongest wires in all the machinery of the moral universe. 'God hung upon them all the weighty gifts and all the weightier grace and glory of Pentecost.'"

Where, we ask, was John Livingstone just before he preached that memorable sermon at the Shotts, in Scotland, which resulted in the conversion of five hundred souls? He had spent the whole of the previous night in a prayer-meeting; and where, too, was the Apostle Peter, before he preached that most powerful sermon on the Day of Pentecost, which made the very murderers of Jesus cry for mercy, and which resulted in the conversion of Three Thousand souls in a day. He had just come out of a ten days' prayer-meeting. Reader, if you want to get power to win souls, pray much and linger long in the prayer-meeting.

Besides Whitefield's new *measures, extempore* prayer, preaching without notes, and *preaching in the fields*, he also preached *new doctrines;* or rather *revived* the two old doctrines of *Regeneration* and *Justification by Faith.* Preaching these, he met with much strong, fierce opposition. Yet with his great heart throbbing for souls and fired with these stirring old doctrines, he went forth, "alarmed all London," shook the devil's throne, and revived the slumbering churches of two continents.

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND—GREAT FIELD VICTORIES.

FLUSHED with victory, and established in his New Measures and New Doctrines, Whitefield now went forth conquering and to conquer. His success among the colliers was wonderful. Every effort was crowned with victory. On March 4, 1739, he preached at Hannam Mount, to about 4000 in the morning, and to over 14,000 at Rose Green in the afternoon. With his soul expanding, he spoke with great power, "so that all could hear." The sight was so grand, he said, "it was worth coming many miles to see it." After expounding to the Baldwin Street Society, he returned home "full of joy, longing to depart and be with Christ." After preaching from a wall at the Fishponds, he says, "I never spoke with greater power. My preaching in the fields may displease some timorous, bigoted men, but I am thoroughly persuaded it pleases God; and why should I fear anything else." Deeply impressed, many came to him, inquiring about the new birth.

Having canvassed Kingswood, he ran over to *Wales*, and preached in the Town Hall of Cardiff. Here some "scoffers honored him so far as to trail and hunt a *dead fox* about the hall" while he was preaching. But God gave him strength to triumph over them, and when he preached again in the afternoon they kept silent.

At Cardiff Whitefield was much refreshed with the sight of his dear friend, *Howel Harris*, whom he had long since loved as a dear brother. "When I first saw him," says Whitefield, "my heart was knit closely to him. I wanted to catch some of his fire, and I gave him the right hand of fellowship, with all my heart." Being so very happy together, "I doubt not but Satan envied our happiness. But I hope, by the help of God, we shall make his kingdom shake."

"Baptized with Welsh fire," he now returned to England, and resumed preaching to the poor colliers of Kingswood with increased interest and enlarged congregations. "Being forbid to preach in the prison, because he urged the necessity of Regeneration, he went and preached to a large congregation at Baptist Mills, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God, all things happen for the furtherance of the gospel. I now preach to ten times more people than I should, if I had been confined to the churches. *Surely the devil is blind* and so are his emissaries, or otherwise they would not thus confound themselves." Although he was now encompassed with opposition, yet, with a deep sense of God's presence, he said, "I fear neither men nor devils. I am never so much assisted as when persons endeavor to blacken me; and I find the number of my hearers so increase by opposition, as well as my own inward peace, love and joy, that I only *fear a calm*."

And, gathering up his strength, he went (March 18) and preached for an hour and a half to a congregation of 20,000 colliers at *Rose Green*. "To see," he says, "such vast crowds standing about us in such an awful silence, and to hear the echo of their singing run from one end of them to the other, was very solemn and surprising." The day's collection for the Orphan House was over fourteen pounds sterling. They gave with *great cheerfulness*.

SCOFFERS PRAYED TO SILENCE.

Whitefield now made a short visit to *Bath.* As he went out to preach there, a number of scoffers laughed him to scorn. But his opening prayer was so touching and powerful that before he closed "all was hushed and silent;" and before he closed his sermon all were deeply impressed, and some went home begging for mercy. Of his last congregation he says, "God only can tell how their hearts were melted down. Oh! how did the poor souls weep over me! I might have said with St. Paul, on another occasion, 'What mean you to weep and to break my heart?'" How powerful is God's word! "It is like *fire* and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." It was so of old. The Jews mocked at the crucifixion of Christ, but under the preaching of Peter, on the day of Pentecost, they vehemently cried what to do to be saved. A man once went to church with a stone in his pocket, to break John Wesley's head, but his sermon broke the man's heart.

After a weeping farewell at Bath, he was agreeably surprised to see so many horsemen come out so far to welcome him back to Bristol. Here he found the societies so thronged that "he was obliged to go up by a ladder and go in at a window to get to them." Here, too, he preached at the poor house, and says, "The poor people so loaded my hat with their mites that I needed some one to hold up my hands." "They gave with inexpressible cheerfulness." Being denied the prison, he preached the following Sabbath morning at a large Boling-green in the city, and again before dinner at Hannam Mount to many more, and again in the afternoon to a congregation of about 23,000. All could hear, and his prayer was, "Oh, may God speak to them by His Spirit."

He preached at Boling Green again, the next day, to some

7,000, with a wonderful effect. Standing at the gate he took up another collection for the Orphan House, and it took him near an hour and a half "to get through." The throng was so great, they trod one upon one another.

In summing up the fruits of his labors at Kingswood and Bristol, he says, "Many sinners, I believe, have been effectually converted. Two hundred pounds have been collected for the Orphan House. Thousands of little books have been distributed; and, besides hosts of little tokens of love received from my friends, many poor families have been relieved by my friend, Mr. Seward."

Mr. John Wesley, having come and "taken the field," Mr Whitefield, after taking a very affectionate leave of his Bristol friends, now made another short excursion into *Wales*. As he left the city, "the people lavishly poured out their blessings upon him," and "he prayed for them with strong crying and tears." As he went through Kingswood, the kind colliers gave him a great dinner, and at their request "he laid the *first stone* of their School House, knelt down on it, and prayed that the gates of hell might not prevail against it." The colliers "said a hearty amen." At Husk he met Howel Harris, who accompanied him in his tour. They preached out doors at Pontypool, Abergaveny, Comiboy, Carlion, Trelix, and Newport, to very large congregations. Whitefield spoke first in English, and Harris followed in Welsh. The impression was fine. Whitefield loved field-preaching and said, "I always find I have most power when I speak in the open air." Accompanied with scores of friends on horseback, he went about from place to place, preaching on "the steps," "on the table," from "the cross," and from "the horse-block," and sometimes "God gave him such extraordinary assistance, he was carried out beyond himself, and filled with unutterable love." At Carbeon, where

they greatly disturbed Howel Harris, Whitefield "preached to many thousands" with such great power, that "they moved not a tongue."

Following up the great preacher, we find him, April 9th, preaching again to a very large congregation in Gloucester, his native city. And after visiting the societies in the evening, he exclaimed, "Oh, what unspeakable pleasure it affords me to see my own townsmen receive the Word with joy!" Here he found many of all denominations leaving the church, he said, "because they could not find food for their souls; they staid amongst us till they were starved out." "I know this declaration will expose me to the ill-will of all my indolent, earthly-minded, pleasure-taking brethren; but were I not to speak, the very stones would cry out against them. Speak, therefore, I *must and will*, and will not spare." After visiting two crowded societies, he said, "To-day I felt such an *intense love*, that I could have almost wished myself accursed for my brethren according to the flesh." Laboring alternately in the city and in the country, he frequently preached in Boothall to congregations of about 5,000 "with extraordinary power." And with his heart greatly enlarged, he exclaimed, "Oh that I had a thousand tongues to praise my Maker. There is scarce a day passes over my head, but God shows me that He works effectually upon the hearts of many by my ministry." One day he traveled through the rain to Stonehouse, and preached to about 3,000 out doors, in the rain. It rained all the time, but the people were so deeply interested, not one left during the service. After baptizing an old Quaker in Gloucester, he gave them a weeping farewell sermon on Boothall to a very thronged congregation. "But oh," he said, "what love did the people express for me! How many came to me weeping, and telling me what God had done for their souls! I dared not

expect such success among my own countrymen." "Oh, how did they pray for my return amongst them!"*

After leaving Gloucester, upon approaching Cheltenham to fill an appointment, he says, "When I first came to town I found myself quite shut up. My heart and head were dead as a stone; but when I came to the inn, my soul began to enlarge, and I was enabled to preach with extraordinary power, to near 2000 people. Many were converted. One was drowned in tears, and some were so filled with the Holy Ghost, that they were almost unable to endure it."

"Pressed in Spirit," April 21, he hastened to Oxford, and was much shocked to hear of the back-sliding of some of his Oxford friends. Mr. Kinchin, an humble minister of the gospel, had gone so far that he had ceased to commune, and concluded to resign his charge. "This gave Whitefield a great shock." Whereupon he wrote him a most touching letter, urging him not to give up his charge until he had consulted his friends in London. Appealing to him in the strongest terms, he exclaimed, "Oh! my dear brother, I travail in pain for you. Never was I more shocked at anything than at your proceedings." "Satan has desired to sift you as wheat." But "Oh,

*During Mr. Whitefield's preaching in Gloucester, old Mr. Cole, a dissenting minister, used to say, "These are the days of the Son of man, indeed." Whitefield was taught, when young, to ridicule Mr. Cole; and being asked one day "what business he would be of," he said, "A minister, but he would take care and never tell stories in the pulpit, like old Cole." Mr. Cole having heard Mr. Whitefield tell some story in his sermon twelve years afterwards, said, "I find that young Whitefield can tell stories as well as old Cole." He was much affected at Mr. Whitefield's preaching, and often went about preaching after him from place to place. But one evening, while preaching, he was struck with death, and then asked for a chair to lean on till he finished his sermon, when he was carried up stairs and died. Whereupon Mr. Whitefield exclaimed, "O blessed God! if it be Thy holy will, may my exit be like his." His prayer was heard. See his death.

my dearest brother, do nothing rashly. Consult your friends, and do not break the heart of your most affectionate brother in Christ."

In visiting the societies here, although many of the students honored him with their presence, yet wringing his heart with grief at the fall of Kinchin and the unfaithfulness of others, like the weeping prophet he exclaimed, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the members of this University!"

HIS RETURN TO LONDON.

Leaving Oxford, he reached London, April 25, and was received most kindly. After a very pleasant conference with the Fetter Lane brethren, and assisting in administering the sacrament at Islington, he expounded in the evening to a house full of people, "with such power and demonstration of the Spirit as he never saw before." "Floods of tears flowed from their eyes." Preaching again the next day, in Islington churchyard, and expounding again at night, he found the London people much improved since he had left them; "and I believe they would pluck out their eyes if it were possible, to serve me."

He preached and expounded again the next day, in the same place, "with extraordinary power," to much larger congregations, and says, "The Word of the Lord runs, and is glorified. God strengthens me exceedingly, and I preach till I sweat through and through."

Thus prepared by afflictions, trials and persecutions, Whitefield now entered upon a train of events of most surpassing grandeur. "All London was now ringing with the announcement that he would preach next Sunday, April 29, in *Moorfields*." And moved as by a divine impulse, the people turned out to hear him in such vast multitudes as the world never saw

before. "The thing being new and singular," says Gillies, "upon coming out of the coach he found an incredible number of people assembled." And although "many had told him that he should never come out of that place alive," yet awed by no threats and flaming with zeal, "he went in however, between two friends, who, by the pressure of the crowd, were soon separated from him entirely, and obliged to leave him to the mercy of the rabble. But these, instead of hurting him, formed a line for him, and carried him along to the middle of the fields, where a table had been placed, (which was broken in pieces by the crowd,) and afterwards back again to the wall that then parted the upper and lower Moorfields, from which he preached without molestation to an exceeding great multitude in the lower fields."

Encouraged by this grand success, after "hearing Dr. Trapp preach most virulently against him" (from Eccl. 7, 16), he preached again at five, at Kennington Common (about two miles from London), he says, "to a congregation of about *thirty thousand* people. All stood attentive and joined in the psalm and Lord's Prayer so regularly, that I scarce ever preached with more quietness in any church. The people were much affected." "Oh, what need have all God's people to rejoice and give thanks."

> "For this—let men revile my name,
> I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame,
> All hail reproach, and welcome pain!
> Only Thy terrors, Lord restrain."

"For several months after this," says Gillies, "Moorfields, Kennington Common, and Blackheath were the chief scenes of action." With such vast auditories, "it is said their singing could be heard two miles off, and his voice nearly a mile. Sometimes there were upwards of a hundred coaches, besides

wagons, scaffolds and other contrivances which persons let out for the convenience of the audience." The place where he preached on Blackheath is still known as "WHITEFIELD'S MOUNT."

Going on in his glorious work, he preached again at Islington churchyard to an increased congregation, and upon reaching Down-gate hill to expound, he found some 3,000 people gathered around the house, and being unable to get in he stood in the front window and preached to them in the street. This convinced him more fully that God called him to the fields, for says he, "no house or street will contain half of the people that come to hear the Word." He preached repeatedly at Kennington Common during the week, to congregations varying from ten to twenty thousand, with a very deep effect. And seeing them "so much affected," he exclaimed, "Glory be to God. I begin to see an alteration in the people's behavior already."

Although Whitefield now met with much strong opposition, yet, increasing in popularity and power, he went forth preaching the gospel to vast and increased multitudes. On Sabbath morning, May 6, he preached in Moorfields to a congregation of about 20,000 much-affected hearers; and in the evening again at 6, at Kennington Common. And says he, "*such a sight* I never saw before. I believe they were no less than *fifty thousand* people, near four-score coaches, besides great numbers of horses; and what is more remarkable, there was such an *awful silence* among them. The Word of God came with such power, that all seemed pleasingly surprised. God gave me great enlargement of heart. I spoke for an hour and a half; and when I returned home, I was filled with such love, peace, and joy, that I cannot express it. The more men oppose, the more will Jesus be exalted." On the 8th, he

preached again at Kennington Common, and before he started, it rained so hard, he says, "I thought of not going; but several pious friends joined in hearty prayer that God would be pleased to withhold the rain, which was done immediately. And to my great surprise when I came to the common I found above 20,000 people." Receiving a shower of grace, they were much melted down, and earnestly prayed for the preacher.

With all the glory of his wonderful success, in Moorfields and Kennington Common, Whitefield never lost sight of his poor orphans in Georgia. And waiting upon the Georgia Trustees the next day, they not only received him "with the utmost civility," but granted him 500 acres of land for the Orphan House. He preached again in the evening at Kennington Common to about 20,000 people, and God so touched their hearts that they gave *with great cheerfulness and eagerness*, over £47 for the Orphan House. "For this," he says "God so filled me with love, humility and joy, that I could at last only pour out my heart before Him in *an awful silence*." "I was so full that I could scarcely speak."

A HEAVY COLLECTION.

Every day's work is now surrounded with such a halo of glory, it is very refreshing to record it. And wrought up by the grandeur of his work, like a flaming seraph, he went on in it, and preached again, May 13, to a vast multitude at Moorfields. Touched by God's grace, they gave £52 19s. 6d., for the poor orphans; £20 of which was in half-pence. He said, "It was more than one man could carry home." After tending public worship twice in the church, "he preached again in the evening," he says, "to near *sixty thousand* people. Many went away because they could not hear." "It is very remarkable

what a *deep silence* is preserved while I am speaking." After sermon "I made another collection, making in all £72 17s. 2d., during the day; and came home deeply humbled with a sense of what God had done for my soul." After preaching "to the politer sort," at Hamstead-heath, he gave them another stirring sermon to a congregation of over 20,000 at Shadwell. And with all this grand success, he says, "I have scarcely felt one self-complacent thought."

Being deeply impressed by reading Whitefield's sermon on Regeneration, Joseph Periam prayed so loud, fasted so long, and gave so liberally, that his family thought him deranged, and sent him to the mad-house. There he was treated as one "Methodistically mad." "There the keepers threw him down, thrust a key into his mouth, and drenched him with medicine." While there he sent for Whitefield; who when he went to see him, "found him in perfect health, both in body and in mind." It was agreed, however, that if Whitefield would take Periam to Georgia, they would release him. He was released, and went as a school-master for the Orphan House, where he lived a useful and exemplary life, and died in the triumphs of faith.

After preaching three or four more sermons at Moorfields and Kennington Common, to congregations varying from fifteen to thirty thousand, he went to Hertford, where he found a thronged and much alarmed town. Here he expected many scoffers, but he preached with so much tenderness and power they were all soon awed into silence.

Cheered by a refreshing letter from Rev. Ralph Erskine of Scotland, Whitefield reached Northampton May 23, and was most courteously received by Dr. Doddridge. After giving them two powerful sermons here, he went on and preached with unusual interest at Olney, Bedford, Hitchen and St. Albans, and again on Saturday evening at Kennington Common,

and says "This has been a week of fat things." He gave them another melting sermon at Moorfields the next Sabbath morning, and another to a congregation of about 30,000 in the evening at Kennington Common. The effect was so great, he said it was enough to convince the greatest skeptic.

Although Whitefield had a heart glowing with tenderness and love, yet, like Jesus, he sometimes warned and reproved in the strongest terms. Constrained by a Saviour's love, when he saw Christ's cause suffering through unsound ministers, he would boldly "cry aloud and spare not."

Standing before a weeping congregation in the green fields of Hackney, where he had just preached with great power on the necessity of Regeneration and the operation of the Holy Spirit, he said when "Great numbers were drowned in tears, I could not help exposing the impiety of those vile teachers, who say we are not now to receive the Holy Ghost, and count the doctrine of the new birth *enthusiasm*. Out of your own mouths will I condemn you, you wicked and blind guides. Did you not, at the time of ordination, tell the bishop that you were inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon you the administration of the Church? Surely at that time, you acted the crime of Ananias and Sapphira over again. You lied not only unto man, but unto God."

This bold denunciation brought down upon him the wrath of the clergy, and the controversy about the nature and necessity of Regeneration, and the operation of the Spirit, waxed very warm. But, says "The Christian Review," "It did infinite good, 'by rebound.' The common people received and believed it to the very salvation of the church." (No. 10, 1838, p. 273.) And braving all opposition, he went on in the good work, and relying with full confidence upon God for protection, to their false charges he would very often make no reply, but

simply leave the whole matter with God, saying, "Thou shalt answer for me, O, Lord."

Still rising in popularity and power, he entered upon the labors of another month with renewed zeal and increased congregations. Moved as by a divine impulse, the people now turned out in still greater multitudes than ever. Standing upon a broad scaffold at *Mayfair*, he discharged another heavy volley of "the artillery of heaven" upon a congregation which "he believed consisted of near *eighty thousand*." He said, "It was by far the largest congregation I ever preached to." The Word came with wonderful power, and they were wrapt in "a deep silence during the whole discourse." "Though weak, God enabled him to speak so loud that most all could hear; and so powerful that most all were made to feel. Oh, what a glorious sight! To see the sword of the Spirit falling and flaming from his fiery lips, and cutting its way into the hearts of so many at once, was truly grand and sublime. "All glory be to God through Jesus Christ." And, "keeping up the fire," although very sick and weak, the next day he preached again at Hackney for an hour and a half, and with such power, "that the people were dissolved into tears, and contributed £70 for the orphans."

Having enjoyed many precious seasons at Moorfields and Kennington Common, on June 3 he preached them a melting farewell sermon, with a congregation of some 60,000 drenched in tears; the sight was very impressive. When he came to speak of his departure, the feeling and interest rose higher than ever, and with thousands of ejaculations and fervent prayers going up in his behalf, he bade them an affectionate farewell. With a grateful heart, he exclaimed, "Oh, what great kindness has God shown me in this great city! Indeed, I have seen the kingdom of God come with power."

BLACKHEATH.

"Changing his base," he went, June 4, 1739, to Blackheath, and was kindly received by the Bishop of London. Here he found nearly as large a congregation as he had at Kennington the previous Sabbath. Speaking with *unusual power*, he says, "the people were so melted down, and wept so loud, that they almost drowned my voice." Here he preached repeatedly to congregations of about 20,000, and the interest was so great the people "often sung and prayed all night." Sometimes they became so happy, he said, "Surely it was heaven begun upon earth." Detained by the embargo from sailing for America soon as he expected, Whitefield had the pleasure of hearing his old honored friend, John Wesley, preach to the thronged congregations of Blackheath. For him he prayed "The Lord give him ten thousand times more success than he has given me." After sermon they spent the evening most agreeably together with many friends in the prayer meeting. After a happy reunion with his old friends at Blendon, he exclaimed "Oh! how sweet is this retirement to my soul."

With the "*great work*" now begun and rapidly progressing in England, he went on in it with renewed zeal. Although reported "*dead*," on June 23, with much surprise to the people he filled his appointment that day, and preached to over 20,000 the next day at Blackheath. Returning again to Gloucester, "to his great surprise on going out to preach at Hampton Common, he found over 20,000 people assembled to hear him." The report of his being dead increased the anxiety to hear him. And on the 8th of July we find him back to Bristol again, preaching to a congregation of 20,000 at his old stand, Rose Green. He now had the great pleasure of preaching to several thousand in the Kingswood school

house, the foundation of which he formerly laid, which having been carried on by John Wesley, was now nearly completed. Having proved a great success, it afterwards became "*The first Methodist Seminary in the world.*" In noticing the great improvement of the people, he says, "instead of cursing and swearing as formerly, the poor colliers now make the woods ring with the high praises of God." The success of their school and their future prospects "filled him with a joy unspeakable." Hastening back to Bristol, he preached to a large congregation the next day at Baptist Mills, and, says he, "It rained much, but blessed be God, the people's hearts are so much influenced by the Gospel, that they care but little whether it rains or shines."—Let dry-weather Christians be admonished.

Leaving his congregation at Bristol in a flood of tears, whence "they would scarcely let him go," "with his own heart ready to burst with joy," after preaching again to about 20,000 at Hampton Common, we find him on the 17th at Malmsbury, where he was so weak in body and deserted in mind, that he says, "I felt myself to be what I often say we all are by nature, *half a devil and half a beast.*" And longing to be more meek and lowly, he prayed "Lord, give me humility or I die."

Going on in his good work, we next find him driven out of a hotel in Basingstoke, under a shower of cruel mockings, bitter words, and fire-rockets; but with a Christ-like forbearance, instead of resenting these revilings, he stopped and gave God thanks for counting him worthy to suffer such reproaches for His name's sake. Some threatened that "he should never go out of Basingstoke alive," yet he went out and preached in the field the next day with scarce any interruption. And he spoke with such melting power against reviling, the very scoffers

were overawed and unable to resist the truth. He says, "Here I got a blow."

Saturday morning, July 21, brought him back to London; and after a joyful interview with his friends, he preached with great power to upwards of 10,000 at Kennington Common. "The poor souls," he says, "were ready to leap with joy at my return, and my own heart overflowed with love towards them." And being much refreshed since he was abused at Basingstoke, he says, "When men cast us out, then does Jesus Christ chiefly take us up."

Thanking God for what had been done in London during his absence by his dear friend, Charles Wesley, he preached again the next day at Moorfields, "with a deeper interest than ever," and says, "Never were souls more melted down by the power of God's word, and never did they give more willingly to support His cause." He preached again in the evening at Kennington Common to about 30,000, and collected that day over £40 for Kingswood school. Here he spoke with great power and boldness in refuting the prevalent false views of Sanctification and Regeneration, which denied the fundamental doctrine of the new birth.

On the 26th he preached to over 10,000 at a *Horse-Race* at Hackney-Marsh; where the magic power of his eloquence was seen in holding the curious crowd from the exciting scene of a horse-race. "Very few," he said, "left the sermon to see the race." Encouraged by this grand success, he said, "By the help of God, I will still go on to attack the devil in his strongest holds."

The following Sabbath he took his leave of Kennington Common; and with a congregation of near 30,000 bathed in tears and patiently standing in the rain, the scene was very affecting. And rejoicing "at the great things God had done,"

WHITEFIELD PREACHING AT A HORSE RACE.

he went on with his weeping farewells, until he came to Blackheath, when, with a congregation of near 40,000 deeply-affected hearers, he said, "Finally, Brethren, Farewell; thousands immediately burst into strong crying and tears." Yet with all this grand success, with a deep sense of his own weakness and imperfections, he felt himself to be "but a stripling," "a babe," and "a novice," just "*beginning* to be a Christian;" and expecting soon to die at the stake, he says, "I care not what I suffer, so that souls are brought to Christ."

CHAPTER XII.

HIS SECOND VOYAGE AND VISIT TO AMERICA.

CROWNED with a glorious success in Great Britain, with over 1,000 pounds sterling collected for the Orphan House, the great Evangelist sailed on board the Elizabeth, from Gravesend, for Philadelphia, August 14, 1739. Accompanied with his little family of eight men, one boy, two girls, and Mr. Seward, with his sublime faith, he said, "I doubt not but we shall be as safe as was Noah in the Ark." "Every place is alike to those who have the presence of God with them." Before sailing, he went on board the ship and sanctified it with the Word of God and prayer.

Shut out from his wide range of field-preaching, and confined to the narrow limits of ship-board, he now turned in and gave special attention to *self-examination*. In asking pardon for the defects of his own public ministry, and in praying for strength for his future work, he says, "My soul was frequently dissolved into tears—a sense of my actual sins humbled me exceedingly." "And then the freeness and richness of God's everlasting love broke in with such light and power upon my soul, that I was awed into silence, and, for a while, could not speak." He said, "My heart is like Ezekiel's temple, the farther I search into it, the greater abominations I discover." He felt himself to be "less than the least of all saints," and so humbled that he called himself "a dead dog." On another

occasion, he got so deep into the depravity of his own depraved heart, that he says, "I see nothing but hell in my soul." In reading the history of the Martyrs, he says, "They make me blush to think how little I suffer for Christ's sake, and make me think the time long, till I am called to resist unto blood. But I fear the treachery of my own heart."

Tried with "many inward struggles," on September 22 he says, "I have undergone inexpressible agonies of soul for two or three days, at the remembrance of my sins. Surely my sorrows were so great, that had not God in the midst of them comforted my soul, the load would have been unsupportable! All the while I was assured God had forgiven me, but I could not forgive myself for sinning against so much light and love." Out of these deep depths, like the Publican, he earnestly cried, "*God, be merciful to me, a sinner!*" "At length," he says, "my Lord looked upon me, and with *that look* broke my rocky heart, and floods of contrite tears gushed out before my whole family. I wept most bitterly." But, thank God, this dark cloud soon passed away; and the next day he "had a sweet Sacrament," and felt such unspeakable comfort, "that he felt it an ample recompense" for his late anguished trials.

Having enjoyed such a good time for self-examination, writing letters, reading books, and writing a sketch of his own boyhood, together with their regular sweet communions during this voyage, he valued the privilege of this "Sweet Retirement," (as he called it,) so highly, that he said, "I would not but have come this voyage, for a thousand worlds. It has been sweet and profitable to my soul." "*Lord, I want to know myself and Thee.*" As the result of this self-examination, he says, "The prospect of the many changes and trials which I must necessarily be exposed to, sometimes fills me with fear and trembling; but when I reflect that God has stirred up his choicest

servants to pray for me, *my fears vanish:* Methinks I could then leap into a burning, fiery furnace, or bear to be thrown into a den of devouring lions." Wonderful words! O, what *strong faith* in God, and what a firm reliance in prayer, they indicate. And falling upon his knees he cried, "Lord, make me thus minded in the hour of trial." Yet with all these severe agonies, he says, "As yet my trials have been nothing." And glorying in the Cross, while some prefer to fill a fine pulpit, or a fat professor's chair, he says, "I am persuaded that suffering for righteousness' sake is the *greatest preferment* in the church."

Deeply lamenting the imperfections of his public ministrations, he exclaimed, "Who can hope to be justified by his own works?" "My preaching, praying, etc., are only *splendida peccata*," *splendid sins.* And in recalling the effects of these heart-probings, he says, "The remembrance thereof is sweet to my soul, and fills me with a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Drawing nearer to God as he drew nearer to land, they came in sight of America October 22, 1739, and landed on the 30th about dark, at Lewistown, Pennsylvania. Filled with a sense of God's love, he exclaimed, "Oh how can I be thankful enough for this *blessed voyage!* I have been on board just eleven weeks, but they have seemed to me as so many days." Putting up at a hotel, he was kindly received and invited to preach the next day. Leaving Lewistown October 31, after traveling about 150 miles on horseback, they reached Philadelphia November 2 late at night. The next day he visited his friends on the "Elizabeth," rented a cheap house and "got fixed up" in it before night. Strengthened by the trials of his late voyage, he now commenced preaching daily with great power to very large congregations. The city churches were all thrown open to him, but being too small for his congregations, he usually spoke from the Old Court House steps

on Market street. On the evening of the 8th, here he had a congregation of some 6,000. On the next evening, with about 8,000 standing in the street, with the adjoining houses illuminated and the windows crowded, all listening with rapt attention, the scene was peculiarly grand and imposing. "The Lord endued me with power from on high, and I felt," he says, "as though I could have spoken all night." "They seemed most gladly to receive and sweetly to melt under the Word."

The next day he preached to large weeping congregations at the Jail and the Court House steps, and with his house crowded with anxious inquirers in the evening, he said, "This has been a day of fat things." Here he was much cheered with a visit from the venerable old Mr. Tennent. He dined with William Penn one day, and received many visits from the city clergy. Blessed with great success, he says, "My power and freedom of speech now increases daily, and many, I believe, have been pierced to the heart in Philadelphia."

NEW YORK.

Pressed by invitation, he set out for New York on the 12th, reached it on the 14th, and was most kindly received by Mr. Nobles. He preached by the way at Burlington and New Brunswick. The same day he went to hear Rev. Gilbert Tennent. "He goes to the bottom of things, and never before did I hear such a *searching* sermon." After spending an evening with him, Whitefield says, "My soul was humbled and melted down with a sense of God's mercies; and I found more and more what a babe and novice I was in the things of God." Upon reaching New York he called upon Mr. Vesey, the Episcopal minister, who treated him so coolly, he refused him his pulpit before he asked for it. Whereupon Whitefield repaired to the fields and preached to a congregation of over 2,000 in

the afternoon, and to a thronged congregation in Mr. Pemberton's Presbyterian church at night. Sometimes the congregations were so large a great many could not get in the church. The opposition among the clergy was so great that they all refused him their pulpits but Mr. Pemberton. The throng to hear his last sermon was so great that they tried to get the town-hall, but failed; and it was with great difficulty that he made his way to the church. After sermon many went to pray with him and to bid him farewell. He said "he had not felt such freedom and sweetness of soul before, since he had been in America." Touching the *effects* of his labors here, the Rev. Dr. Pemberton says, "he left New York under a deep and universal concern. Many were greatly affected. Some that were before very loose and profligate, looked back with shame upon their past lives, and seemed resolved upon a thorough reformation."

And while grasping for souls here in New York, his thoughts fly home, and his prayers ascend to God for the salvation of his mother in England. With a longing heart he exclaims in a letter to her, "Oh, my honored mother, my soul is in deep distress for you: Flee, flee, I beseech you, to Jesus Christ by faith. Lay hold on Him, and do not let Him go. God hath given you convictions. Arise, arise, and never rest till they end in a sound conversion. Dare to deny thyself. My honored mother, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, dare to take up thy cross and follow Christ."

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS TOUR FROM NEW YORK TO SAVANNAH.

ENCOURAGED with his success in New York, and longing to see after his poor orphans, he sailed in a boat for Savannah, Georgia, Novem· 18, 1739. Reaching Elizabethtown the next day, after a pleasant interview with his esteemed friend, Mr. Tennent, and others, he dined with the distinguished Rev. Dr. Dickenson, and preached for him the same day. Many were deeply impressed. Hastening on, he reached New Brunswick the next day and preached three times for Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent, to very large, attentive congregations. Several were powerfully convicted, and "many were ready to leap for joy."

Sometimes Whitefield came out in very strong terms against unconverted ministers, and to-day one Mr. Campbell who had been preaching some four years, having recently been convicted of his sins and unconverted state, *refused to preach* until he was converted. After much anguish of soul, Whitefield, by a long talk persuaded him to resume preaching. His case reminded Mr. W. of Prof. Frank, who was to preach on saving faith, but finding he had not that faith himself, was powerfully convicted, ran into the woods, sought pardon, and became strong in faith.

At Maidenhead he preached to about 1,500 from a wagon, and again at Trenton, where he spoke with unusual tenderness

and power, and was so "humbled that he could scarce hold up his head."

THE LOG COLLEGE—1739.

Founded in prayer by the Rev. Wm. Tennent, Sr., and abundantly blessed of God, it was the *cradle* of Presbyterianism in America, and the germ of the College of New Jersey. Though a log-cabin, standing twenty miles north of Philadelphia on the plain of the Neshaminy, it was beautiful for situation. The oldest record of it is found in Whitefield's Journal; who says, November 22, 1739, "Set out for Neshaminy, twenty miles from Trenton, where old Mr. Tennent lives and keeps an Academy. It is in contempt called '*The College*.' It is a log building, about twenty feet long, and near as many broad; and to me it seemed to resemble the Schools of the old Prophets." Here Whitefield preached to above 3,000 people in the churchyard. "At first," he says, "they seemed unaffected, but in the midst of my discourse, I felt such a wrestling in myself for the people, as I scarce ever felt before. The hearers began to be melted down immediately, and cried much. After I had finished, Mr. Gilbert Tennent gave a word of exhortation to confirm what had been said." To see a deeply affected congregation of 3,000, standing in the open air on a cold November day, patiently listening to the world's greatest preacher, with many begging for mercy, and with near 1,000 horses standing round, was a grand sight. At the close, he says, "We went to old Mr. Tennent's who entertained us like one of the ancient Patriarchs. His wife to me seemed like Elizabeth, and he like Zachariah—both walking in all the commandments of the Lord, blameless." "Though God was pleased so to humble my soul, that I was obliged to retire for a while, we had sweet communion with each other." "Mr.

Tennent and his brethren are appointed to be a Presbytery, so that they intend bringing up gracious youths to preach the gospel." They studied in "*the College*," which at that time had already sent out seven or eight worthy ministers, and with several more almost ready to go, its future prospects were very encouraging. The Rev. Dr. A. Alexander says, "the *Log 'College'* was not only 'the *germ*' of the present distinguished college of New Jersey, now worth over a million of dollars, and presided over by the learned Dr. McCosh, but also of Jefferson, Hampden Sidney, and Washington Colleges." Whitefield did much to build up this college, and prayed that "it might increase with all the increase of God." Let none "despise the day of small things."

The next day he "parted with dear Mr. Tennent," rode to Abington, and preached to a congregation of over 2,000 from the church-porch. "Although it was very cold, the people listened very patiently in the open air, and seemed in no hurry to return home after the discourses were ended." The impression was very deep, and he said, "I think I never saw greater things, no, not in England." "What," he said, "are outward things to a soul intent on *God?* Less than nothing." He was very much surprised to see such large crowds collect from the country on such short notice.

Thanking God for this little excursion to New York, he hurried back to *Philadelphia*, and on the 24th preached there with great power, and found many inquiring what to do to be saved. After preaching again at night to a vast crowd of all denominations, and visiting two sick persons, he laid down with a strong desire to see his own unworthiness, and said, "Whatever others may see in themselves I know not; this one thing I know, I see nothing but hell in my soul."

After some difficulty in selecting a text the next day, at

length he found one, and preached on the imputed righteousness of Christ. Jer. xxxiii. 16. At the close of this sermon, a young man, once a minister, rose and warned the people against such a doctrine, but Whitefield, proving his point, soon put the gainsayer to silence with good effect. Having administered the Lord's supper in a private house, and attended a prayer-meeting, he was so thronged with anxious inquirers that he had not time to write a letter to his friends. "They follow me wherever I go, as they did in London." On the 27th he preached nearly two hours to over 6,000 hearers in *Germantown* from a balcony, with such melting power, "that great numbers wept most profusely. It was a real time of refreshing." Here he enjoyed sweet communion with many souls of different nations and professions. Here too, he found the Germans translating his Journal into High Dutch. On his return to Philadelphia, he found a crowd waiting around his door to hear the word of life. He prayed and spoke to them. "Many wept bitterly."

"The effects produced in Philadelphia about this time by the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, were truly astonishing.* Numbers of almost all denominations, and many who had no connection with any denomination, were brought to inquire, with the utmost earnestness, what they should do to be saved. There was public worship regularly twice a day for a year. The city contained 26 societies for social prayer." (Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah Hodge.)

*Dr. Gillies says that Whitefield spoke so loud in Philadelphia, "that his voice was distinctly heard on the Jersey shore, and so distinct that every word was understood on board of a shallop at Market street wharf, a distance of upwards four hundred feet from the Court House. All the intermediate space was crowded with his hearers."

WHITEFIELD'S FAREWELL TO PHILADELPHIA.

With his family affairs adjusted, with "many poor sinners" hopefully converted, and "great numbers powerfully convicted," in and about Philadelphia, he says, "People are continually coming in, and inquiring with strong crying and many tears, how to come to Jesus. It grieves me to send them away with such short answers, but necessity compels me." Whereupon he prayed, "Speak to them Thyself, O Son of God, by Thy blessed Spirit." After preaching in the morning to a thronged congregation, as he was going in to dinner, a German came up to him saying, "Thou didst sow some good seed yesterday in Germantown, and a grain of it fell into my daughter's heart. She wants to speak with thee, that she may know what she must do to keep and increase it." At her father's request she came up, and they both melted into tears immediately. Giving her a word in season, he went on, praying that God would water the seed sown in her heart.

It was given out in the morning, November 29, that he would preach his farewell sermon in the afternoon. They met at the church, but it being too small to hold one-fourth of the people, they repaired to the fields, where he preached for an hour and a half to over 10,000 very deeply affected hearers. They wept bitterly. He says, "It quite melted me down to see with what eagerness and earnest affection they follow after the preaching of the word. If I could preach I believe they would attend all day long. What a grand, encouraging sight! O, how such zeal should stir every Christian's soul."

Cheered by a very affectionate and encouraging letter from Dr. Pemberton of New York, describing the powerful effects of his labors there, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God for such success in *New York*." And with the numerous conversions,

big congregations, and the great demand for his printed sermons and journals, the work in Philadelphia seemed to be much greater. Touched with compassion, they brought him large quantities of butter, sugar, chocolate, pickles, cheese, and flour for his poor orphans. The people thronged his door for hours before he started, and when he left, they wept most bitterly. Like the Galatians with Paul, they seemed almost willing to pluck out their own eyes and give them to him. As he left the city about twenty gentlemen accompanied him on horses, and about two hundred more came out seven miles from Chester to welcome him to their hospitalities. Sending his family and supplies to Savannah in a sloop by sea, he and Mr. Seward endured the hardness of going across by land.

Hurrying on, he preached the next day to about 5,000 at Chester, near 1,000 of whom went (fifteen miles) from Philadelphia. The court being in session there, adjourned to hear him. Here he declined many most pressing invitations to visit other places.

After preaching at Wilmington and Newcastle, he reached Whiteclay Creek December 2, where he preached with great power for an hour and a half to over 10,000 very deeply impressed hearers. Although the day was very wet, he preached the second time at the same meeting, and "many were very much melted down." The next day brought him to North East, Maryland, where he preached with a very good effect to a congregation of 1,500, collected in a very short time. On the 6th he reached Annapolis, and was very kindly received by Governor Ogle and Mr. Sterling, the minister of the parish, who kindly offered him his pulpit and did everything he could to accommodate him. After dining with the governor he preached twice the next day, to small polite congregations, and warned them effectually against "cards and dancing," The governor sus-

pended his court to attend. He said, "Cards, dancing, and such like, draw the soul from Christ and lull it to sleep, as much as drunkenness and debauchery." Convinced of his sins, the Rev. Mr. Sterling wept freely and begged an interest in Whitefield's prayers. He effectually warned the people of their sinful amusements, such as cards and dancing, and moved with compassion, said, "It grieves me to my soul to see poor sinners hanging, as it were, by a single hair, and dancing over the flames of hell."

The next move brought him to Upper Marlborough, where he preached and "found the people in a dead sleep." Yet refreshed and lifted up in sweet communion with God, he said, "all true Christians carry heaven in their hearts." Taking a little lunch at Port Tobacco, they reached the Potomac and tried to ferry it, but owing to a severe gale they had to go back and stay all night with the ferryman. Bidding farewell to Maryland, he hastened over to the Province of old

VIRGINIA,

and reached Seal's church on the 11th, but being very wet, and finding no hotel, they stayed all night with an overseer, who furnished them with a good fire, some meat, milk, and johnny-cake, which was very thankfully received. Stopping at some intermediate points, he reached Williamsburg on the 14th, and by invitation dined with the governor, who received him most courteously. He called upon the Rev. Mr. Blair, commissary of Virginia, and found him one of the most worthy clergymen he had met with in America. He received him gladly and invited him to preach. He had established a good college in Williamsburg, and it rejoiced Mr. Whitefield to see such an institution in America. He said it would be of great use, "if learning Christ be the foundation of study." Here he

preached Sabbath morning with good effect. Several gentlemen came fourteen miles to hear him. At the printer's request, he gave him leave to print his journals and sermons for the benefit of the people. At one place they took him to be a Quaker because he spoke of regeneration. Whereupon he said, "If I talk of the Spirit I am a *Quaker*, if I say grace at meals and behave serious, I am a *Presbyterian*. Alas! what must I do to be accounted an *Episcopalian?*" Being favorably impressed with the kindness and hospitality of the Virginians, he passed over into

NORTH CAROLINA,

and was most kindly received by Colonel O—n. They had heard of Whitefield, and they could hardly do enough for him. Mrs. O—n was *exceedingly kind*. The next day, after feeding their horses, and eating their lunch in the woods, with great joy, they reached Edenton, and were comfortably entertained at a hotel.

Starting at day-break, after a pleasant ride of fifty miles, they reached Bathtown and found it surrounded with howling wolves. Here he preached the following Sabbath to a congregation of about one hundred (five times the usual number), and one poor woman came up to him desiring his prayers. Christmas Eve brought him to *Newbern* where he received the Sacrament and preached the next day with great power in the Court House. "Most of the congregation were melted into tears." Here he was grieved to see the minister encouraging dancing, and to find a dancing-master in every little town. "Such sinful entertainments," he said, "enervate the minds of the people, and insensibly lead them into effeminacy and ruin."

Having enjoyed a very happy Christmas at Newbern, after conversing with his host, "I went as my usual custom is (he

says) among the negroes belonging to the house. One was in bed sick, and two of his children said their prayers after me very well. This more and more convinces me that the negro children, if brought up right, would make as great progress as any white children whatsoever." "Lord, thou hast put it into my heart to educate them; I doubt not but Thou wilt enable me to do it." Lunching by the way as usual, he reached *Newtown* on the 28th, and preached twice the next day in the Court House, to good sized congregations, with a fine impression. And observing many *Scotch* in the congregation who had come over to settle in North Carolina, he urged upon them the importance of setting a good example, and thus let their light shine in a dark place. They did much in forming the religious character of the State. Sometimes they found the swamps and creeks so deep that they had to swim their horses. Praying that "he might learn to endure any pain, despise any shame, and submit to any difficulties," for Christ's sake, he crossed over into

SOUTH CAROLINA.

"Here," he says, "I immediately perceived the people were more polite;" and after riding a few miles, on January 1, 1740, he put up at a hotel, and fell in upon a country dancing party. Advised by his friends, he went in among them; and after much earnest persuasion, "Christ triumphed over Satan," and they were all put to silence, and so overawed, that after a short talk on the nature of Baptism and the necessity of Regeneration, he baptized one of their children and closed with an appropriate prayer.

Rising very early next morning, after singing, praying and reproving the dancers (kindly received), they mounted their horses and started by day-break for Charleston. Hurrying on,

they missed the way, and were much alarmed at the sight of a crowd of negroes dancing around a big fire on the roadside. They reached Charleston on the 5th, and were very kindly entertained at Mr. L.'s, where he received letters and papers from New York, informing him "how mightily the word of God grew and prevailed there." He now soon found that, by field-preaching, he had lost his old friend, Mr. Gardner, the commissary, who once promised "to defend him with life and fortune;" and being denied his pulpit, he preached in the Independent church to a large and gay audience, "but was grieved to find so little concern in the congregation." "The affected finery and gayety of dress," he said, "was equal to that of London." At their earnest request, he preached again on Monday, in the French Church, to a very crowded house, "*with a glorious alteration in the audience.*" Their levity was turned into seriousness. Many were melted into tears. Some of the gayest wept. Powerfully convicted, one came begging an interest in his prayers, and praying for his success. When ready to start, at their most urgent request, he went back and gave them another sermon.

HIS MANNER OF PREACHING.

Here he formed an intimate friendship with Rev. Joseph Smith (Independent), who, in his sermon from Job xxxii. 17, gave the following description of his *manner* of preaching:

"He is certainly a finished preacher. A noble negligence ran through his style. The passion and flame of his expressions will, I trust, be long felt by many. My pen cannot describe his action and gesture, in all their strength and decencies. He appeared to me in all his discourses, very deeply affected and impressed in his own heart. How did *that* burn and boil within him, when he spake of the things he had made

'touching the king!' How was his tongue like the pen of a ready writer, touched as with a coal from the altar! With what a flow of words—what a ready profusion of language—did he speak to us upon the great concerns of our souls! In what a flaming light did he set *our* eternity before us! How earnestly he pressed Christ upon us! How did he move our passions with the constraining love of such a Redeemer! The awe—the silence—the attention which sat upon the face of the great audience, was an argument how he could reign over all their powers. Many thought he spoke as never man spoke before him. So charmed were the people with his manner of address, that they shut up their shops, forgot their secular business, and laid aside their schemes for the world; and the oftener he preached, the keener edge he seemed to put upon their desires to hear him again.

"How awfully—with what thunder and sound—did he discharge the artillery of heaven upon us! And yet, how could he soften and melt even a soldier of Ulysses, with the mercy of God! How close, strong, and pungent were his applications to the conscience; mingling light and heat; pointing the arrows of the Almighty at the hearts of sinners, while he poured in the balm upon the wounds of the contrite, and made broken bones rejoice. Eternal themes, the tremendous solemnities of our religion, were all *alive* upon his tongue! So methinks (if you will forgive the figure) St. Paul would *look* and speak in a pulpit. In some such manner I am tempted to conceive of a seraph, were he sent down to preach among us, and tell us what things he had seen and heard above.

"How bold and courageous did he look! He was no flatterer; would not suffer men to settle on their lees; did not prophesy smooth things, nor sew pillows. He taught the way of God in truth, and regarded not the person of man. He

struck at the politest and most modish of our vices, and at the most fasionable entertainments, regardless of every one's presence, but His in whose name he spake with this authority. And I dare warrant, if none should go to these diversions, until they have answered the solemn questions he put to their conscience, our theatre would soon sink and perish. I freely own he has taken my heart!" Mr. Smith says Charleston contributed £600 on Whitefield's return for the Orphan House.

WHITEFIELD SAILING IN A CANOE.

Much encouraged with the good work begun in Charleston, "January 8, 1740, he rose a good while before day, and *set out for Savannah in an open canoe*, rowed by five negro slaves." On their way, the first night they laid on the ground, in the woods, by a big fire which kept off wild beasts; an emblem, he thought, "of God's love and presence, keeping off evils from the soul." "A little after midnight," he says, "we prayed with the negroes, took to the boat again, and reached Savannah the next day," January 10, where he had a very happy meeting with his friends, who had been waiting for him three weeks. Elated with late letters from England and New York, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, the work of our dear Emmanuel is powerfully carrying on. Ere long I expect mighty things will be brought to pass." Yet "he found Georgia much deserted and depressed." After visiting his Savannah friends, he went and preached at Frederica, and had a very pleasant interview with General Oglethorpe, who gave him a check for £150 to build a church in Savannah. Here he married a couple and baptized a child.

On his return to Savannah he preached at Darien, and established a school there. He went by Bethesda, and laid

out in the woods two nights on the way. Refreshed with late letters from New York, and pleased with the improvements at Bethesda, he took horse and came home to his dear family at Savannah, who received him with great joy. After attending the funeral of one of the ladies that came over with him, he went to Charleston to see his brother, late from England, who had brought him a package of letters from his friends.

Accompanied by his brother and other friends, he then called to see his old friend Rev. Mr. Garden, who, though he had formerly promised "to defend him with his life and fortune," now gave him a very cold reception, and "charged him with enthusiasm and pride, for speaking against the clergy generally," and requested him to prove his charges. Whereupon Whitefield said, "I thought I had done that already." He then asked Mr. Whitefield, "Wherein were the clergy so much to blame?" "For not preaching up Justification by Faith alone." Mr. Garden then charged Whitefield with breaking the rules of the church and his ordination vows, and "in a great rage told him if he preached any more in any public church, he would suspend him." Whitefield replied, "I shall regard that as much as I would a Pope's Bull." Seeing that Mr. Garden applied the charge to himself, Whitefield said, "Let me ask you one question. Have you delivered your soul by exclaiming against the parties and balls here?" With his indignation rising, he exclaimed, "What Sir, must you come to catechise me? No," said he, "I have not exclaimed against them; I think there is no harm in them." "Then, Sir," said Whitefield, "I shall think it my duty to exclaim against you." "Then, Sir," replied he (in a very great rage), "*get you out of my house.*" Whitefield bowed himself out, pitying Mr. Garden and express-

ing his surprise and sorrow to receive such treatment from a ministerial brother.

Having visited his friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and preached a few more sermons to the Charleston people, the interest so much increased, that during his farewell sermon many came weeping and inquiring what to do to be saved.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHITEFIELD'S ORPHAN HOUSE.

MOVED with compassion at the sight of so many poor orphans on his first visit to America, Whitefield determined to establish an Orphan House. It was first proposed to him by Rev. Charles Wesley, who, with General Oglethorpe, had conceived it before Whitefield left England. Convinced of its necessity and promising utility, with a plan matured and fixed in his mind, modeled somewhat after that of Professor Franke, of Halle, Germany, he hurried back to England to raise funds to go on with it. Before starting he hired a house and provided for the poor orphans then in and about Savannah.

On his return to England, he found much sympathy in favor of the Orphan House. Sometimes the contributions were so large, that he received more money at one collection for it, than one man could carry. While in London he visited the trustees of Georgia, who received him very kindly, and granted him 500 acres of land for it. Encouraged with this grant, and "believing that God had put it into his heart to build an Orphan House," he now set about it with renewed zeal. He traveled through England to raise funds for it, and the people gave with such eagerness and liberality, that in less than a year he collected over 1,000 pounds sterling, with which he left England for Georgia, August 11th, 1739, accompanied by eight men and three boys as a nucleus for the Orphan House.

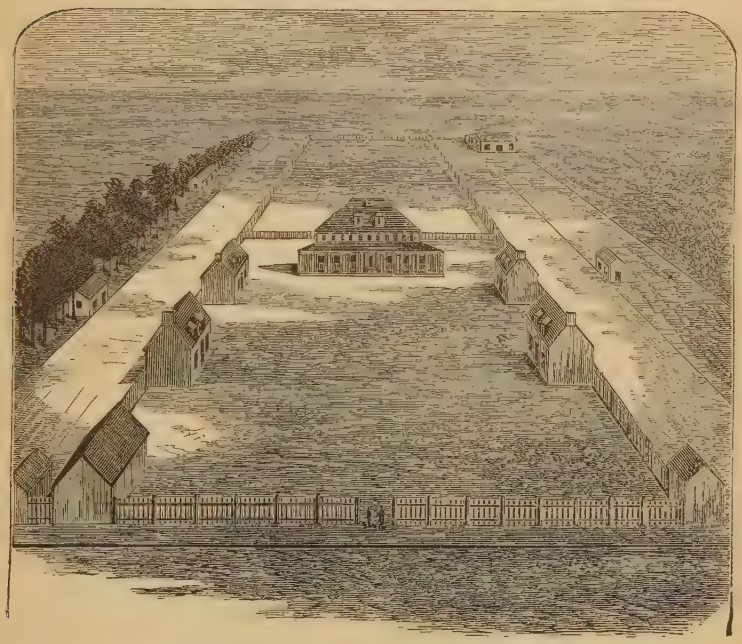
On Mr. Whitefield's second arrival at Savannah, he went, January 11, 1740, to view the tract of land consisting of 500 acres, which Mr. Habersham (whom he left as the Savannah school-master) had selected for the Orphan House, situated about nine miles from Savannah, with a variety of soil, and a few acres cleared and "stocked with cattle and poultry." He was well pleased with it. After taking in three distressed German orphans, on the 30th, with the plan of the main building devised, to be two stories high, 60 by 40 feet, with about twenty windows, besides a small work-house, an infirmary and apothecary, he went out and laid out the foundation. And with his *strong faith* he says, "I find it will be an expensive work. But it is for the Lord, and He will take care to defray all charges. We have Omnipotence for our support." Again he says, "I had rather *live by faith*, and depend on God for its support, than to have the largest visible fund in the universe."

Built as an institution of charity, both for the soul and body of the orphan, he called it BETHESDA, *a house of mercy*. It was Whitefield's "*hobby*," and has been considered his "*great work* in America." A popular object to beg for, it seemed to aid in giving him access to the people's hearts, and to help him on in his labors. He says, "It was one great means in God's hand, in bringing me out to preach the gospel in so many places, and to so many thousands of poor perishing souls." And animated with his success, he says, "God is doing great things in America," and "the affairs of the orphan house are in great forwardness."

Having visited General Oglethorpe, his old friends and congregations, and established a school at Darien, he started thence to Bethesda, and laid out in the woods two nights on his way.

On Monday, March 17, while visiting his brother, captain

NEW ORPHAN HOUSE.



WHITEFIELD'S ORPHAN HOUSE.

of an English ship, at Charleston, he preached in Rev. Mr. Smith's church, and, at the suggestion of the people, he took *the first collection*, $350, for the Orphan House in America. This very liberal contribution was the largest he had yet received for this purpose, and in it, says Whitefield, "God has given me an *earnest* of what He will do in America." Encouraged with this big collection, he went, March 25, 1740, and with full assurance of faith, laid the *first brick* of the Orphan House, with the solemnities of praise, prayer, and an exhortation. With near forty orphans and about sixty hands engaged, the great work went on rapidly. And with a few hopeful conversions already among the children, he prayed, "Set Thy Almighty *fiat* to it, O gracious Father."

And now with one hundred mouths to feed, and with his funds almost exhausted, though feeble in health, he hurried back to Philadelphia and New York to raise more funds. At Philadelphia he preached one Sabbath morning at seven o'clock to a congregation of about 10,000, and collected $550. At New York he received over $1,500, and when he returned home to Savannah, June 5, he had over $2,500 for the Orphan House.

By this time his family, including the workmen, numbered nearly 150; and although he was often almost out of funds, yet, with his strong faith in God, he never became discouraged. To meet this increased demand, after repeated pressing invitations, late in August he set out for New England to replenish the treasury of Bethesda. He reached there about the middle of September, and collected over $2,600 in a few days. At one collection when he preached in Boston Common, to 15,000 people, he received over $1,000. And with his purse swelled to near $4,000, backed by the prayers and warm sympathies of his New England friends, renewed in strength, after an excur-

sion of three months, he returned to Charleston, December 1, filled with gratitude and joy. And when he reached Bethesda, December 14, 1740, and saw the prosperity of the dear little orphans, his joy was greatly increased. Covered with a debt of £1,000, the care of Bethesda now gave him more concern than every thing else put together. But says he, "*I hang upon Jesus.*" And after arranging his affairs to raise more funds and to secure "*a help-meet*," he again sailed for Europe, January 16, 1741, and in one visit to Scotland he collected over £5,000 more for the Orphan House.

There were now about seventy children in the Orphan House, and a friend from Boston describes "the routine of family duty as follows: The bell rings in the morning at sunrise to wake the family. When the children arise, they sing a short hymn, pray by themselves, go down to wash, and by the time they have done that, the bell calls to family worship. They then breakfast, and afterwards some go to their trades and the rest to school. With a comfortable and wholesome diet, a hymn is sung before and after dinner."

They had four teachers, two men for the boys and two ladies for the girls. Some of the more serious boys studied Latin with a view to the ministry. This was the condition of it January 1, 1742. The Rev. Dr. Coleman of Boston says about this time, "The order and piety of the Orphan House is admirable, and so is the progress of the settlement."

Mr. Whitefield's plan at first was to take in only twenty children, but when he came to Georgia and saw so many suffering orphans, he altered his notion; and he soon had about fifty under his care—twenty-three English, ten Scots, four Dutch, five French, and seven American. Twenty-two of these were parentless—sixteen boys and six girls, and one infant. The children were taught to work, as well as "to seek first the king-

dom of God and His righteousness." Having founded the Orphan House mainly to save souls, Whitefield says, "I endeavor to preach to the children's hearts." He taught them the Episcopal Catechism. Besides the trials in putting up the buildings, the *Spaniards* came and stole a schooner loaded with 10,000 bricks and a large supply of provisions. Yet trusting in the Lord, on one occasion, when they were almost out of provisions, the *Indians* supplied them with deer. Endeavoring to raise their own provisions, they had, at one time, near 200 head of hogs and 100 head of cattle. They made part of their own clothing.

REVIVAL IN THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

Although Satan raged against the Orphan House, the Spirit of God strove with the orphans. Soon after a few were gathered in, the power of God was felt among them, and conversions soon became quite frequent. By the last of March, 1741, many were inquiring what to do to be saved. The boys, both big and little, "cried mightily to God to have mercy on them." One day while they were together, talking about God and eternity, the Spirit came upon them with such great power that they were enabled to pray so earnestly that they arrested the attention of the family, "who all went, saw and wept over about thirty of them upon their knees, pleading with God for salvation." All became very serious, and the work resulted in several hopeful conversions.

With the Orphan House and other outbuildings now (September, 1741,) completed, with a family of eighty-four and one hundred and five in all to support, although they had "*no visible* fund," yet trusting in God for supplies, everything went on finely.

Negro labor not being allowed, improvements were very

expensive. This year they had twenty acres in corn, and cleared twenty more. A little later in the season, Mr. Habersham says, "We live entirely within ourselves. Twice a day we eat hominy of our own raising, and at present without molasses." They had a good garden.

While things were thus progressing at the Orphan House, "The Spaniards came in upon them like a flood," and sadly disturbed their peace. Moved with compassion, Mr. Habersham gathered up the little orphans and his family, and fled for protection to Mr. Bryan, a rich planter in South Carolina.

And now, with the waves of trouble arising around about them, Mr. H. says, "Were it not for a persuasion that God will help us, we must sink under the prospect of impending difficulties." On rolled the fiery trial, and at the approach of a large Spanish fleet, they observed a day of fasting, and earnestly besought God what to do. But General Oglethorpe was soon so completely surrounded with the enemy, that he sunk sloops of provisions, burnt the huts and houses on St. Simon's Island, and retreated to Frederica. But with his characteristic sagacity Oglethorpe soon rallied his forces, conquered and drove off the Spaniards, and early in August, 1742, the Orphan Band, with grateful hearts, returned to Bethesda, feeling that God, through the general, had wrought for them a glorious deliverance.

Rising out of this severe trial, the Orphan House, like the Burning Bush, though burnt, still flourished unconsumed. And with his heroic devotion, Mr. Whitefield now labored for it more earnestly than ever, determined, he says, "to be sold a slave to serve the galleys, rather than see his orphans suffer." In one of his letters to Mr. H., Whitefield wrote, "I long to be with you, and methinks I could willingly be found at the head of you kneeling and praying, though a Spanish sword should be put to my throat."

On his return from Europe, Mr. Whitefield found that many of the orphan boys had been put out to trades, and many of the girls hired out to work. With their farm quite well stocked, in 1744, he says, "We hope to kill one thousand weight of pork this season." The family was now reduced to twenty-six. Two boys were blind.

Reduced in health, and "weighed down" with care and the indebtedness of Bethesda, advised by friends, in March, 1748, Mr. Whitefield sailed for Bermudas for the recovery of his health. But ever mindful of his poor orphans, he soon raised over one hundred pounds for them there. But failing to recover his health there, instead of returning home, he now made another voyage to Europe, and reached London July 6th, 1748, after an absence of near four years.

Having succeeded so well with the Orphan House, in 1748 he conceived the idea of making it more an institution of learning, and in 1750 "we find him laboring in England to make Bethesda a college." In 1751 he again visited this country and brought over several more orphans—but finding the Orphan House in a very prosperous condition, he soon returned to Europe.

Having received "pretty letters from several of the little orphans," he said, January 10, 1753 (in London), "I trust Bethesda will yet prove an useful seminary for both white and black persons."—*Letter* 857.

In 1754 he visited Bethesda again, and finding everything going well, he made another trip North to raise more funds; but his health failing, he soon hurried back, and early in 1755, embarked again for Europe. Buoyant with the prospect of success, he returned to Bethesda again the following fall, and says, "Peace and plenty reign here, and all things go on successful." "God has given me great favor in the sight of the

Governor, Council and Assembly," and they gave him another grant of 2,000 acres of land for the Orphan House. Yet with all his self-denying efforts and fond expectations, because, it seems, Whitefield's proposed charter did not require the president of the college to be a member of the Established Church of England, and that the public prayers be "the Liturgy of the Church," his Majesty, the King, refused him a charter. But as the principal part of the Orphan House collections were from Dissenters, and as Mr. Whitefield had publicly declared from the pulpit that the Institution should "be founded on a *broad bottom*," he could not conscientiously make it *exclusively* an Established Church College. Thus to fail was discouraging. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Yet it did not discourage Whitefield. Rallying his forces, and plucking up courage, he now determined to make Bethesda a first-class academy. "God willing," he exclaimed, "I intend to carry on my design till I see the colony sink or swim."

Visiting Bethesda again in 1769, he reports "Everything exceeds my highest expectation—it is good for me to be here." This year two large wings, each 150 feet long, were added to the main building, Governor Wright laying the corner-stone.

Invited by Mr. Whitefield, January 31, 1770, the Governor, Council and Assembly attended divine service in the chapel of the Orphan House Academy, when he preached an impressive sermon on "Despise not the day of small things." Having thus faithfully labored to establish and build up his most cherished institution, and having given it his undivided attention for more than six months, his health so failed that he again went North to recruit, and suddenly died at his post, September 30, 1770.

But conscious of the uncertainty of life, he had "set his house in order," and wisely provided for Bethesda. Fully con

fiding in the piety, generosity, and ability, of the Right Honorable Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, Mr. Whitefield willed the Orphan House and all its affairs to her care.

Deeply impressed with the responsibility in assuming such a charge, she appointed a day of fasting and prayer for help and direction, and immediately sent over her own housekeeper to manage its domestic affairs. In 1770 she projected a mission to this country, making Bethesda her headquarters; to carry it on she sent over a number of students, who at once entered the Orphan House. But her generous plans were suddenly arrested by the destruction of the Orphan House buildings by lightning. But with her characteristic submission she said, "Though we may be disappointed, God, the Judge of all, is not defeated; I cannot wish it for one moment to be otherwise." By her own liberal contributions, assisted by others, it was soon partially rebuilt, and with a brief interruption of some ten years at Lady Huntingdon's death, in 1791, when the estate was reclaimed by the Legislature, and its management committed to a Board of Trustees, the institution has been continued to the present time, 1876, carrying out the original design of its benevolent founder. On the opposite page is a portrait of the new building commenced in 1870. The amount expended for the Orphan House from December, 1738, to February, 1770, is £15,404 2s. 5¼d., over $77,020. Whitefield contributed to it over $16,000.

CHAPTER XV.

HIS SECOND TOUR TO PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK.

AVING laid the foundation of the Orphan House, and being in need of more funds to build and carry it on, after bidding an affectionate farewell to his weeping congregation in Savannah, he sailed for New Castle, Delaware, April 3, 1740. Though weak in body and depressed in spirit, after a voyage of ten days, he reached New Castle on the 13th, and preached twice the same day. Attracted by his eloquence and power, the people at once flocked to hear him. Rev. Charles Tennent, with the greater part of his congregation, came twenty miles to hear the afternoon sermon. Although pressed to preach in the surrounding towns, yet being anxious to reach Philadelphia as soon as possible, he hurried on, preaching by the way at Wilmington the next day, to a deeply impressed congregation of near 3,000. Here they gave him a very warm reception and thanked God for his return. "Numbers embraced him with tenderest affection." Their mutual joy in meeting again was literally unspeakable.

WHITEFIELD IN PHILADELPHIA.

Cheered by the glorious work and numerous conversions of both laymen and ministers at Wilmington, mounting his horse he rode to Philadelphia the same day, and was rejoiced to hear how the Lord had blessed them during his absence.

After paying his respects to the Governor, he went the next day to see the Commissary, who soon told him he could lend him his church no more. "*Thanks be to God, the fields are open,*" quickly exclaimed Whitefield, and 8,000 went to hear him on Sandy Hill that night, and 10,000 the next day. Convicted of their sins, many flocked to him inquiring the way of life. One man came exclaiming, "Blessed be God, for under Him, you have been the means of my salvation." "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed," that "many negroes came inquiring, 'HAVE I A SOUL?'" Societies for prayer and conference were set up in all parts of the city; scoffers were put to silence, and Satan's strongholds were pulled down. Says Mr. Seward, "A drinking club with a clergyman in it, had a negro boy attending them, who used to mimic people for their diversion. Persuaded by the gentlemen, the boy (though reluctantly), stood up and mimicked Whitefield, and said, 'I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not; unless you repent you will all be damned.' This unexpected speech (quoted from one of Mr. Whitefield's sermons), broke up the club, which has never met since."

While laboring so successfully in Philadelphia, Mr. Whitefield neglected not the surrounding towns and villages. On the morning of the 17th he preached at Abington to some 4,000, and in the evening at Philadelphia to upwards of 10,000, hundreds of whom were powerfully melted down and many hopefully converted. The next day, after spending two hours with the convicted in the morning, he rode twelve miles and preached at Whitemarsh to over 2,000, and on his return at Germantown to near 4,000 attentive hearers, and got back to Philadelphia by seven in the evening, much refreshed both in soul and body.

Encouraged now with the fruits of his former labors and

the present bright prospects, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, there is a most glorious work begun in this province. The word of God mightily prevails every day, and Satan is losing ground."

On April 19 he preached twice in Philadelphia to congregations of seven or eight thousand, and on the following Sabbath the number increased to 10,000, when he took up a collection of £110 for his orphans.

After sermon he went to hear the Commissary. He preached on *Justification by Works*, from James ii. 18; and in the evening Whitefield preached on the same text, to a congregation of some 15,000, exposing the errors of the Commissary, and closed with a collection of £80 more for the orphans.

Whitefield, like Paul, liked to preach where no one else preached, and having ranged the suburbs of Philadelphia, he gave them a touching farewell sermon in the city Tuesday evening, April 22, to about 10,000 hearers, with a very deep effect. "A great number were dissolved into tears and wept sorely." And seeing so "many negroes were so much affected," he then bought 5,000 acres of land in the forks of the Delaware for a school for their instruction. Here he purposed to make an English settlement. He called the place *Nazareth*.

On his return from New York he stopped again at Philadelphia, May 8, with renewed health and enlivened spirits. And says Dr. Philip, "the whole city was moved at his coming;" and having heard "that Antinomianism had been charged against the tendency of his doctrines," with a heart burning with indignation against error and false charges, he fully cleared himself from the aspersion in his first sermon. Rising in the majesty of his strength, he boldly said, "*I abhor* the thought of it, and whosoever entertains the doctrines of free grace in an honest heart, will find them cause him to be fruitful in every

good word and work." He preached again in the evening to upwards of 8,000, and the next day at Pennypack, and engaged a man to build his negro school-house at Nazareth. After giving them another impressive sermon in Philadelphia in the evening, he organized a society of young men with very encouraging prospects. With the tide of devotion rising, he preached twice in the city the next day to increased congregations, and went in the evening to organize a society of young women, and upon entering the room he was so deeply impressed with their melting singing, he desired to pray before speaking to them, "but he was so carried out in prayer that he had no time to speak at all. There was such a wonderful power of God's presence felt in the room, that they all with one accord began to cry out, and wept most bitterly for half an hour. Their agonies were so severe, that five of them fell into convulsive fits." Whitefield believed these fits are from the devil.

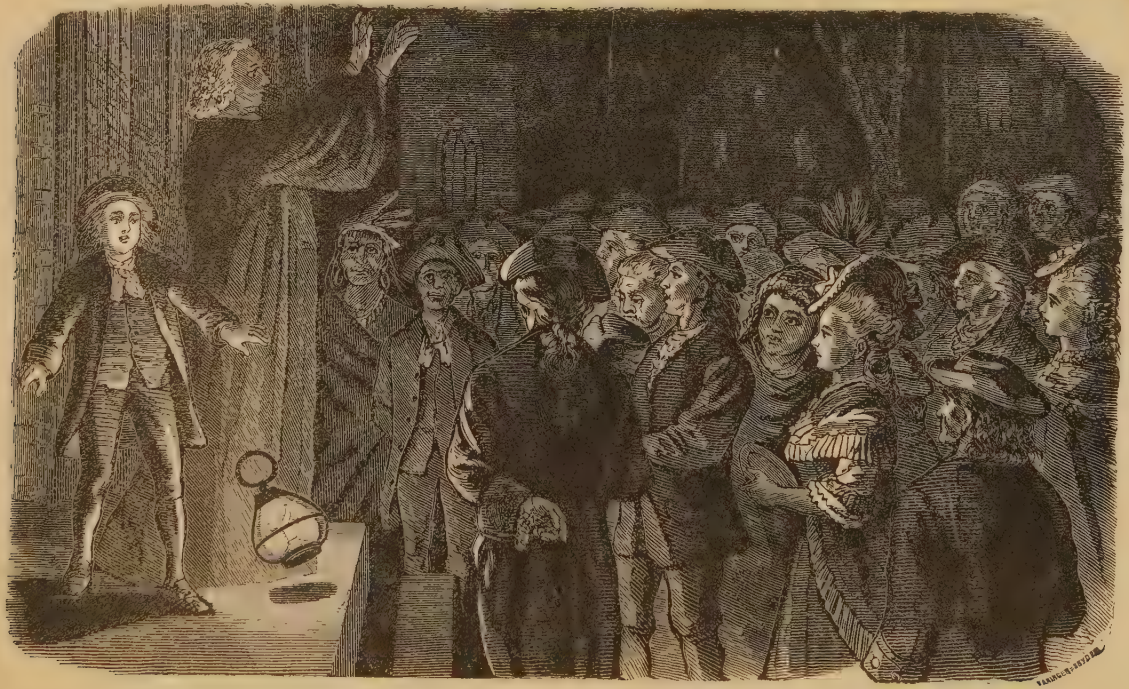
With the interest still increasing, he preached again to a melting congregation of about 15,000 the following Sabbath morning, and gave them his farewell sermon in the evening to near 20,000 very deeply affected hearers, sorrowing most of all that perhaps they might see his face no more. The impression was very deep. And says he, "I never saw a more general awakening anywhere. *Religion is all the talk.*" Conversions were numerous, and he was so thronged with inquirers that he scarcely had time to eat. After bidding them a weeping farewell, he says, "Many came to my lodgings, among whom, I believe, were fifty negroes, to tell me what God had done for their souls. Oh, how heartily did these poor creatures throw in their mites for my poor orphans!" Even many Quakers were powerfully convicted and wrought upon.

A little boy who held the lantern for Mr. Whitefield when

he was preaching from the Court House steps in Philadelphia, was so deeply impressed with the sermon, that he let the lantern fall, and it was broken to pieces. Fourteen years after, Mr. Whitefield, while visiting St. George's, Delaware, rode out with the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, who asked Whitefield if he remembered the little boy who was so affected with his sermon as to let his lantern fall. "O yes," said Mr. Whitefield, "I recollect it very well, and I would give almost anything in my power to know who that boy was, and what has become of him." Mr. Rodgers replied, smiling, "I am that little boy." With tears of joy Mr. Whitefield rushed to him and embraced him very tenderly.

Among the *results* of this revival, the people here proposed to build him a very large church; but he refused it, preferring to preach in the fields. Yet in 1743, encouraged by the large number of converts, they organized themselves into a church, the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, with about 140 members, and soon called Rev. Gilbert Tennent to be their pastor. He soon built them a fine large church, and preached for them twenty years. "Besides these," says Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, "Many others, regarded as Whitefield's converts, united with other churches."

On this point Dr. Franklin says: "The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was a matter of speculation with me to observe the influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them that they were naturally half beasts and half devils. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless and indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world was growing religious; so that one could not walk through



PREACHING FROM THE OLD STATE HOUSE STEPS, PHILADELPHIA.

the town in an evening, without hearing psalms sung in different families in every street."* And when we look at the "most deplorable state of deadness and formality" the church was in (Dr. A. Alexander) before the revival, its effects appear much greater.

But to return to our tour. On the morning of April 23, he set out for New York, and reached Neshaminy about 3 P. M., and preached to upwards of 5,000 people in old Mr. Tennent's meeting-house yard. Here he "was so weak he was ready to drop down in the first prayer." "But strengthened from above," he preached with great power and "great numbers were melted down." With about fifty under deep conviction, with weeping eyes and anxious hearts they came, crying what to do to be saved.

After preaching a melting sermon at Amwell, he came on to New Brunswick, where he preached morning and evening to 7,000 or 8,000, with such wonderful power that they came near drowning his voice with their cries and groans. "One woman was struck down, and a general cry went through the congregation." Another was so deeply convicted that she cried out, "I can see nothing but hell before me." Whitefield replied, "Oh, that all were in as good a way to heaven!"

Encouraged with his success, he now wrote to a friend in England—"All things go on well in America: better than I dare ask, or could think. Our Lord's kingdom comes with power. It is amazing to see how God is present in our assemblies. My animal spirits are exhausted, but I am filled within.

* Watson in his "Annals of Philadelphia," says, "Whitefield preached to 15,000 on Society Hill," and adds, "that the dancing-school was discontinued, and the ball and the concert rooms were shut up, as inconsistent with the gospel." And the Gazette of the day says, "The change to religion here is altogether surprising, through Whitefield's influence. No books sell but religious, and such is the general conversation."

Nature would sometimes cry out 'Spare thyself;' but when I am offering Jesus to poor sinners, I cannot forbear exerting all my powers. Oh that I had a thousand lives! My dear Lord Jesus should have them all."

NEW YORK.

Wearied and worn, Mr. Whitefield reached New York, April 29, very weak and out of health; yet true to his motto, "*No nestling this side heaven*," he preached with great boldness the same evening in the common to about 6,000 attentive hearers, without any scoffing as when he was there before. Refreshed by an interview with Rev. Wm. Tennent, he preached again the next morning to a less congregation, but with a much deeper effect. The people, he says, "were melted down exceedingly." Though weak in body, and troubled in mind, he preached again in the evening to a congregation of 6,000 or 7,000, and went over to Flat-Bush, on Long Island, the next day, where God had begun a precious revival under the labors of two Presbyterian ministers. Here he preached with exceeding great clearness and power; and with his soul deeply stirred, addressing himself to several ministers present, he exclaimed, "*Oh that we were all a flame of fire.*"

Naturally buoyant, Whitefield was generally in what we call a revived state, and went soaring along at the feet of Jesus; yet sometimes he became quite cast down. Returning from Flat-Bush in depressed spirits, he sat down and mourned, he says, "like a sparrow sitting alone upon the house top." Yet he preached again in the evening at New York.* "But my

* The next day he took a sorrowful leave of his two friends (his spiritual children), Captain Gladmen and his dear brother Mr. Seward, who had long been his fellow traveler, and both his spiritual and pecuniary helper. Mr. Seward died soon after, and Mr. Whitefield saw him no more.

spirits being exhausted, and God being pleased to suspend His wonted assistance, I preached *as I thought, but heavily.*" "But we are too apt to build on *frames*, and think we do no good, because we don't please ourselves."

After preaching three times the next day, and once the following Sabbath morning at 7 o'clock in the church, he gave them his farewell sermon in the evening in the fields, to a congregation of about 8,000, and bade them an affectionate farewell. At the close, many came thanking him for what they had heard, bringing large contributions for his orphans. Here he received in all over £300 for them. Here too he labored so hard, that "sometimes," says Dr. Gillies, "he was almost dead with heat and fatigue. Thrice a day he was lifted upon his horse, being unable to mount otherwise; then rode and preached and came home, and laid himself down upon two or three chairs."

Leaving New York, he now struck for Georgia, and soon found that his two good friends, Messrs. G. and Wm. Tennent, had come twenty miles to meet him, on the way to Amboy. After a *sweet ride* of twenty miles through the woods, relating their religious experience, they reached Freehold (Wm. Tennent's home), about midnight, and retired about two in the morning. Though weak to-day, his soul was much comforted, and he said, "I think I sleep with double satisfaction when lying in a good man's house."

Although the visible effects of his labors here were not so great as at some other places, yet says Rev. Dr. Pemberton, "he left New York under a deep and universal concern; many were greatly affected." Besides, their society there had now increased from seventy to one hundred and seventy members. Except when in the fields, he usually preached in Mr. Pember-

ton's Presbyterian church on Wall street; frequently in the Old City Exchange; and sometimes, latterly, in the Brick church. "Here the word ran."

Touching his preaching here, a hearer says, "I thought I saw a *visible presence* of God with Mr. Whitefield. I never in my life saw so attentive an audience. All he said was *demonstration, life, and power.* The people's eyes and ears hung on his lips. They greedily devoured every word. I came home astonished. I never saw nor heard the like. Surely God is with this man, of a truth."

NOTTINGHAM REVIVAL.

But these vast congregations and mighty outpourings at Philadelphia, were only a prelude to still greater times of refreshing. Leaving Philadelphia May 12, accompanied by a host of friends (as many as could cross in two ferry-boats in six hours), after preaching with great liberty and power at Derby, Chester, Wilmington and White Clay Creek, he reached Nottingham about midnight. Here a good work had been going on some time through the labors of Messrs Blair, Tennents and others, and upon a short notice Whitefield preached twice on the 14th to congregations of near 1,200, with most wonderful effect. "I had not spoken long," he says, "till I saw numbers melting. As I proceeded, the influence increased, till at last, both in the morning and afternoon, thousands cried out, so that they almost drowned my voice. Never before did I see a more glorious sight. Oh, what strong crying and tears were shed, and poured forth after the dear Lord Jesus! Some fainted; and when they had got a little strength, they would hear and faint again. Others cried out as though somebody was murdering them. Never was my *soul filled* with greater power. Oh what thoughts and words did God put into my

heart! I was so struck with God's love, that some thought, I believe, that I was about to give up the ghost. Oh, how sweetly did I lie at the feet of my blessed Saviour! After the second sermon I was so overpowered with a sense of God's love, that *it almost took away my life.*"

How wonderful this scene! This looks like another Pentecost. Although there was no "sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind;" although they did not "speak with other tongues, nor with cloven tongues of fire," yet powerfully moved with the Holy Ghost, "*thousands cried out*" for salvation. Yet with all this wonderful result, without the least exaltation, he rode twenty miles the same night, and preached at *Fog's Manor*, the next day, to about 12,000 more, with a still greater effect. "Look where I would," he said, "most were drowned in tears." "The Word was sharper than a two-edged sword; and their bitter yellings and groans put me much in mind of the wailings of the damned in hell."

"Oh, what different visages were then to be seen? Some were struck pale as death, others were wringing their hands, others lying on the ground, and most lifting up their eyes towards heaven, and crying out to God for mercy. They seemed like persons awakened by the last trump, and coming out of their graves to judgment." Here the convicted crowded around him so thick, that he could scarcely get on his horse to start away. Hurrying on at eight miles an hour, he reached New Castle and preached again the same day to about 4,000 anxious souls; and he was so filled with a sense of God's love, that "his heart was ready to burst." And yet he retired to rest ashamed that he could be no more affected with a sense of the blessings received. Loaded down with gifts for his orphans, he came on and preached with such wonderful force at Lewis-

town, that he says, "I saw the Word *strike* the hearers like so many pointed arrows. God grant that they may stick fast."

WHITEFIELD'S "TEARS OF BLOOD."

Distinguished for his strong convictions, deep hatred of sin, deep piety, great earnestness, and for the boldness and vehemence of his style, Whitefield abounded in strong, sweeping expressions. Addicted to sin and crime when young, and having felt such deep and powerful convictions of sin, and such awful agonies of soul in his conversion, together with his clear, grasping views of God's love and the great things He had done for him, it is no wonder, when he remembered and felt the sins of his youth, that he wished "*to lament them with tears of blood.*" With the doctrines of the Cross deeply embedded in his soul and engraved upon his heart, with his clear views of the torments of that hell to which his sins exposed him, well may he desire to repent of them "with tears of blood." Whitefield's sense of his sins was so deep, that, like Paul, he often felt and confessed himself "the chief of sinners." And with these keen conceptions of the greatness of his sins, and of the infinite mercy of God in pardoning them, 'tis no wonder we find him desiring "to lament them with tears of blood."

GREAT JOY IN SAVANNAH.

After spending about forty days in the North, and having preached about sixty sermons, and collected over £500 for his orphans, he sailed for Georgia May 25th, and reached his lovely Savannah June 5th, with great joy. And says he, "Oh, what a sweet meeting had I with my dear friends. What God has prepared for me I know not · but surely I cannot well expect a greater happiness till I embrace the saints in glory. When I parted, my heart was ready to break with sorrow, but now it

almost bursts with joy. Oh, how did each in turn hang upon my neck, kiss and weep over me with tears of joy. And my own soul was so full of a sense of God's love, when I embraced one friend in particular (Mr. Bryan), that I thought I should have expired in the place! Several of my parishioners came in to us with great joy, and after we had wept and prayed, and given thanks for a considerable time, my soul was so full of a sense of the Divine goodness, that I wanted words to express myself! Why me, LORD? Why ME?

"And when we came to public worship, young and old—all —were dissolved in tears. After service several of my parishioners, all of my family, and the little children, returned home crying along the streets, and some could not avoid praying very loud." Being very weak he lay down, but was soon roused by their cries and prayers, and went to praying again. After they had prayed over an hour he desired them to retire, but they prayed on most earnestly. A storm arose, and the loud peals of thunder and the lightning's vivid flash added so much to the solemnity of the scene, that it reminded him of the Day of Judgment. Several of the orphans were very deeply impressed, and five hopefully converted. This was followed by a general awakening.

Encouraged with the success of his northern excursion and his happy reception at home, he now resumed his pastoral labors in and around Savannah. The people being hungry for the gospel, though very weak, he went about, preaching once or twice a day at such places as Dorchester, Apple Ferry, Ponpon, Jane's Island, Beaufort and Charleston, to large and deeply impressed congregations. Being weak on his return from Charleston, July 26, he says: "I could not bear up under the joy and satisfaction which I felt in meeting my dear family" in Savannah. "However, I kneeled down and

wept out a short prayer, and expounded in the evening." On August 3, when "struck almost with death," as he thought, like the dying proto-martyr Stephen, he prayed: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." While praying again, on the same day, Mr. B—ll, a planter, was so deeply affected that he "dropt down as though shot with a gun." He soon got up again, and listened to the sermon. On August 9, he reached Bethesda again, and they had another time of refreshing. It was Communion Sabbath. "And with the King sitting at his table, 'Many fed on Jesus.'" Their hearts so burned within them, that while he was speaking "many burst into floods of tears." His own soul overflowed with joy.

At Charleston, where he met with the greatest opposition, he had the greatest success. Here he said: "God has begun a great work." Here he frequently preached twice a day, and the word ran like lightning. Fired with resentment, Rev. Mr. Gordon poured forth his anathemas and bitter words against him, and refused him the sacrament as well as his church. But it was all in vain. With God on his side, Whitefield triumphantly carried the people with him. With large, deeply-impressed congregations, he thus preached on, though often ready to die with excessive heat, till he gave them his melting farewell sermon, August 24, to about 4,000 hearers, and afterward administered the sacrament in a private house. "Never did I see anything more solemn." Many wept profusely. Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians—all communed together. Sweating so prodigiously, he was obliged to change his linen every sermon.

Among the *results* of his labors here he says: "A vast alteration is discernible in the ladies' dresses. And some, while I have been speaking, have been so convinced of the sin of wearing jewels, that I have seen them with blushes put their

hands to their ears, and cover them with their fans." But the reformation went deeper. Besides three rich planters and several other hopeful conversions, "many came to him privately under the deepest convictions. Many awakened planters, convicted of their sins, now resolved to teach their slaves the doctrines of Christianity."

While Whitefield was thus going on with his good work, he was sued and suspended from the ministry by Mr. Gordon, of Charleston, because he refused to read Episcopal prayers in non-Episcopal churches. But being undisturbed about it, during the pending of the trial he preached twice a day; and objecting to the court, asked for an arbitration, which being refused, he appealed to the High Court of Chancery, London, and bound himself under penalty of $50, to appear there within twelve months. The appeal was never prosecuted.

When the commissary refused Mr. Whitefield the sacrament, he says, "I immediately retired to my lodgings, rejoicing that I was accounted worthy to suffer this further degree of contempt for my dear Lord's sake."

Wrought up by these exhibitions of God's grace, Whitefield rose very high. At times he seemed to walk between the very cherubims of glory. Glorying in his blessed assurance, with an humble boldness, amidst shouts of "Glory be to God," he would exclaim, "MY *Lord* and MY *God*." Expecting to die a martyr for Jesus, he said, "His love will sweeten every cup, though ever so bitter. *'Twill be sweet to wear a martyr's crown.*" In meek submission, he says, "I often sit in silence, offering my soul as so much clay, to be stamped as my Heavenly Potter pleases; and while I am musing, I am often filled as it were with the fullness of God. The whole Godhead now fills my soul." "Oh, Jesus, was ever love like thine."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHITEFIELD IN NEW ENGLAND.

URGED by the leading ministers of Boston to visit New England, and being anxious to see the descendants of the Puritans, Whitefield sailed from Charleston for Boston, August 24, and reached Newport, R. I., September 14, 1740. As there had been a great revival at Northampton and some other places in New England in 1735, and although much lukewarmness now prevailed, yet the present condition of the country was considered rather favorable for Whitefield's success. His prestige and fame had gone before him. And, encouraged by his great success at Philadelphia and other places, his arrival was most anxiously looked for, and a revival was expected to follow it. Armed with the panoply of Heaven, under these circumstances, the bold evangelist now went forth to fight the battles of the Lord in the strongholds of New England. He arrived on Sunday evening and was most kindly received. Several gentlemen called to see him the same evening, "among whom was the Rev. Mr. Clapp, an aged Dissenting minister, but surely," said Whitefield, "the most venerable man I ever saw. His countenance was very heavenly. A bachelor, he was much rejoiced to see me, and prayed most earnestly for my success."

He preached twice the next day to a very large and deeply-impressed congregation, and staid all night with old Mr. Clapp.

He was much pleased with him. After an interview with the governor, he preached again the next day to an increased congregation with a very deep effect. Many wept freely. The legislature adjourned to hear him. On returning to his lodgings, the landlady saluted him with, "Blessed art thou of the Lord," because he had shot an arrow from God's quiver into a young woman's heart, and her soul was bleeding for salvation. She said, "the Word came with such power that I was obliged to go out of the church." Having to leave Newport the next day, she exclaimed, "Oh, the goodness of God in sending Whitefield just now!" The people were so eager after the Word, that over 1,000 crowded around his lodgings to hear more of it after preaching was out. He spoke to them nearly an hour with deep feeling.

GOES TO BOSTON.

Requested by the Court, on his way he preached at Bristol, and reached Boston on the eighteenth. He was met four miles out by the governor's son and others, who conducted him to Mr. Staniford's, where several ministers and others soon came to see him. "His heart was low and body weak" when he entered Boston. Yet, at the friend's request, he led them in a prayer of thanksgiving for his safe arrival, and besought God's blessing upon his labors. After a good night's sleep, and perceiving some fresh rays of light and comfort breaking in upon his soul, accompanied by Secretary Willard, he called upon Governor Belcher the next day, who received him most courteously and requested frequent visits. At eleven he attended worship at the Episcopal church, interviewed five Episcopal clergymen, and went home with the commissary, who received him very kindly. In the afternoon he preached in Dr. Coleman's church to about 4000, and to a

large crowd at his lodgings in the evening, with very encouraging prospects.

Encouraged by hearing of the "great work going on at Charleston," he preached the next morning in the "Old South Church" (Dr. Sewall's), to about 6000, "and afterwards to about 8000 on the Common, and again at night to a thronged company at his lodgings." On Sabbath morning he heard Dr. Coleman and preached in the afternoon to a very thronged audience with great effect, in Mr. Foxcroft's church, and almost immediately after again on the Common, to about 15,000 deeply-affected hearers, and again at his lodgings to an unusually large crowd. Thirsting for more, they even followed him to his bedroom.

Going around, he preached the next morning at Mr. Webb's church to over 6000 attentive hearers, "most of whom wept for a considerable time." There was so much of the presence of God that some said "it was the gate of heaven." "The Lord Jesus seemed to be visibly walking in their midst." "In the afternoon I went to preach at Mr. Checkley's church, but God was pleased to humble us by an awful Providence. Just before commencing the service, some one broke a board to make a seat. Alarmed by the noise, some imprudently called out: "*The galleries are giving way!*" when the densely crowded house was thrown into such an alarm and confusion, that in trying to escape five persons were killed and others dangerously wounded. Grasping the situation, upon reaching the church in the midst of the uproar, with his characteristic presence of mind, Mr. Whitefield gave out notice that he would preach immediately on the Common. The weather was wet, yet 8,000 followed to hear him preach a stirring sermon from the text, "Go out and compel them to come in."

The next morning he preached at Roxbury, and the Rev. Mr. Walter, a good old Puritan, was so much refreshed, he said, "this is Puritanism revived." After preaching in "The Old South," in the afternoon to a very full house, the next day he "went to see and preach at *Cambridge*, the chief college for training the sons of the prophets in all New England." "It has one president, I think four tutors, and about 100 students. The tutors neglect to pray with and examine the hearts of their pupils. Discipline is at a low ebb. Bad books are become fashionable." Many ministers attended, and in concluding his sermon he made a close application to tutors and students. He preached again the afternoon in the court, to about 7,000 attentive hearers. "The Holy Spirit melted many hearts." One was hopefully converted.

When about to preach the next day, he had such a deep sense of his own "base ingratitude," that he was tempted not to preach and invite sinners to the Saviour, "because he was such a great sinner himself." But resisting the devil, God enabled him to preach with great tenderness.

By request, that day, he and most of the Boston pastors dined with Governor Belcher. And says he, "Before dinner, the Governor called me into his chamber. He wept, wished me good success, and recommended himself, ministers and people, to my prayers." "Immediately after dinner I prayed explicitly for them all;" and in returning in the governor's coach, "I had such a sense of my vileness, that *I wondered the people did not stone me.*" He preached the next morning with a deep effect at Roxbury to many thousands, and in the afternoon to many more at Mr. Byles' church.

Sermon after sermon, with the interest still increasing, he preached again on Saturday morning at Mr. Welsteed's church, and in the afternoon on the Common to about 15,000

people with great power. The effect was so great that he exclaimed, "Oh, how did the word run! I was so rejoiced that I could scarce abstain from crying out, 'This is none other than the House of God and the Gate of Heaven.'" At his lodgings "many wept bitterly and cried out like persons really hungering and thirsting after righteousness." "So many come to me under convictions and for advice that I have scarce time to eat. Wonderful things are doing here. *The word runs like lightning.* Dagon daily falls before the ark." On Sabbath morning, September 28, he preached again at "The Old South" with a very deep impression, and collected £555 for the Orphan House. Exhausted with "these herculean labors," he was taken very ill after dinner, but with his buoyant soul, was enabled to preach at Dr. Coleman's in the afternoon and collected £470 more for the orphans. $5,000 given by two churches in a day in Boston, 130 years ago, was a very BIG COLLECTION. Feeling deeply, the people gave very liberally. Let their liberal example provoke us to give more. Dr. Coleman said, "This was the happiest day I ever saw in my life."

After dinner he received a private visit from Governor Belcher, preached to a large congregation of negroes, at their request, on the conversion of the Ethiopian, Acts viii., and they, as well as many whites, were "much affected." Enjoying the high respect and warm friendship of the Boston ministers, they flocked to hear him. "Almost exhausted," he says, "my legs were almost ready to sink under me; but the Lord visited my soul, and I went to bed greatly refreshed."

Honored with a brilliant career and a glorious success in Boston, Whitefield now goes to blow the gospel trumpet in the surrounding towns and villages. Starting early Monday he preached at Marblehead in the forenoon, and at Salem in

the afternoon to about 7,000 hearers with a very deep effect. He preached the next day at Ipswich with "a great melting in the congregation,"and was much interested to know that his host, Mr. Rodgers, was a descendant of John Rodgers, the celebrated martyr. At Salem one brother "seemed to be almost in heaven." After giving them a sermon at Hampton, he preached to a polite auditory at Portsmouth, but with little effect. One young man cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" He now went on to York, in Maine, to see Rev. Mr. Moody, and after preaching twice in his church to weeping congregations, on his return to Boston, he preached again in the same places with increased interest and liberal contributions for his orphans. At Portsmouth, "soon after he began to preach, the people began to melt," and "the word seemed to pierce through and through." "Great numbers were under deep impressions."

October 6, he returned to Boston with improved health, and preached twice the next day at Dr. Coleman's with much power. He now received many letters from the awakened and many calls from the newly converted. Having been reported dead or poisoned, the people rejoiced greatly to see him again alive.

A CHILD "GOING TO WHITEFIELD'S GOD."

Accompanied by the Governor in his coach, he went and preached twice the next day at Mr. Webb's church to immense congregations. He scarcely ever saw so much of the presence of God before. "Both times many hearts were melted down, and I think I never was so drawn out to pray for and invite little children to Jesus Christ as in the morning. A little before, I had heard of a child who was taken sick just after it had heard me preach, and said, '*He wants to go to Mr. White-*

field's God,' and died in a short time after." "This encouraged me to speak to little ones. But oh, how were the old people affected when I said, 'Little children, if your parents will not come to Christ, do you come and go to heaven without them.' There seemed to be but few dry eyes." And with a shout of "Glory be to God," he said, "I have not seen a greater commotion since my preaching in Boston."

Known to be expert in talking to children, a little girl of seven years on her death-bed sent for him. He came and thus they conversed:

Whitefield. "For what purpose, my dear child, have you sent for me?"

Girl. "I think I am dying, and I wished very much to see you."

Whitefield. "What can I do for you?"

Girl. "You can tell me about Christ, and pray for me."

Whitefield. "My dear girl, what do you know about Christ?"

Girl. "I know he is the Saviour of the world."

Whitefield. "My dear child, He is so."

Girl. "I hope He will be my Saviour also."

Whitefield. "I hope, my dear, that this is the language of faith out of the mouth of a babe; but tell me what ground you have for saying this?"

Girl. "Oh, sir, He bids little children, such as I, to come unto Him, and says, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and besides, I love Christ, and am always glad when I think of him."

Whitefield. "My dear child, you make my very heart to rejoice; but are you not a sinner?"

Girl. "Yes, I am a sinner, but my blessed Redeemer takes away sin, and I long to be with Him."

Whitefield. "My dear girl, I trust that the desire of your heart will be granted; but when do you think you will find your Redeemer?"

Girl. "O, sir, I think I shall find Him in heaven."

Whitefield. "Do you think you will get to heaven?"

Girl. "Yes, I do."

Whitefield. "But what if you do not find Christ there?"

Girl. "If I do not find Christ there, I am sure it is not heaven; for where He dwells must be heaven, for there also dwells God, and holy angels, and all that Christ saves."

While Whitefield was preaching in New England a lady was converted, whose "spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others." "But in her Christian exercises she was alone; she could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter about ten years of age. She took this dear child into her closet from day to day, as a witness of her cries and tears." At length the little girl was converted, and, "in a transport of joy she exclaimed, 'O, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbors and tell them, that they may be happy, and love my Saviour too.' 'Ah, my dear child, that would be of no use, for they would not believe you.' 'Oh, mother, I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker, and tell him; he will believe me.' She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven her all her sins; and that now she was so happy that she did not know how to tell it. The shoemaker was struck with surprise; his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought for mercy. The neighborhood was awak-

ened, and within a few months more than fifty persons were hopefully converted."—*Belcher, p.* 168–9.

Although thronged with the awakened and deep-distressed souls since his return to Boston, he preached the next morning at Mr. Sewell's, on the Nature and Necessity of Regeneration, and cautioned tutors to watch their pupils, and ministers to examine well their candidates for ordination. "For," says he, "I am verily persuaded that the generality of preachers talk of an unknown and unfelt Christ; and the reason why congregations have been so dead is, because they have had dead men preaching to them. O that the Lord may quicken and revive them, for His own name's sake. For how can dead men beget living children? It is true, indeed, God may convert men by the devil, if He pleases, and so He may by unconverted ministers; but I believe He seldom makes use of either for this purpose. I would not lay hands on an unconverted man for ten thousand worlds."

He preached again in the afternoon on the Common to about 15,000 people, and collected over £200 for the orphans. Here he received a request to pray for a young unconverted minister. He prayed for him with all his heart. He says, if unconverted men preach, "they offer God strange fire." He spoke afterwards at the poor house, the work house, and his lodgings. Fearing he would injure his health, his friends cried, "*Spare thyself*," but he labored on as usual. After the throng of anxious inquirers was over, next morning, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Cooper, he went and preached at Charlestown and Reading with much demonstration of the Spirit, and collected £257 for the orphans.

Though very weak in body, he was much refreshed in spirit, at the sight of a poor little girl sitting at his gate, who had followed him from Roxbury for instruction. Being under

very deep convictions, she said, "*She wanted nothing but Christ*, and Christ she would have." After preaching in the rain, the next day, to a very large, attentive congregation at Cambridge, he gave them

HIS FAREWELL TO BOSTON.

Rising early Sabbath morning, October 12, with soul and body much refreshed, after spending the morning hours with the anxious, "he preached with great power and affection at 'the Old South,' which was so densely crowded that he had to go in at one of the windows." "He dined with the governor, who came to him after dinner weeping and desired his prayers." After hearing Dr. Sewell in the afternoon, although unwell, he went with the governor in his coach, to the common, and preached his farewell sermon to about 20,000. Tracy says to near 30,000 people. "Great numbers were melted into tears." The governor accompanied him to his lodgings, where he spoke to a vast crowd "who were so deeply affected, that they cried out so loud while he was praying, that he had to leave off." He spent the evening mainly in conversing with those "under very great distress of soul." Encouraged with these precious revivings, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God for what He has done in Boston." In speaking of the Bostonians, he said, "The ministers and magistrates seem to be more united than in any other place I have been. Both were exceedingly kind to me. I never saw so little scoffing, never had so little opposition. Boston people are dear to my soul. *Dear Boston, farewell.*"

The next day, October 13, he left Boston for Northampton. The cultured Governor Belcher took him to the ferry in his coach, kissed him, and with tears bid him an affectionate farewell.

About noon the next day he reached Concord, and preached in the open air to a large, melting congregation, with considerable interest. After giving them impressive sermons at Sudbury and Marlborough, he preached again at Worcester to several thousands with a very deep effect. "The Word fell with great power and carried all before it." Here he met Governor Belcher, "who exhorted him to go on stirring up the ministers; and do not spare rulers any more than ministers—no, not the chief of them." Requesting an interest in his prayers, the governor, with tears in his eyes, kissed him again, and bid him a final farewell.

Says Dr. Philip, "Princeton College owes much to Belcher, and Belcher was much indebted to Whitefield for the impulse which made him its chief patron and benefactor." Passing on, he preached at Leicester, Brookfield and Cold-Spring, on his way to Hadley, where he spoke with such tenderness and power, that "*It was like putting fire to tinder.*" Speaking to them of their former revival, "quickened and caused many of them to weep sorely."

WHITEFIELD AT NORTHAMPTON.

After a long journey he reached Northampton, October 17th, and enjoyed the great privilege of seeing President Edwards, and of hearing through him about the great revival they had there in 1735. With over 300 hopeful conversions, reaching all classes, this was one of the greatest revivals since the day of Pentecost. The conversions averaged near 30 a week for some six weeks. Commencing with the sudden and unexpected conversion of one of the gay young ladies, "The news of which," says Edwards, "seemed to be almost *like a flash of lightning* upon the hearts of young people all over the

town," the work spread so rapidly that the whole town soon seemed to be full of the presence of God.

"It was never so full of love, and yet so full of distress as it was then. It was a time of joy in families; parents rejoicing over their children as new-born, and husbands over their wives, and wives over their husbands. Alive in God's service the congregations were from time to time in tears, while the Word was preached; some weeping with sorrow and distress, others with joy and love, others with pity and concern for their neighbors." (Edwards.)

After interviewing Mr. Edwards, Whitefield said, "He is a solid, excellent Christian. I think I may say I have not seen his equal in all New England. When I came into his pulpit, I found my heart drawn out to talk of scarce anything but the consolations and privileges of saints, and the plentiful effusions of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of believers." And when he came to speak of their precious revival, "both minister and people wept profusely." Though weak in body, he spoke with great power, and exhorted at Mr. Edwards's house that evening. Next morning, at Mr. Edwards's request, he spoke to his little children, who were much affected.

In the morning he preached at Hadfield, five miles out, and in the afternoon again to a weeping congregation in Mr. Edwards's church. "Few eyes were dry, and it seemed as if a time of refreshing had come from the presence of the Lord." On Sabbath morning "he felt a wonderful satisfaction in being at Mr. Edwards's house. He was so much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards that he said, "A sweeter couple I never saw. The children were dressed, not in silks and satins, *but plain*, as becometh the children of examples of Christian simplicity." "She is a woman adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, and talked so feelingly and solidly of the things of God,

and seemed to be such a helpmeet to her husband, that it put him in the notion of marrying, and to pray God to send him a good wife." Leaving it all to God, he said, "Lord, I desire to have *no choice* of my own." "Thou knowest my circumstances."

In preaching this morning, the melting began sooner, and spread wider than before. "Dear Mr. Edwards wept during the whole time of service." "The people were equally if not more affected; and my own soul was much lifted up towards God. In the afternoon the power increased more and more. I have not seen such a gracious melting since my arrival. My soul was much knit to these dear people of God; and though their former fire might be greatly abated, yet it immediately appeared when stirred up." "Oh, that Northampton people may recover their first love, and return and do their first works."

Accompanied by Mr. Edwards and several other gentlemen, Mr. Whitefield left Northampton the same evening, and preached three times the next day, October 20, at Westfield and Springfield. Here he says, "A little after I left Springfield, my horse, coming over a broken bridge, threw me over his head, directly upon my nose. I was stunned for a while, my mouth was full of dust, I bled a little, but falling upon soft sand, received but little damage." After interviewing a minister, "who said it was not absolutely necessary for a gospel minister to be converted," in preaching at Springfield the next day, he insisted much on the *necessity* of *regeneration*, and a converted ministry, "and made a great impression upon the people. Many ministers were present. I did not spare them. Most of them thanked me for my plain dealings. One was offended. Unconverted ministers are the bane of the Christian Church."

He preached that afternoon with great freedom at East Windsor, Connecticut, and spent the night very agreeably with Mr. Edwards's parents. Here young Mr. Edwards took occasion privately to caution Mr. Whitefield about his attaching too much importance to *impulses*. Whitefield took it kindly but remained of the same opinion. Mr. Edwards also cautioned him against his common practice of "judging other persons to be unconverted."

Mr. Edwards says, "Mr. Whitefield preached four sermons at Northampton, and the congregation was extraordinarily melted by every sermon; almost the whole assembly being in tears for a greater part of the sermon time. Mr. Whitefield's *sermons* were suitable to the circumstances of the town; containing a just reproof of our backslidings, and in a most moving and affecting manner, making use of our great professions, and great mercies as arguments with us to return to God, from whom we had departed. Immediately after this, the minds of the people in general appeared more engaged in religion," and the revival that followed appeared at first chiefly among professors, but it soon spread with great power among the young people, insomuch that by the following spring there was such an engagedness about the things of religion, "that it was almost the only subject of their conversation. Sometimes in their conference meetings Christians were so "overcome with a sense of the greatness and glory of divine things;" and sinners were so overcome with distress about their sinful and miserable condition, "that the whole room was full of nothing but outcries, faintings and the like." Others hearing of this, came and "were overpowered in like manner." They sung, prayed, and conferred with one another. At a meeting Mr. Edwards held with the children, he says, "They were so greatly affected that the room was filled with cries; and when they were dismissed,

they almost all went home crying aloud through the streets to all parts of the town."* Here, at Windsor, the two great preachers parted, but they "both soon rejoiced equally in a glorious progress of the work of God" at Northampton that year.

The Rev. Gilbert Tennent says, "For months together my soul has been so ravished with divine objects, that my animal spirits have been wasted, and my sleep much broken. I have been made to loathe my food because of the superior sweetness

*While some may regard these outward demonstrations as "*strange fire*," and disorder, we find in reading President Edwards on revivals that such have been quite common centuries ago. He gives "an instance in Mr. Bolton, a noted minister of the Church of England, who being awakened by the preaching of the famous Mr. Perkins, was subject to such terrors as threw him to the ground and caused him to roar with anguish, and the pangs of the new birth in him were such that he lay pale and without sense, like one dead." Again he says, in the west of Scotland, in 1625, during a great revival, "it was a frequent thing for many to be so extraordinarily seized with terror in the hearing of the Word, that they fell down and were carried out of the church, who afterwards proved most solid and lively Christians." And "of many in France that were so wonderfully affected with the preaching of the gospel, that for a time they could not follow their secular business." Also "of many in Ireland, that were so filled with divine comforts, that they made but little use of either meat, drink or sleep, and professed that they did not feel the need thereof." See "the fulfilling of the Scripture," 5th. Ed., pp. 103–185. The same author says of Mrs. Catharine Bretbergh, of England, "that after great distress which very much affected her body, God did so break in upon her mind with light and discoveries of Himself, that she was forced to burst out, crying, 'O, the joys, the joys, the joys, that I feel in my soul! O, they be wonderful, they be wonderful! The place where I now am is sweet and pleasant! How comfortable is the sweetness I feel, that delights my soul! The taste is precious; do you not feel it! Oh, so sweet as it is! O, my sweet Saviour, shall I be one with Thee, as Thou art one with the Father? My soul hath been compassed with the terrors of death, the sorrows of hell were upon me, and a wilderness of woe was in me; but blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord my God, He hath brought me to a place of rest, even to the sweet running waters of life. O, the joy, the joy, the delights of joy that I now feel.'"

I have found in Christ. Sometimes, when traveling on the road while I beheld the canopy of heaven, my heart has been suddenly ravished with love to God as my Father, so that I *could not forbear crying out*, in the pleasing transports of a childlike affection, Father! Father! with a full and sweet assurance that He was my Father and my God."

President Edwards says, "Once as I rode out into the woods for my health, the person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thoughts and conceptions; which continued about an hour, and kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, weeping aloud."—*Tracy 214.*

WHITEFIELD IN NEW HAVEN.

After preaching to many thousands at Hartford and Weatherfield, and recalling several appointments in the direction of Plymouth, R. I., he struck directly for New York. Hurrying on, he preached the next day at Middletown and Wallingford, and reached New Haven, Friday, October 24, and was most affectionately received by Mr. Pierpont, brother-in-law to Mr. Edwards. Here he was much refreshed with the sight of his dear friend Mr. Noble, who brought him letters from Georgia. He preached twice on Saturday, "with a sweet melting both times." The Legislature being in session, the Governor and the members of both houses attended. In one sermon, he spoke very closely to the students and showed the dreadful ill consequence of an unconverted ministry, and prayed "Oh, that God may quicken ministers! Oh, that the Lord Jesus may make us all a flame of holy fire." His strong opposition against unconverted ministers created considerable excitement among the clergy, and seemed to have set Mr. Clapp somewhat against him. Yet the celebrated Rev. Dr.

Samuel Hopkins, then a student there, was so deeply impressed with his solemn warnings that they had much to do in his conversion.

Refreshed by several ministerial visits, after preaching twice the next Sabbath to increased congregations, with much power, he called on Governor Tallcott, who said, "I am glad, sir, to see you, and heartily glad to hear you." The Governor was so overcome, "the tears trickled down his aged cheeks like drops of rain. He thanked God for such refreshings on our way to heaven."

Leaving New Haven that evening about eight, they reached a house by the way, he says, "where they told me the mother and three daughters were converted persons. While there we enjoyed such a *Bethel* that my friends said they were never in such a house before." He prayed, exhorted, and gave the fourth daughter a word of advice which resulted in her conversion. Reader, don't be ashamed or afraid to speak a word for Jesus. After preaching at Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Newark, and Stamford, he bid farewell to New England, and passed over into New York. At Stamford he preached with such great power, that "all the hearers were ready to cry out." At dinner he spoke with such vigor against sending unconverted persons into the ministry, that two ministers, weeping publicly, confessed that they had lain hands on young men without so much as asking whether they had been born again or not? An aged minister, after hearing him pray, was so deeply convicted that he came weeping, scarcely able to speak, requesting his prayers, saying, "I have been a scholar, and have preached the doctrines of grace for a long time, but I believe I have never felt the power of them in my own soul."

Before entering New York, he now set up his Ebenezer "to give God thanks for sending him to New England." "It cer-

tainly on many accounts," he says, "excels all other provinces in America, and for the establishment of religion, perhaps all other parts of the world. Every five miles you have a meeting-house and a pastor. But many, nay, most that preach, I fear, do not experimentally know Christ; yet I cannot see much worldly advantage to tempt them to take upon them the sacred office. But I think the ministers' preaching almost universally by notes is a certain mark they have, in a great measure, lost the old spirit of preaching." "It is a sad symptom of the decay of vital religion, when reading sermons became fashionable." "As for the *Universities*, I believe it may be said, their light is become darkness, darkness that may be felt and is complained of by the most godly ministers.

"Family worship, I believe, is generally kept up. The negroes, I think, are better used, both in soul and body, than in any other province I have yet seen. In short, I like New England very well."

Touching the results of Mr. Whitefield's labors in New England, Rev. Dr. Baron Stowe says, "there was a powerful revival, such as it had never before witnessed." There were at this time, not less than twenty ministers in the neighborhood of Boston who regarded Whitefield as their spiritual father. Mr. Hobby, one of these, went to church to pick a hole in Whitefield's coat, but he picked a hole in Mr. Hobby's heart. Another distinguished convert was the Rev. Daniel Emerson, who, says Mr. Belcher, "was truly a son of thunder and a flaming light." He preached fifty years with very great success at Hollis, New Hampshire. An eminent Boston minister after speaking of Whitefield's command of the hearts and affections of his hearers, says, "He has been received here as an angel of God." Another says, "He appears to be full of the love of God, and fired with an extraordinary zeal for the

cause of Christ. His head, his heart, his hands seem to be full of his Master's business." When he speaks, "every eye is fixed upon him, and every ear chained to his lips."

The eminent Dr. Thomas Prince, of Boston, says, "He spoke with a mighty sense of God, eternity, the immortality and preciousness of the souls of his hearers, of their original corruption, of the nature and absolute necessity of Regeneration by the Holy Ghost," and of justification by faith in Christ. "In short, he was *a most importunate wooer of souls*, and distinctly applied his exhortations to every class in a most winning way." "The very face of the town seemed to be strangely altered." "Even the negroes and boys in the streets surprisingly left their usual rudeness and were formed into religious societies." "To one church were added sixty, and to another one hundred and sixty communicants. One minister had 600 and another 1,000 anxious inquirers who came to them in three months anxiously inquiring what to do to be saved." And says Dr. A. Stevens, "the effects of Edwards's labors were reproduced and rendered general by Whitefield's. One hundred and twenty Congregational Churches were founded in less than twenty years, and it has been estimated that between thirty and forty thousand souls were converted."

"*Multitudes* were greatly affected, and many awakened by his lively ministry." Religion was the general theme of conversation. "On his leaving us, the effect was so deep," says one, "we had never seen anything like it before." New England had won his heart, and it was a cross for him to leave it so soon. For results in Boston, see revised journal, p. 445.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS TOUR FROM NEW ENGLAND TO GEORGIA.

AVING shot across New England like a meteor, flashing light as he went, he now strikes for "his beloved Georgia." After preaching at Rye and King's Bridge, he reached New York October 30, 1740, and preached in Mr. Pemberton's church the next evening with unusual power. Says he, "I never saw the Word of God fall with such weight in New York before. Two or three cried out. Mr. Noble could scarce refrain himself. And look where I would, many seemed deeply wounded. At night the Word was attended with still greater power." Although he had prayed earnestly for New York, yet feeling "somewhat dejected" as he approached it, "he expected but little movings there." But encouraged by his present prospects and past success there, he went forth and preached with such great power the next day that he felt "that a set time to favor New York was come."

The next Sabbath morning, November 2, "he preached with freedom and some power, but was much dejected before the evening sermon." "For near half an hour before I left Mr. Noble's house, I could only lie before the Lord, and say I was a poor sinner, and wondered that Christ would be gracious to such a wretch. As I went to meeting, I grew weaker and weaker, and when I came into the pulpit I could have chosen to be silent rather than speak. But after I had begun, the

Spirit of the Lord gave me freedom till at length it came down *like a mighty, rushing wind, and carried all before it.* Immediately the whole congregation was alarmed. Shrieking, crying, weeping and wailing were to be heard in every corner; men's heart's failing them for fear, and many falling into the arms of their friends. My own soul was carried out till I could scarce speak any more. A sense of God's goodness overwhelmed me."

In the midst of these mighty outpourings of God's Spirit, Mr. Whitefield attended the marriage of Mr. Barber and lady, "who were going as assistants to Georgia." He says, "Never did I see a more solemn wedding. Jesus Christ was called, and He was present in a remarkable manner. After Mr. Pemberton had married them, I prayed. But my soul, how was it enabled to wrestle with and lay hold on God! I was in a very great agony, and the Holy Spirit was so remarkably present, that most, I believe, could say, surely God is in this place! After this, divine manifestations flowed in so fast, that my frail tabernacle was scarce able to sustain them. My dear friends sat round me on the bed sides. I prayed for each of them alternately with strong cries, and pierced by the eye of faith even within the veil, I continued in this condition for about half an hour, astonished at my own vileness and the excellency of Christ, then rose, full of peace, and love, and joy."

"O, how am I obliged to my enemies! God has remarkably revealed Himself to my soul, ever since I have seen the pamphlet published by the Presbyterians against me."

He preached twice the next day to increased congregations with a great and gracious melting both times among the people, but no crying out. With £110 collected for the orphans, after many had bid him an affectionate farewell, he went to Staten Island and preached the next day. "One young man,

who seemed as though his very heart-strings would break, came, beseeching me to pray that he might be converted. Many wept." He went on, and after preaching, exhorted at Newark, with great power. "O how did the Word fall like a hammer and like a fire!"

A BOY "CUT TO THE HEART."

When Mr. Whitefield preached in New York with "crying, weeping, and wailing" all over the congregation, a little boy sitting on the pulpit stairs was so deeply affected, "that he could scarce stand." He cried out. When one asked him why he cried, he said, "Who can help it? *The Word cut me to the heart.*" When he preached in Baskinridge he says, "I had not discoursed long till in every part of the congregation somebody began to cry out, and almost all were melted to tears. This abated for a few moments, till a little boy about seven or eight years old, cried out very piteously, and wept as though his little heart would break. Mr. Cross, having compassion on him, took him up into the wagon, which so affected me that I broke from my discourse, and told the people that the little boy should preach to them; and, that God, since old professors would not cry after Christ, had displayed His sovereignty, and out of an infant's mouth was perfecting praise. God so blessed this, that an universal concern fell on the congregation again. Fresh persons dropped down here and there, and the cry increased more and more." Behold what great things a little boy can do!

After hearing Mr. Gilbert Tennent preach a powerful sermon at night in Mr. Cross's barn, Whitefield gave a word of exhortation with a most melting effect. "One that received Christ cried out, 'He is come! He is come!' and could scarce sustain the discovery that Jesus Christ made to his soul. The

poor creature was wrapped up in Jesus." "Others were so earnest for the discovery of the Lord Jesus to their souls, that their eager crying obliged me to stop, and I prayed over them as I saw their agonies and distress increase. At length my own soul was so full, that I retired, and was in a strong agony for some time. I wept under a deep sense of my own vileness, and the sovereignty and greatness of God's everlasting love."

Accompanied by many Christian friends, he reached Newbrunswick the next day, and put up with his dear friend Mr. G. Tennent. Here he was most rejoiced to learn through letters from Savannah of the prosperity of the orphans, and that a minister was coming over to relieve him of his charge at Savannah. After preaching in Mr. Tennent's church, and consulting with the brethren, it was agreed that Mr. Gilbert Tennent should go to Boston "to blow up the divine fire," and carry on the good work begun there. He went, and under his bold, "terrible and searching preaching, the people appeared to be much more awakened about their souls than before." "Such a time we never knew," says Prince, "and thus successfully did the divine work go on for above a year and a half after Mr. Whitefield left us."

Here, at Newbrunswick, Mr. Whitefield found a warm friend in Rev. Aaron Burr, first President of New Jersey College, who obtained for him the degree of "A. B." in 1754. Not expecting to meet again soon, they had a farewell prayer-meeting. "Many were greatly affected." They parted in tears, fully assured that great things would soon be accomplished. When about leaving he asked a woman (standing by) "whether she knew Christ?" "Yes," she said. "How long?" "Three years the third Sunday in next March." Passing on, he preached at *Trenton*, and having twice narrowly escaped drowning from high waters, he reached Philadelphia November

8th, and met with a very warm reception. He preached the next day to several thousands in the new church, one hundred by seventy feet, his friends were building for him. "God's glory filled the house both times, and the joy of most of the hearers was unspeakable." He was now so very happy that he said, "I seem to have a new body, and the Lord greatly enriches my soul. Surely our Lord intends to set America in a flame." Here he remained over a week, conversing with the awakened, preaching twice a day, and he found that "many that before were only convicted, now plainly proved that they were converted." In laboring to encourage them to *stand fast*, "many more were powerfully convicted almost every day."

A CONVERTED INFIDEL WEEPS.

Among the bright trophies of Whitefield's labors, we often find converted skeptics.

Mr. Brookden, a distinguished deist and an eminent lawyer, who had begun almost to doubt the very existence of God, persuaded by a friend, through curiosity went to hear Whitefield. He preached on Regeneration, and, says he, "I had not spoken much, before *God struck his heart.*" For said he, "I saw your doctrine tended to make people good." "His family knew nothing that he had been to hear me. After he came home, his wife, who had been at church, came in also, and wished heartily that he had heard me. He said nothing. After this, others of his family came in repeating the same wish, till at last being unable to refrain any longer, with tears in his eyes he said, 'Why, I have been hearing him;' and then expressed his approbation. Ever since he has followed on to know the Lord. Though upwards of three-score years old, he is but a little child, and often (as he told me) receives such communications from God, when he retires into the woods,

that he thinks he could die a martyr for the truth." He speaks of another, a noted, swearing sea-captain, "as great a reprobate as he ever heard of," who was converted under a sermon he preached at Pennepack. "He shows his faith by his works."

In speaking of Mrs. D., one of his former converts, now very sick, whom he was called to visit, he says, "never before did I see a soul so exult in God, and talk so feelingly of the love of Jesus. Sometimes she was so full of comfort that she could not speak. She said, 'My soul is wrapt up in the righteousness of Christ.'" He preached twice with much weeping the following Sabbath, collected £105 for the orphans, and publicly baptized five women.

Large-hearted and liberal in his views, Whitefield was very free from sectarianism. Once, when he was preaching in Philadelphia, he burst forth in a lofty strain of apostrophe, and exclaimed, "Father Abraham, who have you in heaven? Any Episcopalians?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Baptists?" "No." "Have you any Methodists, Seceders, or Independents there?" "No, no." "Why, who have you there?" "We don't know those names here. All who are here are Christians, believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the Word of His testimony."

"Much affected at parting with his dear friends in Philadelphia," although weak and "weighed down," on the 17th he sailed over the Delaware, singing by the way, and preached with an "affecting melting" at Gloucester. After a weeping farewell with his Philadelphia friends, he rode on, and preached at Greenwich to a few people, with scarce any power. "My animal spirits were almost gone, and assistance suspended."

After giving them an affecting sermon at Pilesgrove, "with his soul abundantly refreshed," he preached with great power

at Cohansie, Salem, and New Castle. At Cohansie, 'the whole congregation was greatly moved. Life and power flew all around." "Two cried out in the bitterness of their souls, after a crucified Saviour, and were scarce able to stand." With the interest increasing, accompanied with Charles Tennent, he went on to Whiteclay creek, where many thousands were waiting to hear him. Here "the melting soon began, and the power increased more and more, till the greatest part of the congregation was exceedingly moved. Several cried out in different parts, and others were wringing their hands and weeping bitterly. The stir was ten times greater than when I was here last." "At Fogg's Manor he preached to many thousands, and there was a wondrous powerful moving." At night he was "quite ill, but," he said, "inward comforts so refreshed me that I could scarce stand under it."

On Sabbath he reached Nottingham in a heavy rain, and preached in the afternoon to a large congregation, who listened very attentively, regardless of the rain. Thence he went to Bohemia, Maryland, where he preached "to about 2000 people, and had a very 'solid meeting.'" On November 25, he reached Reedy Island, and "had a blessed meeting." Here he preached daily with a deep effect to sea-captains, their crews, etc., till December 1st, when he sailed for Charleston.

Besides renewing his health during this excursion of 75 days, he preached 175 times, traveled over 800 miles and collected over £800 in stores and money for the Georgia orphans. "Never did God vouchsafe me greater comforts. Never did I perform my journey with so little fatigue, or see such a continuance of the divine presence in the congregations to which I have preached." Having touched and preached at Charleston, he reached Savannah December 14th, preached in the morning and went out to *Bethesda* in the after-

noon. Finding his orphan family comfortably settled, and rejoicing over a few conversions, he says, "My soul was so affected with a sense of God's mercies, that when I came to pray, with an old Christian in our infirmary, I was almost overwhelmed." "He enjoyed a very comfortable Christmas at Bethesda." Having arranged the affairs of the Orphan House, and appointed Mr. Barber to superintend its spiritual and Mr. Habersham its temporal affairs, he preached his farewell sermon on the 29th, bid them an affectionate farewell, and left the next day to embark for England. Leaving Savannah January 1, 1741, he reached Charleston on the 3d, and had the great pleasure of seeing his brother, who gave him much interesting news from England. Here he expounded and preached twice a day, for two weeks, to large, increased congregations, with very encouraging results. He says "I never received such generous tokens of love from any people before. They so loaded me down with sea-stores, that I sent many of them to Savannah." Here he found that while some had backslid, most all still continued steadfast. But his enemies were ready to injure him. His friend, Mr. Hugh Bryan, had written a letter in which "it was hinted that the clergy break their canons." Whitefield revised and corrected this letter for the press, and it was published while he was yet in the city. Upon Mr. Bryan's testifying to this fact, Mr. Whitefield was charged of having made and composed a false, malicious, scandalous and infamous libel against the clergy of this province, in contempt of his Majesty and his laws, and against the King's peace. "And on being summoned to appear, he went before the court, plead guilty of the charge, and gave security to appear by his attorney at the next court, under the penalty of £100 proclamation money." "Blessed be God," he said, "for this further honor. My soul rejoices in it." He

thought this was persecution for righteousness' sake, and said, "Oh! how gently does the Lord deal with me!"

He preached the next day on Herod's strategem to kill Christ, and "endeavored to show how dreadful it was to persecute under a pretense of religion."

Having sojourned about sixteen months in America, after giving them an affectionate farewell sermon in Charleston, he sailed for London.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS SEPARATION FROM WESLEY.

AVING established his Orphan House, revived the American churches, and "the revivalists of Northampton," the bold evangelist again bids farewell to America, and sails for England.

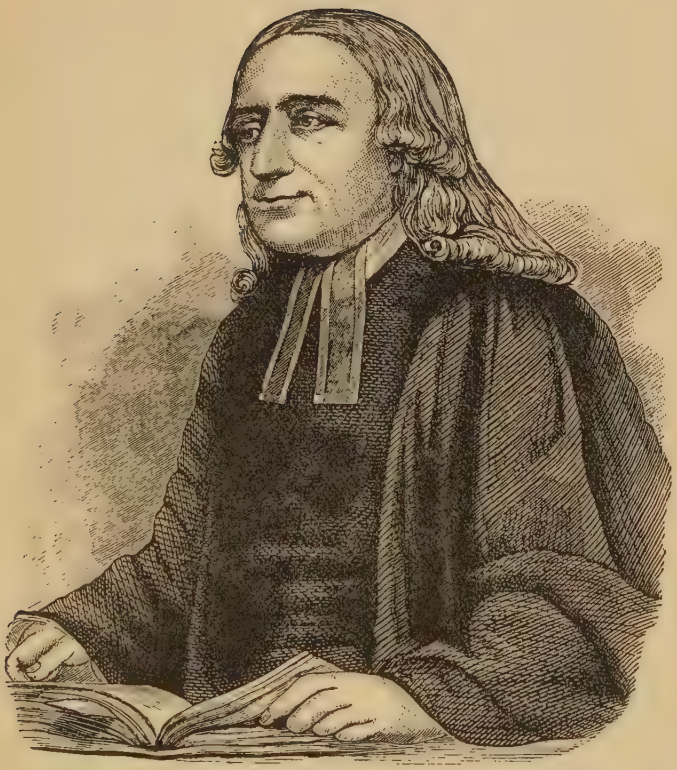
Leaving Charleston January 16, 1741, on the "Minerva," after a pleasant voyage, he reached Falmouth, March 11th; and knowing that trouble was brewing, he hurried on to London and preached on Kennington Common the following Sabbath. But oh, what a trying seene rose before him! Satan had made havoc of his societies, and the spirit of discord had grown so rife among them, that the rent made was long and deep. "The plague" (as Mr. Cennick called it), had spread so wide that he urged Whitefield to hasten on home *to stay it.*" Where he formerly preached to twenty or thirty thousand, now he had "not above a hundred." With "very many of my spiritual children, who, at my last departure from England, would have plucked out their own eyes to have given me, are now so prejudiced by the dear Messrs. Wesleys dressing up the doctrine of election in such horrible colors, that they will neither hear, see, nor give me the least assistance." He says, "I had the mortification of seeing numbers of them running by me while preaching, disdaining so much as to *look* at me, and some of them putting their fingers in their ears, that they might not hear one word I said." "As for the people of the

world, they are so embittered by my injudicious and too severe expressions against Archbishop Tillotson and Mr. Venn, that they fly from me as from a viper; and what is most cutting of all, I am now constrained, on account of our differing in principles, publicly to separate from my dear, dear old friends, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, whom I still love as my own soul. I am cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair." Adding to this heavy burden was his large indebtedness, and an orphan family of near 100 to maintain at Bethesda, without the least fund to do it with. Without possessing $100 in the world, and owing near £1,500 for the Orphan House, he was threatened to be arrested for debt. Thus, forsaken by his friends, abandoned by his congregations, maligned by his enemies, and opposed by John Wesley and Charles, to his tender soul the scene was most heart-rending. His very heart bled over it. With all his work to begin again, he says, "Great perils await me." Yet with his Christ-like courage and martyr spirit, none of these things moved him. Despairing nothing and fired with the Holy Ghost, with a full confidence "that Jesus Christ would send His angel and roll away every stone of difficulty," he went forth, met the cries, conquered the opposition and achieved a glorious victory.

Although Whitefield and Wesley were brought up in the same church and belonged to the same "Holy Club" at Oxford, yet somehow or other they had imbibed different doctrines. Whitefield was a thorough Calvinist, and Wesley was a strong Arminian. For a while they co-operated and worked well together; but as they advanced and became more matured in their theological views, they began to diverge. Whitefield said, "He had his doctrines from Christ and His

apostles—I was taught them of God." Wesley was taught his by his mother. With his Arminian views being more generally divulged in England while Whitefield was in America, and knowing that his old friend and disciple stood at the opposite pole of Calvinistic predestination and decrees, from a sense of duty, Wesley wrote to him on these subjects, earnestly desiring to avoid all disputes. Whereupon Whitefield replied—"My honored friend and brother, for once hearken to a child who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations, wherein we differ. The doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of the saints, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last. You think otherwise. Why then should we dispute, when there is no probability of convincing? Let us offer salvation freely to all by the blood of Jesus; and whatever light God has communicated to us, let us freely communicate to others. I never expect to enter the lists of controversy with you on the points wherein we differ. Only I pray to God, that the more you judge me, the more I may love you, and learn to desire no one's approbation but that of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

While these sentiments do honor to Whitefield, he soon began to see that fidelity to the truth would require him to overstep the courtesies of private friendship. Being more confirmed in his Calvinistic views, Whitefield soon followed this letter with another, expressing his dread to return to England or Wesley's coming to America, unless he would have less controversy. He says to Wesley, "I dread your coming to America, because God's work is carried on here in a most glorious manner, by doctrines quite opposite to those you hold.



JOHN WESLEY.

At present I think you are entirely inconsistent with yourself, and therefore do not blame me if I do not approve of all you say. God himself, I find, teaches my friends the doctrine of election." Wesley received this letter kindly and thanked him for it and said, "The case is quite plain, there are bigots both for predestination and against it. God is sending a message to those on either side, but neither will receive it, unless from one who is of their own opinion. Therefore, for a time, you are suffered to be of one opinion and I of another. But when His time is come, God will make us both of one mind." Soon after this Whitefield wrote to a friend in England, "For Christ's sake, desire brother Wesley to avoid disputing with me. I think I had rather die than see a division between us; and yet how can we walk together if we oppose each other." "For Christ's sake, if possible, never speak against election in your sermons." Yet while Whitefield from America was thus laboring hard to prevent a separation, some of the Calvinistic Friends in England were urging it on. Charged by a correspondent with not preaching the gospel, because he did not preach the doctrine of election, without even consulting with his friends or considering the propriety of engaging in such a controversy, Wesley "drew a lot for his direction, and the lot was, '*preach and print.*'" Whereupon he preached a "most impassioned" sermon against election and predestination from Romans viii. 32, and printed it. At Whitefield's request, who was then in England, its publication was for a while deferred, but after his departure for America it was soon scattered broadcast. In speaking of the sermon, Whitefield says, "I find it has had its expected success; it has set the nation a-disputing." Whitefield expostulated with Wesley for printing this sermon. Yet Rev. Mr. Tyerman, in his "Life of Wesley" says, "In some respects it was the most

important sermon Wesley ever issued." It led to the formation of the Calvinistic Methodists and the separation of Whitefield and Wesley, "which, prospectively viewed," says Mr. Tyerman, "was really one of the greatest events of the religion of the age."

Whitefield received a copy of the sermon at Bethesda, and in replying to it he said to Wesley, "Had not your name, dear sir, been prefixed to it, I could not have been so uncharitable as to think you were the author of such sophistry." Thus Wesley had begun the discussion, but Whitefield apparently assuming a tone of authority, said to him, "Give me leave with all humility to exhort you not to be strenuous in opposing the doctrines of election and final perseverance, when, by your own confession, you have not the witness of the Spirit within yourself, and, consequently, are not a proper judge. I am assured God has now for some years given this living witness in my soul." With all these trials, Whitefield enjoyed much of the Saviour's presence. At one time he says, "I feel His blessed Spirit daily filling my soul and body, as plain as I feel the air which I breathe, or the food which I eat." Again he says, "I have now such large incomes from above and such precious communications from our dear Lord Jesus, that my body sometimes can scarcely sustain them." "I often sit in silence, offering my soul as so much clay, to be stamped just as my heavenly Potter pleases: and while I am musing, I am often filled, as it were, with the fullness of God. I am frequently at Calvary, and frequently on Mount Tabor, but always assured of my Lord's everlasting love. Our dear Lord sweetly fills me with His presence. My heaven is begun indeed. I feast on the fatted calf." These sweet foretastes of heaven led Whitefield to contemplate with great satisfaction the prospect of persecution and martyrdom. He says, "My

trials are yet to come." "The time of temptation will be when we are thrust into an inner prison and feel the iron entering even into our souls. But if Thou, O dearest Redeemer, wilt strengthen me in the inner man, let enemies plunge me into a fiery furnace or throw me into a den of lions." "For faith in Jesus turns a prison into a palace, and makes a bed of flame become a bed of down." "Let us suffer for Jesus with a cheerful heart! His love will sweeten every cup, though ever so bitter. A scene of suffering lies before us. Who knows but we may wade to our Saviour through a sea of blood? I expect to die for His great name's sake. 'Twill be sweet to wear a martyr's crown." Yet, still striving to prevent a disunion, and opposing Wesley's Arminian doctrines, Whitefield now wrote him the following pointed letter:

BOSTON, *September 28, 1740.*

DEAR BROTHER WESLEY:—What mean you by disputing in all your letters? May God give you to know yourself, and then you will not plead for *absolute perfection;* or call the doctrine of election a "doctrine of devils." My dear brother, take heed; see you are in Christ a new creature. Beware of a false peace; strive to enter in at the strait gate; and give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Remember you are but a babe in Christ, if so much. Let God teach you, and He will lead you into all truth. I love you heartily; I pray you may be kept from error, both in principle and practice. Salute all the brethren. If you must dispute, stay till you are master of your subject; otherwise you will hurt the cause you would defend. Study to adorn the gospel of our Lord in all things; and forget not to pray for

Your affectionate friend and servant,
GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Again, he says to Wesley, "Why will you dispute? I am willing to go with you to prison and to death, but I am not willing to oppose you. O, that there may be harmony and very intimate union between us. My dear brother, for Christ's sake, avoid all disputation. Do not oblige me to preach against you; I had rather die."

Yet, constrained by a sense of duty to God, the Church, and his own followers, Whitefield now reluctantly took up the pen to write against Wesley. His Boston letter to Wesley, of September 25, 1740, expostulating with him both about the matter and publication of his "obnoxious" anti-calvinistic sermon on free grace, was published by his London friends, without either his or Wesley's permission, and scattered through Wesley's congregation at the Foundry. "Wesley, holding one in his hand, stated to the congregation the fact of its surreptitious publication," and saying, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself," he tore it in pieces. "Every person present followed his example." We don't believe Whitefield would have done any such thing.

Dreading the impending collision, while sailing home on the troubled ocean, after publishing his reply to Wesley's "obnox ious" sermon on free grace, Whitefield exclaimed to him, "O my dear brethren, my heart almost bleeds within me! Methinks I could be willing to tarry here on the waters forever, rather than come to England to oppose you." Yet feeling that the doctrinal chasm had now become so wide, he thought a separation almost inevitable. And having fasted and prayed and besought the Wesleys to pray for him, he was so much strengthened that he was enabled to say, "*The Lord is girding me for the battle.*" Under this state of feeling he reached Lon don, where he found his special friend, Charles Wesley. After an affectionate interview with him, he said "It would have melted any heart, to have heard us weeping after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented." And standing among the scenes of his former success and glory, "Old feelings of respect and love revived with so much strength in his heart, that he then felt that he could never preach against the Wesleys. Yet tried by the folly of Wesley's adherents and by

the treachery of his own, when Wesley went to him in London to see if the breach could not yet be healed, the matter had gone so far that "Whitefield honestly told him that they preached two different gospels, and therefore, he would not join with him, but would publicly preach against him wherever he preached at all." (Gillies.) Thus the unhappy breach between these two earnest Christian workers was consummated.

And while Whitefield lays the blame of the rupture upon Wesley, Wesley lays it upon Whitefield, and says, "It lay in his power to have prevented all."

"A like scene," he says, "opened at Bristol, where he was denied preaching in the house he had founded. Busy-bodies on both sides blew up the coals and a breach ensued, which resulted in the erection of a new house and a Calvinistic school in Kingswood. Here and at other places, Whitefield, Mr. Cennick, and other lay-preachers, preached to large and deeply-affected congregations.

Having stood "the fiery trial" of separation, with his scattered sheep roving around him, he now sets in to gather them back to the old fold. But confronted with a bitter prejudice and a strong opposition, for a while he had but little success; yet with his torrents of eloquence and indomitable perseverance these obstacles soon gave way, and "the affrighted sheep" soon came flocking home. Commencing preaching again in his old field pulpits, although at first he had but 200 or 300 hearers, his congregation soon swelled to many thousands.

In this trying hour he was very much encouraged in reading Beza's Life of Calvin, where he saw "Calvin is turned out of Geneva, but behold a new church arises." Pressed by the exigency of the case, he tried a new project and commenced preaching in Moorfields on week days. It was a new thing, "but in the strength of God," he says, "I began on Good

Friday, preaching twice a day under a tree. But," he says, "I had the mortification of seeing numbers of my spiritual children running by me while preaching, disdaining so much as to look at me, and some of them putting their fingers in their ears, that they might not hear a word I said." "But his congregations at Moorfields and Kennington Common on Sundays were now as large as usual."

Finding it inconvenient to preach twice a day out doors, his friends leased a lot and erected a *temporary shed*, called the *Tabernacle*, to screen the people from the cold and rain. He disliked their building it so near the *Foundry*, because it looked like erecting altar against altar, but in this case, he says, "all was wonderfully overruled for good and the furtherance of the gospel." "A fresh awakening immediately began." Congregations grew exceedingly large, and at the people's request, he sent for Messrs. Cennick, Harris and other lay-preachers, to assist him. With new fields now opening before him, he received many invitations where he had never been before. At Braintree, in Essex, he had a congregation of upwards of ten thousand. "At Halstead, Dedham, Weathersfield, Colchester, Bury and Ipswick, the congregations were very large and much affected." At Bristol, where he found "sad tares had been sown and most monstrous doctrines propagated," he continued to preach twice a day to large congregations with great power. Encouraged with his big congregations and large fields everywhere white, ready for the harvest, he says, "God enables me to fight my way through" and "causes me to triumph in every place." "*The farther we go in the spiritual life, the more cool and rational shall we be, and yet more truly zealous.* I speak this from experience." During a great awakening in Wiltshire, although "he never was more embarrassed as to outward things," yet he says, "My soul is

kept in peace and sweetness." "All is ordered for the good of the church by the Lord Jesus. Let us keep close to Him, for in this trying time, we shall find He has but few, very few, true followers." Having spent about a month at Bristol, he returned to London the first of June, very much encouraged. Here he says, "Jesus rides on from conquering to conquer," and with "conversion work going on," "outward enemies were now more quiet." And encouraged with his great liberties in preaching to very large and solemn congregations, he says, "Let us not fear," "Jesus Christ giveth us the victory over all."

On his return to England he was threatened to be arrested for some £300 due against him for the Orphan House, in Georgia. "This," he says, "drove me to my knees. God gave me to wrestle with strong crying and tears, both before and after I went to bed. Having, as I thought, a full assurance of immediate help from some quarter, I went to sleep most comfortably." A kind lady sent him what he wanted the next day. Filled with gratitude for His goodness, he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" Now, with "many pricked to the heart" in London, and with the heat of the battle pretty well over, "the work here, blessed be God, goes on sweetly." "All things happen to the furtherance of the Gospel." Besides all his other herculean labors, Whitefield kept up a very extensive correspondence. Doubtless he wrote more religious and friendship letters than any other man. His works contain about 1500 of his letters. They are all as rich as cream. In writing to a discouraged brother, he says, "We are apt to place our happiness in places, and often think we don't please God, because we do not please ourselves. But I find the fault is in the *heart, not the place.*" For, "surely, if I did not stand up for free distinguishing grace, the very stones would cry out against

me." "The gospel runs and is glorified." "New England is in a holy flame." And "I hope the dear Lord Jesus will set the whole world in a flame."

He now succeeded so well in *going about* doing good, that he says, "God lets me see more and more that *I must evangelize.* I have no freedom, but in going about to all denominations. I cannot join with any one, so as to be fixed in any particular place. Every one hath his proper gift. *Field-preaching* is my plan. In this I am carried on as on eagles' wings. God makes way, and gives me great access everywhere." On returning from an extensive rural excursion, he says, "God has mightily blessed my journey in the country." Thousands and tens of thousands flocked to hear him and gave him near £180 for the Orphan House. Having thus gathered his scattered sheep, and restored Israel, he says, "How good is the blessed Saviour to me, the chief of sinners!" His power has attended me lately, more than ever before in England." He never saw the like in London before. "A mighty power almost continually accompanied the Word." Yet, with all the arduous labor he performed, and the severe reproach he endured in his Master's cause, he says, "I am ashamed to think how little I do and suffer for Him." "O, free grace! sovereign and elective love! how sweet to the soul, who really feels the power of it!" Although Whitefield and Wesley held to different creeds, and preached different doctrines,* yet, both laboring for the glory

*JOHN WESLEY'S CALVINISM.

"Having a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield," says Wesley, "I wrote down my sentiments as plain as I could, in the following terms:

"There are three points in debate: 1. Unconditional election. 2. Irresistible grace. 3. Final perseverance.

"With regard to the *First*, unconditional election, I believe, That God, before the foundation of the world, did unconditionally elect certain persons to do certain works, as Paul to preach the Gospel.

of the same common Lord, "they were kept from anathematizing each other." With the old fires of Christian love and friendship still burning within them, their separation was of short duration. Through the mediation of their common, warm-hearted friend, Howell Harris, a reconciliation was soon effected. Confessing his sorrow, and asking Wesley's pardon for revealing the secret of his casting lots, Whitefield said, in a letter to him the following October, "I find I love you as much as ever, and pray God, if it be His blessed will, that we may all be united together. May all disputings cease, and each of us talk of nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Shortly after, Wesley wrote to Whitefield, and said, "Let old things pass away, and all things become new, and let controversy die." To which Whitefield said, "Amen." And thanking Wesley for praying for him, Whitefield prayed, "O that nothing but love, lowliness and simplicity may be among us. Let us bear with, and forbear one another in love." Having now passed cordial letters, held brotherly meetings, and exchanged pulpits with Mr. Wesley, Whitefield subscribed himself, "Your most affectionate brother, G. W."

Though thus united in heart and aim, yet differing in doctrines and plans, each one "pursued his own separate course." And thus "by separating from different batteries," no doubt

"That He has unconditionally elected some persons to many peculiar advantages.

"And I do not deny (though I cannot prove it is so) that He has unconditionally elected some persons, thence eminently styled 'the elect,' to eternal glory.

"With regard to the *Second*, irresistible grace, I believe that the grace which brings faith, and thereby salvation, into the soul, is irresistible at that moment.

"With regard to the *Third*, final perseverance, I believe that there is a state attainable in this life, from which a man cannot finally fall.

"That he has attained this who is, according to St. Paul's account, 'a new creature;' that is, who can say, Old things are passed away; all things 'in me' are become new. And I do not deny that all those eminently styled 'the elect,' will infallibly persevere to the end."—*Wesley's Works, Vol.* vii., *pp. 480–81. Published by Carlton & Phillips, New York. 1853.*

they were made more successful in winning souls to Christ. For, says Dr. Phillips, "It was a happy thing for the world and the Church, that they were not of one opinion: for had they united in either extreme, truth would have made less progress. It was well, therefore, that they modified each other: for they were 'two suns,' which could not have fixed in one meridian, without setting on fire the whole course of sound theology."

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

ITH his buoyant soul, towering faith, and daring courage, Whitefield could not be kept down. Rising out of the lowering cloud that gathered around him in England, and urged by many pressing invitations, he sailed for Scotland, July 25, 1741. After a pleasant voyage of five days, he reached Edinburgh on the 30th, and was most gladly received by many distinguished citizens. Coming with his lofty prestige, there was much anxiety as to where he should preach *first*. The Edinburgh people were very anxious to have him preach there immediately, but as the Erskines had been praying for him for years, and as they had first invited him to Scotland, he says, "I was determined to give them the first offer of my poor ministrations." Accordingly, he went, the next day, to Dumfermline, to see, and to preach for, Mr. Ralph Erskine. "He received him very lovingly." Upon a short notice he preached for him to an immense congregation; and when he gave out his text, "the *rustling*, made by opening so many Bibles all at once, very much surprised him." He had never seen the like before. No sooner had the Seceders got hold of Whitefield, than they began to contrive to win him over to their party. After sermon they entertained him with accounts of their success. One told him "that at one of their late meetings, a woman was so deeply affected, that she was obliged to stop her

mouth with a handkerchief to keep herself from crying out." "They urged a longer stay in order to converse more closely, and set him right about church government, and the Solemn League and Covenant." But he told them that he had agreed to preach in Edinburgh the next day, but at their request he would return in a few days and meet the Associate Presbytery at Mr. Erskine's. Agreeing to this, accompanied by Mr. Erskine, he went the next day and preached in Edinburgh, in the Orphan House Park, on Rom. xiv. 17, to a very large and deeply affected congregation. After sermon many, with some of the nobility, came to salute him; among whom was an intelligent Quaker, who, taking him by the hand, said, "Friend *George*, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the everlasting God: and, therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."

On the following Sabbath evening he preached again in the same place to over 15,000; and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings to nearly as many very deeply impressed hearers. According to promise, after preaching at Canongate church, he returned to Dumfermline to meet the Associate Presbytery. With seven ministers and two elders, he pronounced them "a set of grave venerable men!" Upon his entering they soon proposed to elect a moderator and proceed to business. "What business?" he enquired. They answered, "To discourse and set him right about church government, and the Solemn League and Covenant." He replied, they might save themselves that trouble, for he had no scruples about it; and that settling church government and preaching about the Solemn League and Covenant was not his plan.

After an interchange of views, and Whitefield had told them that he had never closely studied the Solemn League and Cov

enant, being engaged, he thought about matters of more importance, they told him "that *every pin* of the tabernacle was precious." To which he said in every building there were outside and inside workmen; that the latter, at present, was his province; that if they thought themselves called to the former, they might proceed in their own way, and he would in his. He asked them what they would have him do? They said, "Preach only for them." He asked, "Why only for them?" Mr. R. Erskine said, "We are the Lord's people." "He then asked, were no others the Lord's people but themselves? If not, and if others were the devil's people, they had more need to be preached to; and that if the *Pope himself* would lend him his pulpit, he would gladly proclaim in it the righteousness of Jesus Christ." They did not wish him to labor in the church from which they had seceded, saying, "*God had left it.*" "Then," said he, "it is the more necessary for me to preach in it, to endeavor to bring Him back."

But as Whitefield had been the instrument in winning so many souls in England and America, Mr. Erskine urged that he should go and gather them into churches, establish Presbyteries, ordain elders and take care of them. "Unto all of which Mr. Whitefield replied, that he reckoned it his present duty to go on in preaching the Gospel, without proceeding to any *such* work." He says, "I never met with such narrow spirits." They were "so confined that they wlll not so much as hear me preach, unless I only will join with them." Refusing to shackle himself with their narrow platform and "chain of exclusiveness," he says, "I thought their foundation was too narrow for any high house to be built upon." Having thus found that their views of church government were too narrow for him, and his too wide for them, the Conference resulted, he says, in "*an open breach.*" It so grieved his tender heart that

he says, "I could scarce refrain from bursting into a flood of tears. I retired, I wept, I prayed, and after preaching in the fields, sat down and dined with them and then took my final leave. I think I have now seen an end of all perfection. Thus was I called to make another sacrifice of my affections."

After preaching at Innerkeithing and Queensferry, he returned to Edinburgh, where they were waiting with much anxiety to hear the results of the conference. Received with open arms and open hearts, he continued to preach there to vast crowds, two or three times a day for some weeks. The churches being too small, he generally preached in the Orphan House Park, where, says Dr. Philip, "he revived the scenes of Moorfields and Blackheath." Persons of all ranks, high and low, flocked to hear him. On August 15, 1741, he wrote to a friend (from Edinburgh) saying, "It would make your heart leap for joy, to be now in Edinburgh. I question if there be not upwards of three hundred in this city *seeking after Jesus.* Every morning I have a constant levee of wounded souls, many of whom are quite slain by the law. Many come to me daily crying out, What shall I do to be saved? O, my dear brother, I am quite amazed when I think what God has done here in two weeks. My printed journals and sermons have been blessed in an uncommon manner. I am only afraid lest the people will idolize the instruments, and not look enough to Jesus. Never did I see so many Bibles and people looking into them." "At Crief they had a most precious meeting." And at Gallashiels, he says "Everywhere Jesus Christ is getting Himself the the victory." When he preached in the Hospital Park to the children of Edinburgh, the congregation numbered near 20,000. Many of them were deeply convicted. Here they raised him £500 in money and goods for his orphans. Sometimes the contributions were so liberal that some feared he would impoverish

the country. A private contribution was proposed for himself; but he refused it, saying, "I MAKE NO PURSE." "What I have, I give away." "Poor, yet making many rich, shall be my motto still."

As the magistrates refused him the church-yard to preach in at Aberdeen, when he first went there, "things looked a little gloomy." But after preaching a few times the congregations were so large, and the effect so deep, "that *light and life fled all around.*" All opposition ceased, and with many under deep conviction, "all was hushed! and more than solemn." (W.) "Where things appeared most unlikely some time ago, now Christ is riding in triumph, going forth conquering and to conquer."

He enjoyed so much of God's presence, and such a gushing flow of warm friendship in Edinburgh, that he says, "I scarce have known whether I have been in or out of the body." "Night and day Jesus fills me with His love." "The love of Christ quite strikes me dumb." "I walk continually in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." "The sight I have of God by faith, ravishes my soul." "Carried on from conquering to conquer," he says, "Jesus causes me to triumph in every place." In September he went to *Glasgow* and preached ten sermons, with about fifty hopeful conversions. Many others were very deeply impressed. "Not satisfied with hearing, each sermon was printed by itself, and put immediately into circulation." With large congregations the contributions for Georgia were very liberal. "With great regret he left Glasgow, to be received with great joy at Edinburgh." Just before he left Scotland, he says, "To-day," October 27, (1741,) "Jesus has enabled me to preach *seven times*" in Edinburgh. "Yet I am now as fresh as when I arose in the morning. The Lord is doing very great things here. His presence

was very wonderful. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down like a mighty rushing wind. The mourning of the people was like the weeping in the valley of Hadadrimmon." "The girls and boys in the Hospital were exceedingly affected." When he preached in the "Old People's Hospital," "all the congregation were so moved, that very few, if any, could refrain from crying out." One young gentleman, when tempted to think that he was seeking an imaginary refuge instead of the Saviour, "was made to cry out in prayer, Lord, I want nothing else, and will have nothing short of the very Christ of God."

Touching the results of his first visit to Edinburgh, he says, "Glory be to God, He is doing great things here." An Edinburgh minister says, "New meetings for prayer and conference are erecting everywhere." There were then twenty-five or thirty of them. Among them were several meetings of boys and girls. Even the young women had their prayer-meetings. At one of which they were "all wet with floods of tears, melted down with love to Christ and affection to one another for Christ's sake." Dr. Muir says, "It is most amazing to see what progress they made in Christian knowledge. The young converts were very active in striving to win souls. With so many conversions and awakenings, together with the very deep general interest awakened, Whitefield says, "The good that has been done, is inexpressible." Even "the hearts of his enemies were melted down by his preaching." "He made such bold attacks upon Satan's kingdom," that Rev. Willison, of Dundee, says it is rare to see such "*a flaming fire for God.*" His success here was so great, says Dr. Philip, that "Next to Knox, Whitefield deserves a monument on Colton Hill, as the second reformer of the metropolis." He left Scotland October 28, 1741, for Abergavenny in Wales.

CHAPTER XX.

HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BURDENED with the cares of the Orphan House, and "believing it to be God's will that he should marry," Whitefield now began to look out for a wife. His manner of courting and views about getting married were very peculiar. With his strong faith, after much earnest prayer for direction, he left it all to the Lord, and said, "I would not marry but *for* Him and *in Him*, for ten thousand worlds." He courted by letter, and, trusting in the Lord for direction, he "popped the question" the first letter. "Yet being," he says, "free from that foolish passion the world calls love," he was prepared for a refusal.

He first picked on Miss E—— D——, whom he sometimes thought would be his wife, as "she had often been impressed upon his heart." He therefore wrote to her parents, to know whether they thought she would suit him, and, if so, "would they be pleased to give him leave to propose marriage to her;" stating that they need not be afraid of sending a refusal, as that "would fully convince him that she was not the person appointed by God for him." To cut the matter short, he enclosed a letter to the daughter in the one to the parents, requesting them, after praying over the matter, to deliver it to her if they approved of the proposition; if not, to say nothing

about it. Whether they handed over the letter we know not; "he received no favorable answer" (Dr. Wakely). But it is a wonderful letter. It is no wonder it proved a failure. Whitefield, though so very skillful in winning souls to God, seems very awkward when he comes to win a woman's heart.

HIS FIRST LOVE LETTER.

On Board the Susquehanna, April 4th, 1740.

To Miss E——

Be not surprised at the contents of this: The letter sent to your honored father and mother will acquaint you with the reasons. Do you think you could undergo the fatigues that must necessarily attend being joined to one, who is every day liable to be called out to suffer for the sake of JESUS CHRIST? Can you bear to leave your father and kindred's house, and trust on Him (who feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him) for your own and children's support, suppose it should please Him to bless you with any? Can you undertake to help a husband in the charge of a family, consisting of perhaps a hundred persons? Can you bear the inclemency of the air, both as to cold and heat, in a foreign climate? Can you, when you have a husband, be as though you had none, and willingly part with him, even for a long season, when his Lord and Master shall call him forth to preach the Gospel, and command him to leave you behind? If, after seeking to God for direction, and searching your heart, you can say, "I can do all those things, through Christ strengthening me," what if you and I were joined together in the Lord, and you came with me at my return from England, to be a help-meet for me in the management of the Orphan House? I have great reason to believe it is the divine will that I should alter my condition, and often thought you were the person appointed for me. I shall wait on God for direction, and heartily entreat him, that if this motion be not of Him, it may come to naught. I write thus plainly because, I trust, I write not from any other principles but the love of God. I shall make it my business to call upon the LORD JESUS, and would advise you to consult both Him and your friends. For in order to obtain a blessing, we should call both the LORD JESUS and His disciples to the marriage. I much like the manner of *Isaac's* marrying with Rebekah, and think no marriage can succeed well, unless both parties concerned are like-minded with Tobias and his wife. I think I can call the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to witness that I desire "to take you, my sister, to wife, not for lust, but uprightly;" and therefore I hope He will mercifully ordain, if it be His blessed will we should be joined together, that we may

walk as Zachary and Elizabeth did, in all the ordinances of the LORD blameless. I make no great profession to you, because I believe you think me sincere. The passionate expressions which carnal courtiers use, I think, ought to be avoided by those that would marry in the LORD. I can only promise, by the help of GOD, to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I can towards helping you on in the great work of your salvation. If you think marriage will be any way prejudicial to your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial. I would not be a snare to you for the world. You need not be afraid of speaking your mind. I trust I love you only for GOD, and desire to be joined to you only by His command, and for His sake. With fear and much trembling I write, and shall patiently tarry the Lord's leisure, till He is pleased to incline you, dear Miss E——, to send an answer to Your affectionate brother, friend and servant in CHRIST,

G. W.

This letter was written while he was sailing from Savannah, Georgia, to Philadelphia. Here it will be seen at once that Mr. Whitefield, with his characteristic simplicity and open-heartedness, comes directly to the point and begins his wooing work by asking the young lady a great many very hard questions. But in a few months he found out that "she was in a *seeking state only*." "Surely that will not do," he said; "I would have one that is full of faith and the Holy Ghost. *I want a gracious woman, that is dead to everything but Jesus*, and is qualified to govern children." Although disappointed in his first choice, Whitefield did not give up the pursuit. But, like Washington and Wesley, he married a widow. Passing over into Wales, without giving us any further account of his courtship, upon reaching Abergavenny, November 10th, 1741, he was married "in the fear of the Lord," the next day, to Mrs. Elizabeth James, a widow of thirty-six years old. Her maiden name was Burnell. He says she was "neither rich in fortune nor beautiful in person, but, I believe, a true child of God, and would not, I think, attempt to hinder me in my work for the world." "She had been a housekeeper for many years." "Once gay, but, for three years last past, a despised fol-

lower of the Lamb of God." She seems to have been quite a heroine. While Mr. Whitefield was preaching one day, when he apprehended great danger from the pelting stones of a furious mob, she plucked his gown and said, "Now, George, *play the man for God.*" This so inspired him with fresh courage and strength that he preached with such great power that the enemy fled, "and victory was proclaimed on the Lord's side." Again, when they were sailing for America, when their ship, the Wilmington, was about to be attacked by an enemy's vessel, she, Mrs. W., after preparing herself for the worst, fell to making cartridges for the sailors, "while her husband wanted to go into the hold of the ship, hearing that was the usual place for the chaplain."

HIS DOMESTIC LIFE.

Although Dr. Southey says "Whitefield's marriage was not a happy one," and although his friend, Cornelius Winter, says that Whitefield "was not happy in his wife," yet says Rev. Dr. Wakely, "this appears to be a mistake," for "he speaks of her in the most endearing manner;" repeatedly calling her, "My dear wife," "My dear love," etc. "We lead a moving life, but I trust we move heavenward. We are more than happy. We go on like two happy pilgrims."

Being advised to take his wife out into the air, Mr. Whitefield says, "I drove her as well as myself, through inadvertence, into a ditch. Finding that we were falling, she put her hand across the chaise, and thereby preserved us both from being thrown out. The ditch was about fourteen feet deep, but blessed be God, though all that saw us falling, cried out, 'They are killed!' yet, through infinite mercy, we received no great hurt. The place was very narrow near the bottom, and yet the horse went down as though let down by a pulley. A by

stander ran down and catched hold of its head, to prevent its going forward. I got upon its back and was drawn out by a long whip; whilst my wife, hanging between the chaise and the bank, was pulled up on the other side by two or three kind assistants. Being both in a comfortable frame, I must own, to my shame, that I felt rather regret than thankfulness in escaping what I thought would be a kind of a translation to our wished-for haven. But O, amazing love! we were so strengthened, that the chaise and horse being taken up, and our bruises being washed with vinegar in a neighboring house, we went on our intended way, and came home rejoicing in GOD our Saviour." Their first child was born about a month after.

Mr. Whitefield did not allow getting married to interrupt his work. No; without any bridal tour, with Mrs. Whitefield to help him, he went "right on" with it. Writing from Abergavenny the next week after his marriage, he says, "God has been pleased to work by my hands since I have been in Wales." And enjoying so much of His presence, he exclaimed, "O stupendous love! O infinitely condescending God!" "He has begun and will carry on a work here, which will make the ears of His enemies tingle."

Whitefield was so earnestly engaged in his Master's work that when once called to speak of his family, he exclaimed, "But why talk of my wife and little one? Let all be absorbed in the thoughts of the love, sufferings, free and full salvation of the infinitely great and glorious Emmanuel." He did not even take time to be at home when their first child was born.

After preaching to many thousands in the street of some neighboring town, upon retiring to his lodgings, October 5, 1743, he says, "News was brought to me that the Lord had given me a son. This hastened me up to London, where the child was born. It was born in a room," Whitefield says,

"which the master of the house had prepared *as a prison for his wife*, for coming to hear me. With joy would she often look upon the bars and staples and chains which were fixed in order to keep her in." About a week after his birth, I publicly baptized him in the tabernacle, and in the company of thousands, solemnly gave him up to that GOD who gave him to me."

They first went to keeping house in London, near Moorfields. They were then so poor they had to borrow furniture. To lessen expenses they soon moved to Abergavenny. On their way thither their dear little son died very suddenly in Gloucester, in the Bell Inn, where the father was born. On reaching the house without knowing what had happened, Mr. Whitefield inquired for the mother and child. On hearing the child was dead, he immediately called all to join him in prayer. He thanked God for giving him a son, continuing him with him so long, and taking him away so soon. All desired that Mr. Whitefield "would decline preaching" till the child was buried; but remembering a saying of good Mr. Henry, "That weeping must not hinder sowing," he went on and preached twice the next day, and also the day following. He says his text "All things work together for good to them that love God," "made me as willing to go to my son's funeral, as to hear of his birth." "Our parting from him was solemn. We kneeled down, prayed and shed many tears, but I hope tears of resignation. And as he died in the house wherein I was born, he was taken and laid in the church where I was baptized, first communicated and first preached." Dying February 8, 1744, he was about four months old.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHITEFIELD'S PITCHED BATTLE WITH SATAN.

BEFORE recording the great battle, we give a few more skirmishes. Warmed with "the Welsh fire," one week after he was married, leaving his wife behind, he passed over into England, and preached in Bristol with great power for several successive days. Here he electrified the people and greatly revived the churches. He was now so much renewed in strength that he says, "I think my soul is more intimately united to Jesus Christ than ever." For "I think I can say He brings me nearer and nearer to Himself daily." "Sometimes I have scarce known whether I have been in the body or out of it." By the time he reached London, "he felt God's power more than ever," and prayed, "*O that His whole mind was in me.*"

Mr. Whitefield now had frequent correspondence with the English and Scotch nobility. Not being afraid nor ashamed to speak to them about religion, he often tenderly exhorted them to self-examination, watchfulness and prayer, and prayed earnestly for their salvation. To the Earl of Loudon, he said, "I wish above all things, that your soul may prosper. Your lordship has now entered on the field of battle. *Go on*—though faint, still pursue, despairing nothing."

He reached London early in December, and was glad to find the Societies progressing so well. "Here the work of

God advances greatly." After transacting his business in London he went over to Gloucester, and preached twice a day for several days with great success. About Christmas he returned to Abergavenny and found Mrs. Whitefield "quite well." Having arranged to move her to London, he returned to Bristol, where he preached twice a day for some four weeks with great power. Here he says, "God attends me with His mighty power," and "the churches grow and increase daily." With his pen dipped in the blood of Jesus, his letters now glow with love and fire. Exclaiming, "O, that I was a flame of fire!" he says, "While I am writing, the fire kindles. Last night Jesus rode on triumphantly. It is sweet to abide in His wounds. I long to leap my 70 years, and see time swallowed up in eternity." "O, the fulness that is in Christ. It fills my heart. Why should we be dwarfs in holiness? Our peace and joy should always flow like a river. Sometimes my heart is so full that I am tempted to think my joy complete. I know not what others may say, but through grace I can sing with Bishop Ken,

> "'To my soul it's hell to be
> But for a moment void of Thee.'"

Having "settled his affairs at Bristol," administered the sacrament, and enjoyed a sweet love feast at Kingswood, after preaching "with wondrous power" to many thousands at Stroud, he returned again to Gloucester. Here and in the vicinity, with increased congregations, he preached twice a day, with unspeakable power, for several successive days. "Every sermon was blessed." And "there was such an awakening as he had never heard of in that region before." "In Scotland, too," he says, "there is also a very great awakening, as well as in London. The work in Scotland is rather greater

than that in New England." "God has brought order out of confusion, and caused our divisions to work for good." "In England, Wales and Scotland, God has blessed my poor labors more than ever before. O, the blessed effects of field preaching!" "O, free grace! *It fires my soul*, and makes me long to do something more for Jesus." "So many places want supplies, I could wish I had a thousand lives and a thousand tongues. Jesus should have them all."

Owing to some dissatisfaction about some things published in his Journals, Mr. Whitefield now, February 5, 1742, discontinued them in their usual form, and promised to continue them "in a more compendious way."

In writing to an English lord whom he had won to the Saviour, upon hearing of his conversion, Whitefield was so glad that he exclaimed, "Sing, O heavens! Rejoice, O earth! I would join with angels and archangels in singing, 'Glory to God on high.' Welcome, my dear brother, into the world of new creatures." To another "right honorable lady" he said, with great joy and familiarity, "O madam, what a Comforter is the Holy Ghost. *What sweet company is Jesus Christ.* What a privilege it is to have fellowship with the great Three-One. Everything yields comfort when the blessed Spirit breathes upon it. Even this scribble from the chief of sinners shall again refresh your soul, if Jesus speaks the word. . O, that He may set the world in a flame of love! Methinks I see your ladyship sitting in your chair, and ravished with the Redeemer's beauty day by day. Sometimes you are, as it were, washing His feet with your tears; at other times sitting by faith at His feet, hearing or reading His word. Sometimes your heart is too big to speak; then, again, out of the abundance of the heart, your mouth poureth forth hallelujahs. This, I trust, is the life your ladyship lives. This is life indeed."

After a fruitful skirmish at Gloucester, with "an enlarged heart," he returned to London again about the 25th of February. Here he met with the Wesleys and had frequent friendly intercourse with them, with encouraging prospects of a complete re-union. Says Dr. Gillies, "Whitefield now went on with greater zeal and success, if possible, than ever." Resuming preaching twice a day in the Tabernacle, by the fourth of March, he says, "*Life and power fly all around*, and the Redeemer is getting Himself the victory daily in many hearts." "Letters from abroad give me glorious accounts. In New England the work goes on amazingly. In Scotland the awakening is greater and greater. The Spirit of God has been striving among the little orphans in Georgia. I hear that twelve negroes, belonging to a planter, converted at the Orphan House, are savingly brought home to Jesus." "At home and abroad, Jesus Christ rides on victoriously. Every day we see His stately steps." And going on with his mighty conquests, on April 22d he says, "*We had a glorious Pentecost*" at London. "I have been preaching at Moorfields, and our *Saviour carries all before us.* Every day we hear of fresh converts. We see greater things than ever at London. The awakening is quite fresh." And in New England, he says, "the Lord takes poor sinners by hundreds, and I may say by thousands." Yet "I hope at my return to Scotland, to see greater things than ever." Being "constantly employed from morning till midnight," he says, "I sleep and eat but little—yet I am not weary. My strength is daily renewed."

THE PITCHED BATTLE.

Rising in the majesty of his strength, with a soul flaming with fire and a heart bleeding with compassion for the poor Whitefield now went forth to fight the devil in a pitched battle.

The place he chose for the mighty conflict was Moorfields, at the time of the great annual holiday of Whitsuntide. Here "for many years past, from one end to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet shows and such like, where Satan's children keep up their annual rendezvous." At 6 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a large congregation of praying people, "he ventured to lift up a standard amongst them in the name of Jesus of Nazareth." Daring all hazards, with about ten thousand of them waiting for their wild sport, he says, "I mounted my field pulpit, and almost all immediately flocked around it. Glad was I to find, that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil." He preached on the brazen serpent, John iii. 14. "They gazed, they listened, they wept; and I believe that many felt themselves stung with deep conviction for their sins. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon; but what a scene! The fields, the whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready, not for the Redeemer's, but for Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion, drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, etc., etc., all busy in entertaining their respective auditories. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that like Saint Paul I should now be called to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' You might easily guess, that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honored with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me, while engaged in calling them from their favorite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions

but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for a while to be turned into lambs. This encouraged me to give notice that I would preach again at six o'clock in the evening. I came, I saw, but what—thousands and thousands more than before, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions; but some thousands amongst them waiting as anxiously to hear the gospel. This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and in my pulpit, I think all, to a man, left him and followed me. For a while I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew (attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching), got upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to thrash me with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the violence of his motion tumbled down. Soon after they got a recruiting sergeant with his drum, etc., to pass through the congregation. I gave the word of command, and ordered that way might be made for the king's officer. The ranks opened, while all marched quietly through, and then closed again. Finding those efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having got a large pole for their standard, advanced toward me with steady and formidable steps, till they came very near the skirts of our praying and almost undaunted congregation. I saw, gave warning, and prayed to the Captain of our salvation for present support and deliverance He heard and answered; for just as they approached us with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident, they

WHITEFIELD'S GREAT FIELD VICTORY.

1000 convictions; 350 conversions under one sermon.

quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who before we had done, I trust were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching and singing (for the noise was too great at times to preach), about three hours. We then retired to the tabernacle, with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praise and spiritual acclamations of thousands, who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched in such an unexpected way out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the Tabernacle Society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded a thousand."

Well done, Whitefield! Glory to God! Thou hast fought a good fight, and won a glorious victory. In oratory thou hast eclipsed the world, and completely out-generaled the devil. How grand the achievement! (The shouts of joy in heaven over it, methinks, have scarcely yet died away.) When we look at the grand results, the splendid manœuvering, the masterly eloquence, and the mighty genius exhibited in achieving it, well may John Angel James safely pronounce it "the greatest achievement in elocution the world presents, next to Peter's sermon over the murderers of Jesus Christ, on the day of Pentecost." What daring courage in Whitefield to erect his pulpit and preach a sermon amidst all the excitement and tumult of a rowdy London fair! What magic power must he have possessed to win and hold the attention, for hours, of such a vast, turbulent crowd, amidst such alluring scenes and enticing temptations! And O, with what wonderful *power* and demonstration of the Spirit he must have preached, when under such most unfavorable circumstances, about 350 souls were hopefully

converted to God, and 1000 brought under deep conviction under one sermon!

When Demosthenes, by his powerful eloquence, so deeply fired the hearts, and stirred the souls' indignation of the Athenians that they cried, "Let us fight Philip;" he had all the advantages situation and historic association could afford. But Whitefield had none of these. Laboring under all the disadvantages the most unfavorable time, place and condition of the people could produce, he had everything to oppose and overcome. When Peter won 3000 souls to God by his great sermon on the day of Pentecost, he had the supernatural aid of a stupendous miracle, the gift of tongues and the miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost, to help him. He had also the *fresh* attractions of the Cross of Christ. There, hard by, was the bloody scene of Calvary still warm and smoking with the innocent blood of Jesus, to stir his soul and melt the hearts of his murderous congregation. But Whitefield in Moorfields had no such stirring sights nor supernatural helps.

Instead of receiving a miraculous outpouring of God's spirit, he received showers of stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats, and three furious assaults to drive him from the pulpit. To what, then, instrumentally, shall we attribute his great success? John Angel James says, "to the power of his wonderful oratory." Besides this there was much earnest prayer. Whitefield went out with "a large congregation of praying people, and they *kept praying*." He says "we were *determined* to *pray down* the *booths*." And when the battle waxed hottest, they prayed hardest, and God "heard and answered."

Changing his base, Whitefield renewed the attack the next day, and followed up the victory. With a vast congregation assembled, urged by an honest Quaker, he ventured to preach the next day at Marylebone fields, a place very similar to

Moorfields. Soon as he entered the congregation, he saw an enemy in the camp. And the pulpit being very high and shackley, he says, "*I preached in great jeopardy*," for it tottered every time he moved. The enemy tried to throw him down. But with his unyielding perseverance, he preached on with great power. In returning he says, "*I narrowly escaped with my life*; for as I was passing from the pulpit to the coach, I felt my wig and hat to be almost off. I turned about, and observed a sword just touching my temple. A young rake, as I afterwards found, was determined to stab me; but a gentleman struck it up with his cane." "The next day, I renewed my attack in Moorfields; but after they found that noise and pelting would not do, one of the merry-andrews got up into a tree very near the pulpit, and shamefully exposed his nakedness before all the people. Such a beastly action quite abashed the serious part of my congregation, while hundreds expressed their approbation by repeated laughs. I must own that it gave me a shock; I thought Satan had now almost out-done himself: but recovering my spirits, I appealed to all, whether I had wronged human nature in saying, after Bishop Hall, 'that man, when left to himself, is half a devil and half a beast.'" He closed with a warm exhortation, and in reading the notes of the convicted handed in at the Tabernacle, with great rejoicing over what God had done in preserving his life and in saving their souls.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

FLUSHED with the great victory of Moorfields, the great Evangelist now returns to Scotland. Although he had wrought wonders in England, yet with his sublime faith he says, "I expect to see far greater things in Scotland." Accompanied by his wife, on May 26th he sailed on board the "Mary Ann" for Edinburgh, and reached there June 3, 1742. "On board," he says, "I spent most of my time in secret prayer. Satan shot many of his fiery darts against me, but with the shield of faith I was enabled to repel them all. As soon as I came on board the Holy Spirit filled my soul." Landing at Leith, he was received with great joy. And when he came to Edinburgh, he says, "It would have melted you down to have seen them weep for joy. Some were ready to faint with excessive joy." Encouraged with the good news, he says, "The work of God is beyond expression. Three little boys, converted when I was here last, came to me and wept, and begged me to pray for and with them. A minister tells me *that scarce one is fallen back* who was awakened, either among old or young."

Early in July, Mr. Whitefield returned from a preaching tour in the west of Scotland, where he preached repeatedly at Paisley, Irvine, Mearns, Cambernauld and Falkirk. "In every place," he says, "there was the greatest commotion

among the people that was ever known. Their mourning was like the mourning for a first-born." "Here I have seen and felt such things as I never felt before. Never was I enabled to preach so powerfully before. The awakening here is unspeakable." The congregations were just like those he had at Fogg's Manor, in Pennsylvania. Sinners were awakened by scores together. He now prayed so much that he says, "It is not for me to tell how often I use secret prayer; if I did not use it—nay, if in one sense I did not pray without ceasing—it would be difficult for me to keep up that frame of soul which through grace I daily enjoy." Honored so much, he seemed to fear pride and ingratitude; hence his oft-repeated prayer, "O that I may lie low at the feet of Jesus."

WHITEFIELD AT CAMBUSLANG.

But these mighty outpourings and great rejoicings in the West were but a *foretaste* of what they enjoyed at Cambuslang. He preached at Glasgow July 7, came to Cambuslang the next day, and preached at two o'clock P. M., to a vast congregation; again at six, and again at nine at night. And "such a commotion," he says, "surely was never heard of." "It far outdid all that ever I saw in America. For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress and expressing it in various ways, as is inexpressible. The people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off into the house like wounded soldiers from a field of battle." Some sung and prayed all night. On Friday, the 15th, he says, "I came to Cambuslang to assist at the communion. On Saturday I preached to above 20,000 people. In my prayer the power of God came down, and was greatly felt." It was felt more during his two sermons. "On Sabbath day scarce ever was such a sight seen in Scotland. There were

undoubtedly upwards of twenty thousand people." "The sacrament was administered in the fields. When I began to serve a table, the power of God was felt by numbers; but the people crowded so upon me that I was obliged to desist, and go and preach in one of the tents." After the communion was over, he preached about an hour and a half to the whole congregation, with great power. "On Monday morning," he says, "I preached again to near as many; but such an *universal stir* I never saw before. The motion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears; some at the same time wringing their hands; others almost swooning, and others crying out and mourning over a pierced Saviour." The people sat unwearied till two in the morning to hear sermons, disregarding the weather. "You scarce could walk a yard but you must tread upon some, either rejoicing in God for mercies received, or crying out for more. Thousands and thousands have I seen, before it was possible to catch it by sympathy, melted down under the word and power of God." When we remember that all this took place on a cold night in February, on a hillside, in the open air, it appears still more interesting. "But I will not attempt to describe it. Much prayer had been previously put up to the Lord." In companies they sung and prayed all night. With all these herculean labors, he says, "I am exceedingly strengthened, both in soul and body, and cannot now do well without preaching three times a day." He was very happy in London, but "he was ten times happier now." Though "Satan roars," yet "I am blessed with far greater success than ever." "His comforts and success were now unspeakable." And, going on with his religious experience, he says, "It is a very uncommon thing to be rooted and grounded in the love of Jesus. I find persons may have the

idea, but are far from having the real substance." Hence he exhorts, "*Keep close to Jesus.*"

While this glorious work was going on at Cambuslang and other places, the Associate Presbytery appointed a public fast, to humble themselves because Whitefield had been received in Scotland, and because of "the *delusion*," as they called it, at Cambuslang. They issued an act, proclaiming a fast, which Rev. Mr. Robe says, "is the most *heaven-daring* paper that has been published in Britain for three hundred years." "And all this," says Whitefield, "because I would not consent to preach only for them." Or in other words, he says, "they kept a fast throughout all Scotland, to humble themselves, because the devil was come down in great wrath; and to pray that the Lord would rebuke the destroyer—for that was my title." "O, how prejudice will blind the eyes, even of good men. Father, forgive them!" Although they called this good work "*a delusion*," and "the work of the devil," yet God carried it on to the salvation of hundreds and thousands of souls. In revivals we should never let opposition discourage or hinder. Rejoicing over the good work, and lamenting their folly, Whitefield exclaims, "O, free grace! I am persuaded I shall have more power since dear Mr. G—— hath printed such a bitter pamphlet. Now I begin to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, I rejoice and am exceeding glad. The archers shot sore at me, that I might fall; but the Lord is, and the Lord will be, my helper."

Although the revival at Cambuslang began February, 1742, under the ministry of Mr. McCullough, accompanied with "some bodily agencies, outcryings and faintings in the congregation," before Mr. Whitefield went there, yet says a distinguished writer, "In Edinburgh, and all the other places in Scotland,.....it began with his first visit."

THE SECOND COMMUNION.

Baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and made "more than conqueror," with Jesus "carrying all before him," Mr. Whitefield came to Cambuslang about the middle of August, to assist at the second communion. Encouraged and wrought up by the Pentecostal effusions and 500 conversions at the other communion, after much prayer and preparation, he expected far greater at this. Blessed beyond description at the first, another such was much longed for. With over twenty worthy ministers of the Church of Scotland, big with expectation, they met at the time appointed (August 15), and says Mr. Whitefield, "Such a passover has never been heard of." (With vast multitudes of people they had four sermons on the fast day, four on Saturday and five on Monday.) "The voice of prayer and praise was heard all night. The ministers were enlarged, and great grace was among the people. Whitefield served five tables, and preached four times with wonderful power—particularly when he preached about ten o'clock on Sabbath night, and Monday morning, when there was a very great concern, but decent weeping, mourning and crying out in the vast congregation." "On Sabbath evening, while he was serving some tables, he appeared to be so filled with the love of God as to be in a kind of *ecstasy*, and he communicated with much of that blessed frame." Rev. Dr. Webster, of Edinburgh, who preached with "a very great commotion" on Monday morning at 7 o'clock, says, "During the time of divine worship, solemn, profound reverence overspread every countenance. They heard as for eternity. Thousands are melted into tears. Many cry out in the bitterness of their soul. Some of both sexes, and all ages, from the stoutest man to the tenderest child, shake and tremble, and a few fall down as dead. Nor does this happen only when men of warm address alarm them with the ter-

rors of the law, but when the most deliberate preacher speaks of redeeming love. Bring them to Mount Sinai, where the thunder roars and lightnings flash, and this may occasion greater outcry; but lead them to the consolations that are in Jesus, and then vastly greater numbers fall under the most kindly impressions. Talk of a precious Saviour, and all seem to breathe after Him. Open the wonders of His grace, and the silent tears drop from almost every eye."

This communion, for the gracious presence and power of God, far exceeded the other. With about forty thousand people, three thousand communicants, and with a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Ghost, for numbers, solemnity, power and glory, it doubtless excelled all other communions ever held on earth. The glory of the Lord filled the place. Commencing early in the morning, with three tents and twenty-five tables, it lasted till sunset. Constrained by the Saviour's love, the communicants *rushed* to commemorate His sufferings and death. Moved by the Holy Spirit, one thousand more desired to commune, but could not get tokens. "Filled with all joy and peace in believing," some cried out, "now let Thy servants depart in peace, since our eyes have seen Thy salvation here." Eminent ministers said "they had never seen so much of heaven on earth." In summing up the fruits of this glorious work, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Glasgow, September, 1742, says, "I doubt not that since the middle of February, when this work begun at Cambuslang, there are upwards of two thousand persons awakened, and almost all of them in a promising condition." Although Rev. Mr. Erskine disparagingly said of the Cambuslang revival, "We have *convulsions* instead of convictions," yet there were about 400 genuine conversions, says Mr. McCullough, less than one-sixth of whom were not thrown into convulsions. He received over a hundred in his own church that season.

After the communion was over, Mr. Whitefield preached repeatedly at Greenock, Kilbride, Stevenson, Kilmarnock, Stewarton, and twice more at Cambuslang, with unusual power. He says, "I never preached with so much apparent success before. God hath done greater things for me than I am able to express." "At Kilbride, Kilmarnock, and Stewarton, the concern was very extraordinary."

While so many thousands went to Cambuslang to worship God, some went to mock and deride. Two profane young men, who went for sport, were both so powerfully convicted the same day, that they were glad to get into a stable hard by, to beg that God they had despised to have mercy on them. Their subsequent walk evinced their conversion and piety. But comparatively few of the converts were thrown into tremblings or bodily distresses." Cambuslang is four miles from Glasgow. Soon after Mr. Whitefield preached with similar results at Kilsyth. There was also a great awakening at Muthel.

Although upon coming out of those "sweet communions" at Cambuslang, Mr. Whitefield felt himself to be "a hell-deserving wretch," yet with his strong faith and expanded soul, "he could trample sin, death and hell under his feet," and cry, "O for a large heart to receive all the fulness of God."

Living and walking by faith, he says, "I have for these eight or nine years past, had no visible settled fund, but fetched in all temporal supplies by pleading the promises. My God never failed me, He never will."

Having preached one day with much liberty on Jacob's Ladder, he rose so high that he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, I am ascended so far as to leave the world almost out of sight, and I see my dear Master standing at the top reaching out His hand ready to receive me up into heaven."

And although surrounded with "storms of opposition and

reproach," yet guarded by Jehovah-Jesus, he could say, "God is on my side, I will not fear what men nor devils can say or do unto me. I have the pleasure often to go without the camp, and to bear a little of Christ's reproach, and I prefer it to all the treasures in the world." Soaring high above his trials and reproaches, he says, "I think I am like the ark, surrounded on all sides with waves, but through free, rich grace am enabled to swim triumphantly above all." Crucified to the world and consecrated to God, and pitying the narrow-hearted bigotry of the Seceders, with a burning desire to promote God's kingdom "without partiality," he rose so far above self and the world, that with a Christ-like unselfishness he exclaimed, "I care not if the name of *George Whitefield* be banished out of the world, so that Jesus Christ be exalted in it."

We close this chapter with Whitefield's prayer for Col. Gardner—"May you be covered with all of Christ's armors and filled with all His fulness. May you be endued with the meekness of *Moses*, the courage of *Joshua*, the zeal of *Paul*, and the Spirit of CHRIST."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HIS OLD BATTLE FIELDS.

OING on "from conquering to conquer," with "*his soul on fire*," our heroic ambassador now leaves the Pentecostal scenes of Scotland and returns to his old battle-fields in England. "Strengthened more than ever," staging it from Edinburgh, he reached London November 6th, 1742, full of joy and peace. He says, "Jesus solaced my soul all the way." "The concern expressed at my departure was unspeakable." His wife went by sea. With £300 raised in Scotland for his poor orphans, and £1500 in all since his return from America, he rejoiced and thanked God that the Orphan-House debt was now nearly all paid.

Aroused by Whitefield's success, Satan still kept up the spirit of persecution against his coadjutors. Because Mr. Cormick attended little religious conferences and related his religious experience, he was indicted for holding a conventicle, or plotting against the Church and State. This spirit was carried so far in Wiltshire, that the poor were threatened with starvation for going to these meetings. When the officers threatened some to withhold their pay, with a heroic spirit they replied, "If you *starve us* we will go; and, rather than forbear, we will live on grass like cows." Because of this many threatened to leave the Established Church, but Whitefield persuaded them not to do it.

Amidst all his severe trials and glorious victories in England and Scotland, Mr. Whitefield never forgot his dear friends in America nor his dear orphans at Bethesda. To a friend at Bethesda he says, "God only knows how I sympathize with you and my dear family. I think I could be sold a slave, to serve at the galleys, rather than you and my dear orphans should want." "I will come over, God willing, the very first opportunity. God, and not my own will, has kept me on this side the water so long."

In writing to a young theological student, he said, "Two things I would earnestly recommend to your constant study—'The Book of God' and 'your own heart.' These two well understood will make you an able minister of the New Testament." Late in December we find him "in winter quarters" at London, "preparing for a fresh campaign." And, desiring "*to rise higher*," he prays "*to lie lower*." Big with expectation, he says, "I hear of glorious things from various parts. I hope ere long we shall hear of persons going from post to post, and crying, "Babylon is fallen, Babylon is fallen."

To another friend he writes, "I think I may say to you, as Luther said to Melanchthon, 'Nimis es ullus. You are kept in bondage by a false humility.'" "It is good to see ourselves poor and vile, but if that sight prevents our working for Jesus, it becomes criminal." "How often have I been kept from speaking and acting for God by a sight of my own unworthiness; but now I see that the more unworthy I am, the more fit to work for Jesus." "Nothing sets a person so much out of the devil's reach as humility." "The most humbled make the most solid and useful Christians. It stands to reason, the more a man is emptied of himself, the more room is there made for the Spirit of God to dwell in him. Humility must be taught us, as Gideon taught the men of Succoth—with briars and

thorns. These will frequently fetch blood from the old man. O, that we may be made willing to have him bleed to death! Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Leaving his winter quarters late in March, 1743, he returned to Gloucester, where he was received with much warmth, and preached with great power. Here he conversed with the anxious till after one o'clock in the morning. Rising at five the next day, "sick for want of rest," he rode on horse several miles and preached again at seven. At ten he preached and administered the Sacrament at Stonehouse church. He preached at noon on the hill; again at four to about 12,000 at Stroud; and again at six to about the same number at Hampton Common—closing the big day's work with a general love feast at Hampton, where he says, "the glory of the Lord filled the house." He returned home about twelve very cheerful and happy. On Tuesday he preached to about 12,000 at a public execution at Hampton, where "a man was hung in chains." The interest was now so great and the congregations so large, that he said, "Preaching in Gloucester was like preaching in the Tabernacle in London." At Stanley he rose so high, he seemed to get "in the very suburbs of heaven." Filled with the Spirit, after preaching with wonderful power at Bristol and Dursley, early in April, he went to Waterford, in Wales, where he presided over the *first association* of Calvinistic Methodists. He opened the Association with a close, solemn discourse on "*Walking with God.*" They were so earnest in their work that sometimes they continued their sessions till two o'clock in the morning. He described it as "a very precious, important meeting." Several matters of great importance were dispatched.

Leaving Waterford, he went and preached at Cardiff with

such great power, that "the greatest scoffers sat quiet." And at Swarzy the effect was so great that he reports, "*Swarzy is taken.* I never preached with more convincing power. Many of the rich and great were present." Going on with his gracious triumphs, after preaching at Carmarthen and many other places, April 17th he says, "This morning I preached at Llassivran, and had, as it were, a Moorfields congregation. A most effectual door is now opened in South Wales." After preaching again to about 8000 people at Carmarthen, on returning from Lorn in a ferry, he was honored with *a salute*—one ship fired several guns and others hoisted their flags. Having preached again to about 10,000 at Carmarthen on the 22d, he says, "we had another *blessed association;* and have now established preaching in all the counties in Wales." One of the Carmarthen ministers preached much against Mr. Whitefield personally, but like his other opposers, he says, "like the viper biting the file, he only injured himself." Having traveled about 400 miles in three weeks and preached about 40 sermons, in Wales, with the people much refreshed and revived, he says, "Dagon has everywhere fallen before the ark, and the fields are white, ready unto harvest. The congregations were very large, and I was never enabled to preach with greater power."

Early in May he returned to London and resumed "the Lord's battles in Moorfields." Here he says, "It would amaze you to see the great congregations and wonderful presence of the Lord. I have been enabled to mount on wings like an eagle. Glory be to God, the gospel spreads. We dined very comfortably at Bengeworth, and then set out for Gloucester, shouting, Grace! grace! When I arrived, our Saviour was exceeding precious; and I had so much of heaven in my soul, that I wanted to lie down anywhere to praise my God."

WHITEFIELD MOBBED.

Hearing of the severe persecutions at Hampton, early in July, he went over there "to strengthen the persecuted." While he was holding a prayer-meeting there, a furious mob of near one hundred men gathered around the house, yelling "and swearing prodigiously." He said, "If they wanted his life, he was willing to deliver it up for Jesus' sake." They charged him with heresy and impoverishing the poor. Neither was true. When they took him to throw him into a lime-pit, he said "he was willing to suffer, though unjustly, for Christ's sake." While they were pushing him along, some neighbors took and carried him into one of their houses. Thus he escaped out of their hands. On Sabbath morning about twenty of these brave Christians met again for prayer. After Mr. Whitefield preached to them again with great power, they met again at his own house. After another sermon he met with them again at 5, in his own house, where he exhorted them to watch and pray, "and if the mob came, *not at all to resist*, but to make way for them to come to him, and let them do what the Lord would permit." After they sung and prayed, the mob came, and says he, "They swore they would have me. Then, said I, so you shall. So they took me to the lime-pit, and they threw me in. But, O, what a power of God fell on my soul! I thought, with Stephen, the heavens opened to my sight, and the Lord Jesus was ready, if I had died, to receive me. I believe my undaunted courage shook some of them. I told them, I should meet them at the judgment: then they turned pale. They let me out, and I came home, kneeled down, thanked and praised God. At the close of his exhortation on 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3, "in came the mob again and took me to a brook to throw me in." A former persecutor interfered. Then they led him all through town. He says, "*I had a sweet walk*, and talked and reasoned with

the persecutors all the way. My heart was full of love." They threw him into the brook—he went to the bottom, but soon came up with his hands clasped together. They took him out; but one maliciously and cowardly pushed him in again, and cut his leg against a stone. He talked to them. "God smote their consciences." Many seemed to repent. He did not prosecute them, but prayed, "*Father, forgive them.*" They were determined to break up his preaching at Hampton, and he was determined to break up the mob by kindness, and "by giving himself up wholly to them;" and he succeeded.

As he returned to Hampton about two weeks after, they blew the horns, rang the bells for the mob to assemble. Keeping "his soul quite easy," the mob broke in upon them just as he was closing his sermon in the lot. He then went into the house and preached again. The mob came to mock and disturb. But, says he, "As you know I have very little natural courage, strength and power being given from above, I leaped down stairs, and all ran away before me." They threatened one man's life and seriously injured several others. Mr. Whitefield brought suit against them in the court of King's Bench, and "a solemn day of fasting and humiliation was kept because of it." Pleading not guilty, they were tried before a jury at Gloucester, and all found guilty. Then Whitefield retired to his lodgings, kneeled down with his friends, and gave God thanks.

He now had many very precious meetings in the west of England, especially at St. Gennis, where "the arrows of conviction flew so thick and fast that a universal weeping prevailed throughout the congregation." After preaching several days to vast congregations at the *Bristol Fair*, and at Southern-bay, he returned to *London* about the 20th of August, where his only son was born October 5, 1743. At Birmingham he

preached to many thousands with a very deep effect, and was twice struck with clods while praying at Mare-Green.

WHITEFIELD ASSAULTED.

During his first night at Plymouth, several persons broke into his room at the hotel and disturbed him very much. "I then," he says, "betook myself to private lodgings, and having gone to bed, after preaching to a large congregation, the landlady came and told me that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with me. Imagining that it was some Nicodemite, I desired he might be brought up. He came and sat down by my bedside, and told me he was a lieutenant of a man-of-war, congratulated me on the success of my ministry, and expressed himself much concerned for being detained from hearing me." After changing a few friendly words, "he immediately rose up, uttering the most abusive language, calling me dog, rogue, villain, etc., and beat me most unmercifully with his gold-headed cane.

"As you know I have not much natural courage, you can guess how surprised I was; being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab me, I underwent all the fears of a sudden, violent death. But, as it providentially happened, my hostess and her daughter, hearing me cry *murder*, rushed into the room and seized him by the collar; however, he immediately disengaged himself from them, and repeated his blows upon me." Alarmed at the repeated cry of "*murder*," he rushed to the door, and the good woman pushed him down stairs. A second, at the bottom of the stairs, cried out, "Take courage, I am ready to help you," who, while the other was escaping, rushed up, and finding one of the women coming down, took her by the heels, and threw her upon the stairs, and almost broke her

WHITEFIELD ASSAULTED IN BED.

back. The neighborhood was now alarmed, but unwilling to add to the alarm, Mr. Whitefield shut the door and went to bed. Shortly after this, he received an invitation from a young man, who said he had supped with him at his uncle's, in New York, to sup with him and a few other friends at a tavern. Mr. Whitefield declined, but invited him, for his uncle's sake, to come and eat a morsel with him at his lodgings. "He came; we supped: and I observed that he frequently looked around him, and seemed very absent: but having no suspicion, I continued in conversation with him and my other friends till we parted. This," says Whitefield, "I now find, was to have been the *assassin;* and being interrogated by his other companions, on his return to the tavern, about what he had done, he answered, that *being used so civilly*, he had not *the heart* to touch me. Upon which, as I am informed, the person who assaulted me laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do my business for me. Some say they took his sword from him, which I suppose they did, for I only saw and felt the weight of his cane. Some urged me to stay and prosecute, but being better employed I went on preaching the everlasting gospel, and upon my return was well paid for what I had suffered."

In this case we see the wonderful *power of kindness.* It doubtless saved Whitefield's life.

During Whitefield's detention at Plymouth, he preached with such great power to such large congregations, that he said, "preaching at the Dock is now like preaching at the Tabernacle." "And I trust in the five weeks I waited for the convoy, hundreds were awakened and turned to the Lord." While preaching here one day in a Quaker's field, he spoke so loud that Henry Tanner and his fellowship builders, "deemed him mad," and went with their pockets full of stones, to stone and throw him down. But when Tanner saw Mr. Whitefield with

open arms and gushing tears, entreating "poor lost sinners" to come to Jesus, his resolution failed him. He went home deeply impressed, determined to hear him the next morning. He did. Preaching from the text, "Beginning at Jerusalem," Whitefield vividly described "the cruel murder of the Lord of life." "Then, turning to the spot where Tanner stood, he said, 'You are reflecting on the cruelty of these inhuman butchers who imbrued their hands in the Saviour's innocent blood.' At this moment his eye fell upon Tanner, and he forcibly exclaimed, '*Thou* art the man.' The arrow stuck fast, and the convicted sinner was forced to cry, 'God be merciful to me.' Whitefield saw the effect, and met the emotion with a burst of tenderness which cheered the penitent. Another sermon on Jacob's vision of the Ladder, led Tanner *up* to the Lamb slain in the midst of the throne, and thus gave him both joy and peace in believing." (*Dr. Philip.*) Tanner afterwards made a very successful preacher.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS THIRD VISIT TO AMERICA.

HAVING achieved many grand victories and endured many fiery trials and bloody persecutions in Great Britain, our great apostle now returns again to "his beloved America." Though feeble in health, after an absence of over three years, and "a most awful and solemn parting" with his friends, he sailed from Plymouth for Piscataway, New England, August 4th, 1744. Blest in his labors, they soon began to have regular services on board, with "frequent communions and days of humiliation and fasting." Sailing out with near one hundred and fifty other ships, after a tedious voyage of eleven weeks, he reached York, New England, October 30, 1744, and found "a large company of good women praying for his safe arrival." This encouraged him very much.

When near the Western Islands they were suddenly "alarmed with the sight of two ships making towards them, which their captain took to be enemies." With guns mounting, chains rattling, etc., he says, "the preparations for an engagement, to me, who am naturally a coward, were formidable." "All except myself seemed ready for fight." Mrs. Whitefield commenced making cartridges for the soldiers, but he went down into the hold of the ship. But disliking his situation, he says, "I crept up on deck, and for the first time in my life, beat

up for arms by a warm exhortation." Upon a nearer approach, however, the apprehended enemies proved to be friends—two ships that started out with them.

On reaching York, his distinguished friend Col. Pepperill, once a noted deist, but now one of Whitefield's converts, came with his friends in his own boat to take Mr. Whitefield home with him, but he was so unwell he could not go. "Convulsed from waist to toes, a fatal convulsion was immediately apprehended."

"My wife and friends stood weeping by,
In tears resolved to see me die."

"Filled with divine consolation, I begged them not to be shocked. My Saviour whispered that all was well." He soon grew worse and became "very low." After recovering partially he caught cold in crossing the Ferry to Portsmouth, and immediately took a relapse, and was again brought nigh unto death. But having an appointment to preach the next evening, and getting better suddenly about the hour appointed, when the doctor was about to give him his medicine, he exclaimed, "Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God I'll go and preach,

"And then come home and die."

"With some difficulty he reached the pulpit." Pale as death, he looked like one just risen from the dead. "As a dying man," he went to "bear his *dying testimony* to the truths he had formerly preached." "Nature was almost exhausted; *but, O, what life! what power* spread all around! All seemed to be melted and drowned in tears."

"The cry after me, when I left the pulpit," he says, "was like the cry of sincere mourners at the funeral of a dear friend." The people heard him as a dying man, and he says, "the invisible realities of another world lay open to my view. Expect-

ing to stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the Word, I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times. Though wonderfully comforted within, at my return home, I thought I was dying indeed. I was laid on a bed upon the ground, near the fire, and I heard my friends say, 'HE IS GONE.'"

By November 24th he was able to leave Portsmouth in a coach, with his wife, for Boston, where he was received with great joy by the common people, but with shyness by many of the clergy. Here he preached to crowded congregations in the largest churches, with great and growing acceptance, and administered the Sacrament in Dr. Coleman's church the first Sabbath after his arrival. The following Sabbath he administered it in Mr. Cheever's church. "Mr. Whitefield comes," says Dr. Prince, "with the same extraordinary spirit of meekness, sweetness and universal benevolence as before. He first applies himself to the *understanding* of his hearers, and then their *affections*."

In speaking of the effects of his former labors in Boston and New England, Dr. Coleman says, "Upon Mr. Tennent's going there as an itinerant, the awakening greatly increased in various places, till, at length, the work so advanced everywhere, that many thought the latter-day glory was indeed come, and that a nation was to be born in a day." And Whitefield says, "By all the accounts I have, one would have imagined that the millennium was coming indeed."

But amidst all this glorious work, because when young and inexperienced, in his fiery zeal, Whitefield used some unguarded expressions, and said, when here before, "he feared many in Boston were Pharisees, and that many New-England preachers did not experimentally know Christ, and that the light of the

Universities had now become darkness—darkness that may be felt," there arose quite a strong opposition against him among some of the clergy. They even went so far as to get up and publish small testimonials against him. His friend, good Mr. Coles, said "they did not weigh much."

Says Dr. Belcher, "The General Association of Connecticut, in June, 1745, advised that he be not invited to preach in any of the churches." And that "several similar bodies in Massachusetts had acted in a similar manner. Yale and Harvard colleges also opposed him. Harvard published some bitter things against him. But his friends published testimonials in his favor. Thus waxed the conflict."

But to justify Whitefield's remark about the unconverted Boston clergy, a Boston gentleman says he knew over twenty who had been preaching for years, who acknowledged Whitefield to be their spiritual father. One of whom, when nigh to atheism, went to hear Whitefield, "to pick a hole in his coat, but *God picked a hole in his heart*, which was afterward healed by the blood of Christ." (*Gillies Col. 428.*)

"But amidst all this smoke," says he, "a blessed fire broke out." He still held such a firm hold of the public heart, that congregations sometimes invited him to preach for them without the consent of their pastors. And being so anxious to hear him, they persuaded him to establish a regular lecture in Boston at six o'clock in the morning. Without expecting many, he commenced in a small church; but when he saw two or three thousand flocking to hear, he had to use two of the largest churches in the city. "To see so many going so early to get food for their souls, feasted his own heart." His Boston friends now kindly offered to build him the largest house of worship in America, but still wishing to travel, he thankfully declined it.

In the summer of 1743, nearly three years after the revival began, at a convention held in Boston, 135 ministers of Boston and New England bore their united testimony to the "late happy revival of religion, through a remarkable Divine influence, in many parts of this land." This was signed by Dr. Coleman and nearly all of the leading ministers of Boston.

While in Boston, "a man of good parts and ready wit" came to hear Whitefield, to furnish himself with matter for preaching ludicrous temperance discourses at a hotel. While listening for this sinful purpose, "God was pleased to prick him to the heart." "Full of horror," he confessed his crimes and longed to ask Whitefield's pardon, but was afraid to do it. But stung with guilt and shame, he went to him and cried with a low, plaintive voice: "Sir, *can you forgive me?*" "Yes, sir," he said, "very readily." "Indeed, sir," he replied, "you cannot when I tell you all." Bidding him to sit down, Whitefield preached the Gospel to him.

About the 1st of August, 1746, Whitefield's friend, Col. Pepperill, was appointed to command an expedition to Cape Breton. After consulting Whitefield, he accepted the appointment, and then came the cry, "To arms! to arms!" His friend Sherburne, being appointed commissary, he urgently requested Mr. Whitefield to give him a *motto* for their flag. After repeated requests, he gave him

"*Nil desperandum Christo duce*"—

"If Christ be captain, no fear of defeat." Under which great numbers enlisted. Before their embarkation, Mr. Whitefield gave them an appropriate sermon. In about six weeks they took Louisburgh, and returned laden with the spoils of victory.

"Having taken a weeping leave of dear Boston," with renewed health, Mr. Whitefield now set his face southward, and hurrying on to see his poor orphans, he gives us but few letters.

Passing through Yarmouth, Connecticut, Plymouth and Rhode Island, he generally preached twice a day, to thousands, with great power, until he reached *New York*. Here he preached as usual, and "found that the seed sown had sprung up abundantly." On his way to Philadelphia, he had the pleasure of preaching, through an interpreter, to some converted Indians, and of seeing about fifty young ones in school, studying the Assembly's catechism. A revival had been going on through the labors of Mr. Brainard. The church at Philadelphia that grew out of his labors there, had now become so strong that they offered Mr. Whitefield £800 a year to become their pastor for half his time, giving him six months a year for traveling. But declining the call, he says, "The Lord Jesus keeps me from catching at the golden bait."

READING HIS SERMON "KINDLED A FIRE."

On reaching Hanover, Va., Mr. Whitefield found "a fire kindled" and "a sweet shaking among the dry bones" by reading his sermons. When Whitefield preached at Glasgow a number of his extempore sermons were taken down in shorthand and published almost as fast as he preached them. A volume of them was taken to Virginia, and fell into the hands of Samuel Morris, who read them with deep interest in 1743. "He then read them to others. They were awakened and convinced. Other laborers were sent for, and many, both whites and blacks, were converted to God." They met every Sabbath and on week days, in his house, till it became too small to hold the people; then they built a meeting-house "*merely for reading*." Accustomed to the Liturgy, he says, "none of us durst attempt extempore prayer." The interest spread, and Mr. Morrison was invited to go abroad and read Whitefield's stirring sermons. "By their plainness and fervor they produced a pow-

erful effect." "The feelings of many," says Dr. Belcher, "were powerfully excited, and they could not forbear bitter and violent weeping. Numbers were pricked to the heart, and 'What shall we do?' was the general cry. The Lord spoke as on Mount Sinai, with a voice of thunder, and sinners, like the mountain itself, trembled." Thus this good work went on until Providence sent them ministers. Mr. Morrison was tried for letting Mr. Roan, Presbyterian, preach in his house. Afterwards Rev. Messrs. Tennent, Blair, Robinson and President Davies came and preached. Then Whitefield came and preached four or five days, which greatly revived them. This was the origin of Presbyterianism in Virginia, and of the present Presbyterian church of Hanover, and three other churches in that vicinity. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." "*Morris' reading-house*" is still known in the neighborhood. Thus we see the wonderful effect of Whitefield's sermons, even when read.

HIS TOUR NORTH.

On January 23, 1747, we find him back to Charleston again. Having established a *Latin school* in connection with Bethesda, and received a £300 contribution from his Charleston friends, with which he bought a good well-improved plantation of 640 acres in South Carolina to support Bethesda, he said, March 15, "That it was never in better order than now. The blessed Spirit has been striving with several of the children, and I hope ere long to see some ministers go forth from that despised place called Georgia." After a pleasant journey of about five weeks from Charleston, we find him at Bohemia, Maryland. Here he says, "I purpose, God willing, to take a three-weeks' circuit in hunting after Maryland sinners." "Jesus hath indeed done wonders for us. As we came along, the wilderness seemed to blossom like the rose." After making a

short visit to Dover, Pa., he returned much rejoiced to find that "Maryland is yielding converts to the blessed Jesus. The harvest is promising." Just before he left Maryland, he says, "I have now been *on the stretch*, preaching continually for almost three weeks." "My body is often extremely weak, 'but the joy of the Lord is my strength,' and through Christ strengthening me, I intend going on till I drop."

About the first of June he went to Philadelphia, where he preached with his usual success and power. "With great regret," he says, "I have omitted preaching *one* night to oblige my friends, that they may not charge me with murdering myself —but I hope yet to die in the pulpit, or soon after I come out of it. Dying is exceeding pleasant to me." He was *so very anxious* to preach, that while at Philadelphia he was so weak he could not, he said, "'*Tis hard to be silent*—but I must be tried every way." Hoping to regain his health he now went further north. He reached New York June 28th, "with a soul longing to take its flight to Jesus."

Here he says, "The people flock rather more than ever, and the Lord vouchsafes us solemn meetings." Having been burdened so long with his Orphan House affairs, he now hoped, through the products of his new plantation and donations, to be relieved. Although at one time he had almost concluded never to return to England, he now determines to go back next spring. After preaching twice with great power, to unusually large congregations in New York, he hurried off to Boston, where he was received with great warmth. "Again," he says, "we have seen great things in New England. Congregations were rather larger than ever, and opposers' mouths were stopped. Arrows of conviction flew thick and stuck fast. Weak as I was and have been, I was enabled to travel 1100 miles and preach daily." And with his obligations to his

Saviour increased, and his attachment to New England revived by his late visit, he says, "If I forget her, let my right hand forget her cunning."

On returning to New York, with his towering faith increased, and his strength and health improved, he says, in a letter to Gilbert Tennent, "God gives me grace to spend it to the utmost in the Redeemer's service. I am determined in His strength *to die fighting, though it be on my stumps.*"

"I think the foundation of the Moravians is too narrow for their superstructure. The Lord bless what is right, and rectify what is wrong in them, in us, and in all. Even so, LORD JESUS. Amen!"

After his long journey to the north, he now returns south and makes ready to go back to England. Mrs. Whitefield had gone on before him. At Philadelphia, September 11, 1747, the news of the death of his good friend, Dr. Coleman, brought him to his knees. Renewing his strength, he says, "My heart is yet springing for God, and *I am determined to die fighting*. Jesus is my rock, my stay, my God, and my all." And in finishing his paternal letter to his dear Bro. H., he says, "My heart is almost too full to subscribe myself, Ever Yours."

With his heart enlarged while in New England and at New York, he writes from Philadelphia, Sept. 11th, to his old friend John Wesley, and says, with his characteristic unselfishness, "I rejoice as much in your success as in my own. O for heaven! where we shall mistake, judge, and grieve one another no more." In a letter of the same date, he says to Charles Wesley, "I love you most dearly," praying for his success.

Preaching as he went, he now winds his way to the South. Having preached through seven counties in Maryland, he reached Annapolis, November 8, "and found the harvest great."

On October 6, 1747, he passed over into the "ungospelized wilds" of North Carolina, and set out "hunting after sinners in North Carolina woods." "It is pleasant work," he says, "though my body is weak and crazy. After a short fermentation in the grave, it will be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. The thought of this rejoices my soul, and makes me long to leap my seventy years." He wrote several letters at Bathtown, North Carolina, and longing to leave a bright testimony for the Lord, he said, "I would *fain die blazing*, not with human glory, but with love to Jesus. O, that every minute may be employed for God! I would not but be thus employed for millions of worlds."

With his affections still lingering with New England, while here in these lonely wilds of North Carolina, he says, "God only knows what a cross it was to me to leave dear New England so soon. I hope death will not be so bitter to me, as was parting from my friends. Glad shall I be to be prayed thither again, before I see my native land. But future things belong to God. I would be just where He would have me, though it be in the uttermost parts of the earth. I would willingly put a blank into his hands to be filled up just as He pleases." Encouraged with his labors in North Carolina, he says, "Jesus makes the barren wilderness to smile."

Hastening on to see his poor orphans, he reached Charleston October 25, and started for Georgia the next day.

Here the curtain drops, and makes a *wide gap* in his life. From October 25, 1747, to May 27, 1748, he fails to give us a single letter.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHITEFIELD IN BERMUDAS.

WEIGHED down with the cares of the Orphan House, "and being much troubled with stitches in my side," he says, "I was advised to go to Bermudas for my health." He embarked, therefore, and landed there March 15, 1748. He was received with great kindness and treated very respectably by all. "Rev. Mr. Halliday," he says, "received me in a most affectionate manner, and begged I would make his house my home."

Delighted with the situation of the island and the simplicity of the people, he at once commenced preaching and going about doing good. By invitation he dined with the governor, who treated him very courteously. On the first Sabbath he read prayers and preached twice in different churches, to large attentive congregations. Some wept. Several invited him to their homes. Praying that they might receive Jesus in their hearts, he closed the day with a double "amen."

Encourged with the results of the second Sabbath, he begins the record of it with a shout of "*Glory be to God!*" He preached twice in Mr. Paul's (Presbyterian) church with great power, to a congregation of about 400. Many colored people attended. Cheered by the beautiful scenery, delightful climate of the island, and the hospitality of the people, and their atten-

tion to the gospel, he exclaimed, "O how does the Lord make way for a poor stranger in a strange land." He preached again with a still deeper effect the next day. On March 31, he preached on an adjoining island, called Ireland, and was surprised to see so many from other quarters. Carried about upon the affections of the people, he returned and preached twice the next Sabbath in Mr. Paul's church with increased power. When dining one day with the governor, the president, the judge, the collector, and Dr. F., Mr. Whitefield says, "all wondered at my speaking so freely and fluently without notes. The governor asked me if I used minutes. I answered 'No.' He said it was a great gift." The governor asked some questions about the meaning of the words "Hades," "free will," "Adam's fall," "predestination," etc. all of which Whitefield answered so pertinently that all were so highly pleased at the close, that they all shook hands with him and invited him to their respective homes.

On April 7, he preached in a private house on *David's Island* to about 80 persons, and the following Sabbath with increased power to enlarged congregations in Mr. Paul's church. He now preached nearly every week-day in private houses; and often three times on the Sabbath with greatly increased interest. At the church he says, "I began to preach, and the people to hear and be affected as in the days of old at home. Praise the Lord, O my soul." Preaching out-doors, in private houses and funerals, the interest still increased more and more. On May 1st he says, "I preached in the fields, to a large company of negroes and a number of whites, who came to hear what I had to say to them. There were near 1500 in all. They seemed very sensible and attentive." Seeing the difficulty of preaching to suit them, he says, "If ever a minister, in preaching, need the wisdom of the serpent to be joined to the harmlessness of the dove, it must be when discoursing to negroes. Vouchsafe

me this favor, O God, for Thy dear Son's sake!" Some of them did not like his plain, searching preaching—others were very thankful, and came home to their masters' houses, saying that they would "*strive to sin no more.*" "Poor hearts! These different accounts affected me." He rejoiced to find the colored people so tender and so knowing.

The following Sabbath he preached with great power to a melting and rather larger congregation than ever; and in the evening to the colored people. "To see so many black faces was affecting." They listened very attentively. Some wept. The next Sabbath, May 15th, he preached his farewell sermon at Mr. Paul's church, to a house crowded to overflowing. Hundreds stood outside. Attention sat on every face; and when I came to take my leave, oh, what a sweet, unaffected weeping. I believe there were few dry eyes. My own heart was affected, and though I have parted from friends so often, yet I find every fresh parting almost unmans me, and very much affects my heart. Surely, a great work is begun in some souls at Bermudas. Carry it on, O Lord, and if it be Thy will, send me to this dear people again."

Detained over another Sabbath, he gave them another weeping farewell. "Go where I would," he says, "upon the least notice, houses are crowded, and the poor souls that follow are soon drenched in tears." Though ready to die with heat and straining, yet he was enabled to preach louder than usual. "After service, when I lay down on the bed to rest, many came weeping bitterly around me, and took their last farewell. Though my body was very weak, yet my soul was full of comfort. Abundance of prayers and blessings were put up for my safe passage to England, and speedy return to Bermudas again. God willing, I intend visiting these dear people once more."

Highly appreciating his services, they loaded him down with

provisions, and raised by private voluntary contributions over one hundred pounds sterling. This, besides aiding him in paying the Orphan House debt, enabled him to make a handsome remittance to his dear wife, whom he had left at Bethesda in America.

Urged to return to England, and dreading, in his feeble health, to go back to America at that season of the year, early in June, 1748, he sailed for England on board of "The Betsy." After a pleasant voyage of some thirty days, he reached England July 5, 1748. Chased and fired at three times one day by a large French vessel, once he says, "*We gave up all for lost.* But the vessel turning her course, the captain announced, 'the danger is over.'" The captain gave Whitefield a free passage, but he was not allowed to preach on board. This, he says, "may spare my lungs, but it grieves my heart." He read prayers daily. His health was somewhat improved.*

* During this voyage, he completed his abridgment of Law's Serious Call, and finished revising his journals. And upon finding himself wrong in many things in revising them, with his characteristic honesty, simplicity and open-heartedness, he makes the following confession: "Alas! alas! in how many things have I judged and acted wrong. I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters both to places and persons. Being fond of Scripture language, I have used a style too apostolical, and at the same time, I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wild-fire has been mixed with it, and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have likewise too much made inward impressions my rule of acting, and too soon and too explicitly published what had better been kept in longer, or told after my death. By these things, I have hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and also stirred up needless opposition. This has humbled me much, and made me think of a saying of Mr. Henry's, 'Joseph had more honesty than he had policy, or he never would have told his dreams.' At the same time, I cannot but praise God, who filled me with so much holy fire, and carried me, a poor, weak youth, through such a torrent both of popularity and contempt, and set so many seals to my unworthy ministrations. I bless Him for ripening my judgment a little more, for giving me to see and confess, and I hope, in some degree, to correct and amend, some of my mistakes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

HAVING endured "torrents of popularity," and torrents of trials in America, after an absence of near four years, he reached London July 7, 1748, "and was received by thousands with a joy that almost overcame both them and me."

Still possessing an unquenchable desire to win souls, though feeble in health, he resumed preaching at once, fully determined to work on "till he could work no more." Meeting in the large church of St. Bartholomew, multitudes flocked to hear him. He had a thousand communicants the first Sabbath. But as Antinomianism had "made sad havoc" in the religious societies, "the congregation at the Tabernacle was sadly scattered." But upon going out to Moorfields, he found the prospects as encouraging as ever. The scattered congregations were soon gathered again, glowing with their former zeal and power.

Oppressed with the Orphan House debt, he now sold all his household furniture to pay it.

WHITEFIELD AND THE NOBILITY.

'Tis said, "every man has his price." And Whitefield now began to rise in the estimation of the nobility. Hitherto he had preached mainly in the lanes, streets, fields and woods; but now he is cordially received into the drawing-rooms of the rich and noble. Even before his arrival, Lady Huntingdon

had engaged Howell Harris to bring him to her house at Chelsea "soon as he came ashore." He went and preached twice in her drawing-room. The effect was so deep that it induced her to invite some of the nobility to hear him. In a few days the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, and a *whole circle* of them attended; and having heard him once, they desired to hear him again. "All behaved quite well," he says, "and were in some degree affected. Lord Chesterfield thanked me, and said, 'Sir, I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you.' He conversed with me freely afterwards." Lord Bolingbroke was much moved, and desired that I should come and see him the next morning. I did; and his lordship behaved with great candor and frankness, To extend Mr. Whitefield's influence among the nobility, Lady Huntingdon now moved to London, and arranged to have him preach twice a week regularly at her house. The interest increased. And after preaching several weeks to many of the most distinguished lords and ladies of the kingdom, such as the Duchess of Argyle, Lady Betty Campbell, etc., he says, "Blessed be God, the prospect is promising. Last Sunday I preached to a most brilliant assembly. They expressed great approbation, and some, I think, begin to feel." The interest was so great that the ladies of rank organized themselves into a regular prayer-meeting. And says Lady Huntingdon, "religion was never so much the subject of conversation as now."

WHITEFIELD AND "THE DEVIL'S CASTAWAY."

Eager to win souls, Whitefield sometimes went great lengths in persuading sinners to come to Jesus. One evening about this time, he said in his sermon, that "Christ is so ready to receive sinners, that He is willing to receive even the devil's castaways!" One of Lady Huntingdon's friends heard him say

this, and came complaining to her about it, saying, "Did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born?" Acknowledging its singularity, Lady Huntingdon called Mr. Whitefield into the drawing-room to answer the heavy charge brought against him. He at once plead guilty of the charge. "Whether I did what was right, you can judge from the following circumstance: Did your ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest, single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-looking, aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlor, when she accosted me in the following manner: 'I believe, sir, you preached last evening in such a chapel.' 'Yes, I did.' 'Ah, sir! I was accidentally passing the door of that chapel, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing—I went in: and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?'" Mr. Whitefield assured her there was not a doubt of it, if she was but willing to go to Him. The event resulted in "the sound conversion of the poor old woman." She felt a bright evidence that though her sins had been as scarlet, they were now made as white as snow.

Lords Chesterfield, Bolingbroke and Horace Walpole, heard Whitefield with great delight. Chesterfield furnished him a chapel. Hume listened to him with great admiration, and said, "He is the most ingenious preacher I ever heard: it is worth going twenty miles to hear him." Of the latter part of the sermon he said, "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous auditory: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. Shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among

all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give greater effect to his exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! Stop Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' He then, in the most simple but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful men, so that almost all the assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard from any other preacher." Whitefield had good success among the nobility. Among his converts we find "the Marquis of Lothian, Leven and Rae." Also "honorable women not a few." Also Lady Glenarchy, Lord and Lady Southerland, Lady Gertrude Hotham, the countess of Delitz, and Sir Charles Hotham and many others.

Brought up in poverty, with a deep sympathy for the poor, Whitefield had no special predilection for the rich and great; yet he delighted to do them good. John Wesley did not like the rich. He says, "I do not desire any intercourse with any persons of quality in England. They do me no good, and I fear I can do none to them. But I love the poor; in many of them I find pure, genuine grace, unmixed with paint, folly and affectation. How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich!" (Southey's Life of Wesley, p. 294.)

But, captivated by Whitefield's eloquence and genius, the rich and great flocked to hear him. And by dealing plainly and honestly with them, he did them much good. In one of his first letters to the Marquis of Lothian, he said, "You do well, my lord, to fear lest your convictions should wear off. Come then, and lay yourself at the feet of Jesus. As for

praying in your family, I entreat you, my lord, not to neglect it. You are bound to do it. Apply to Christ for strength to overcome your present fears. They are the effects of pride, or infidelity, or both."—A very plain, pointed letter to a lord.

LADY HUNTINGDON.

The Right Hon. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, with her high rank, heroic zeal, deep piety, great wealth and influence, now rendered Mr. Whitefield very important assistance, both among the rich and the poor. Blest with good sense, sound judgment, a fine intellect, and a noble heart, she was one of the most remarkable women of the age. Living for Christ, like Him she went about doing good, conversing and praying with the poor and afflicted. When the Prince of Wales asked Lady Charlotte E. where Lady Huntingdon was, she replied contemptuously, "I suppose she is praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "When I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle." Possessed of good executive powers, she appointed her chaplains and ministers, had many churches organized, held her annual conferences, and founded a new sect, called after her own name. She did much in healing the unhappy breach between Whitefield and Wesley. After preaching in her house one day, Whitefield said, "Good Lady Huntingdon is indeed a mother in Israel." "*She is all in a flame for Jesus.*" Crucified to the world, and consecrated to God, she gave during the last forty years of her life over $500,000 for the cause of Christ. Pressed for funds, she sold all her jewelry to erect a chapel for the poor. To her Whitefield committed the care of his societies. (Her Life, p. 116, v. 1.) She died with "a soul filled with joy unspeakable." He said she was "a rich pearl"—p. 353.

WHITEFIELD IN SCOTLAND.

Having gathered up and revived his scattered flocks in London, early in September, 1748, Whitefield made a third visit to Scotland. While going there, in writing to a discouraged brother, he said, "*Fear not temporal support.* Though I went without scrip or shoe, I have lacked nothing. In Jesus I have possessed all things."

He was received very kindly at Glasgow, and vast multitudes flocked to hear him. Although some ministers were a little shy, the congregations seemed larger than ever. Many, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, came to inform him of their conversion at his former visits. Encouraged with his prospects, he now exclaimed, "Glory be to God, I have hitherto found that the cross of Christ has been lined with love. This has made it easy—this now makes it exceeding light. I fear prosperity more than affliction." The spirit of opposition, aroused when Whitefield was here about six years ago, he now found still existing in some. "Two synods and a Presbytery," he says, "brought me on the carpet." An effort was made to prohibit him from preaching in any of the seceding churches, but failed. "And all," he says, "has worked for good. The more I was blackened, the more the Redeemer comforted me." His old friends became more friendly. His congregations were as large as ever, and his services were more acceptable to God's people. The Seceders disliked him because he did not preach the "Scotch Covenant:" "but blessed be God," he said, "I preach the covenant of grace, and I trust many souls are taught to profit." Dr. Belcher says the churches of Edinburgh Presbytery were shut against him, but the city always furnished him a church to preach in whenever he visited them.

About this time Whitefield had another interview with Ralph Erskine. "It was short, but affecting." On parting,

Erskine embraced Whitefield, and said, "We have seen strange things." True, they had. Whitefield had been traduced by ministers of a kirk, and Erskine had been expelled from his own Presbytery, of which his own son was a member. The old man said, "It was a sword piercing my heart to see Johnny sitting with them." "Such is life." While in Scotland at this time, Whitefield did a good turn for the college of New Jersey. By coöperating with others, he succeeded in securing an appointment, by the General Assembly, for a public collection for that important institution. This shows his strong missionary spirit.

On returning to London, he says, "Good Lady Huntingdon is come to town, and I am to preach at her ladyship's house twice a week to the rich and noble." About thirty had desired to come, and many more were expected. From thirty to sixty attended. There were a few converts among them.

Feeling the importance of having a literary institution at Bethesda, with his health much improved, early in December, 1748, he wrote the Georgia Trustees, asking permission to connect an academy with the Orphan House. As £5000 had been expended on it, he begged them to relieve it from all rent and taxes, and allow him the use of colored labor on the farm. "White hands," he said, "had left his land uncultivated."

After a short excursion to Gloucester and Bristol, he returned to winter quarters, and spent most of the winter in London, without anything remarkable occurring. He still preached twice a week to the nobility at Lady Huntingdon's, with very encouraging prospects. Early in February, 1749, we find him in the midst of "a great stirring among the dry bones at Bristol and Kingswood." "The power of the Lord attended the Word as in days of old." Many were hopefully

converted. "A lawyer came once, and was so affected that when he got home he invited others to come, which so alarmed his wife that she is afraid he will go mad."

"Longing for the fields," Mr. Whitefield now made an excursion to the West. When he reached Kingsgate at 8 o'clock, P. M., he found 1000 people waiting to hear him. He preached in the street by moonlight, with much power, and was pleased to find that many souls had been awakened here under his preaching about five years ago. Espying one up in a tree to hear and mock, he exclaimed to him, "Come down, Zaccheus, come down, and receive the Lord Jesus." The Word was backed with power. "He heard, came down, believed, and now adorns the Gospel."

At Plymouth "he was received with great joy." Many went ten miles out of town to meet him. Here, where he formerly had so many enemies, he was now welcomed to preach in the new Tabernacle. With many new converts, he says, "Plymouth seems like a new place." Whitefield's unequaled power in darting the gospel into the sinner's heart, is seen in the following fact:

Fixing his eye on Shuter, the tragedian, (*i. e., Rambler*), one morning at Tottenham Court, while inviting sinners of all classes to come to Jesus, Whitefield said with great emphasis, "And thou, poor Rambler, who hast long rambled from Him, come thou also. Oh, end thy rambling, and come to Jesus." Shuter was exceedingly struck, and coming to Whitefield, said, "I thought I should have fainted; how could you serve me so?"

Coming over into Devonshire, he met with much opposition, and "was rudely treated." "While I was praying at Tavistock, some of the baser sort brought a bull and dogs

and disturbed us much." But "he managed, however," says Dr. Philip, "*to preach down the uproar.*"

BREAKING HEADS AND HEARTS.

At Exeter, also, a man came prepared to knock him on the head with a stone, whenever the sermon should furnish an offensive expression. He stood with the stone in his hand. He could find no fault. The sermon soon interested him so that the stone dropped from his hand. Then his heart melted. After the service he went to Whitefield, and said with tears, "Sir, I came to break your head; but God has given me a broken heart." After a circuit of six hundred miles, he returned to London with fear and trembling lest his health would fail and render him unable to speak to the noble so as to win them to the Saviour. But throwing himself *blindfold* into his Master's hands, his fear soon left him.

Having answered the Bishop of Exeter's "virulent pamphlet" entitled "The enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared," which created considerable stir; and having thanked his enemies for telling him of his mistakes, and being tired of so much public applause, he again renounces any idea of forming a new denomination. He says, "I do not want to make a sect, or set myself at the head of a party. No, let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Christ may live. I have seen enough of popularity to be sick of it, and did not the interests of my blessed Master require my appearing in public, the world should hear but little of me henceforward." Again he says, "I have no party to be at the head of, and through God's grace, I will have none." With his Christ-like unselfishness, he says, "I think it my highest privilege to be an assistant to all, but the head of none." For "I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's own dear children,

and makes them to mistake passion and zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above. For my own part, I find it much easier to obey than govern, and that it is much safer to be trodden under foot than to have it in one's power to serve others so. Lord Jesus, when thou seest me in danger of *nestling*, in pity, tenderest pity, put a thorn in my nest to prevent me from it."

Resuming "ranging" again, we find him early in May, 1749, preaching to many thousands in Portsmouth. Most listened very attentively. Some mocked; but he preached with such great power "that the chief opposer was conquered, and received him into his house with tears of shame and joy." The effect was so deep that he reported to Lady Huntingdon, "that *Portsmouth is taken.*" With many open fields of usefulness before him now, he says, "I am in a strait, and continually praying, *Lord*, what wilt thou have me to do? I would be as clay in His hands, ready to go whither He is pleased to call me."

WHITEFIELD IN WALES.

Mr. Whitefield now made another tour into Wales. Putting up at his wife's house at Abergavenny, he spent two days in sweet retirement. "It has been so sweet, that I should be glad never to be heard of again." "But this must not be. A necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I do not preach the Gospel." Firing up for his Welsh tour, and dwelling much on God's mercies, he said, "I am lost in wonder, and want a thousand lives to spend in the Redeemer's service." His anxiety for his friends' salvation made him sick. Warmed with the Welsh fire, he now preached with such great power and to such vast congregations, that he soon had the pleasure of seeing "Jesus riding on in the chariot of the everlasting gospel." (Philip.)

The field was so great, and the harvest so white, and his ascendency so complete in Wales, that "not a dog stirred his tongue" during his circuit of eight hundred miles. Sometimes his congregations numbered near 20,000. He visited eight counties, and preached to over 100,000 people. The tour was so laborious that it brought him almost to the grave.

After returning to London to welcome his wife from Bermudas, he made another tour in the west of England, and preached with great power to vast congregations. Having heard that his character had been aspersed by a Bermuda minister, he replied, "I am content to wait till the day of judgment for the clearing up of my character; and after I am dead, I desire no other epitaph than this, 'Here lies George Whitefield—what sort of a man he was, the great day will discover.'" Disappointed in not seeing two friends at Gloucester, he charged the disappointment to Providence, and said, "This comforts me, *What is, is best!*" Before reaching Exeter, Whitefield saw the Bishop's second pamphlet. But it was so virulent and unchristian that he refused to answer it, and said, "O what a happy thing it is to be despised for the sake of Jesus! When John Huss was burnt, the Bishop of Constance painted devils upon paper, and put them round his head; how soon were they exchanged for a crown of glory!" While preaching one evening in Exeter, the bishop and several of the clergy stood near him and saw 10,000 hearers struck with awe by his touching appeals. The impression was very deep; but during the service he says, "a drunken man threw three big stones at me. One of them cut my head deeply, and was like to knock me off the table; but blessed be God, I was not discomposed at all. One stone struck a poor man and knocked him down. Everywhere the work is on the spread; and since I have been here, we have had some of the most awful, solemn

and powerful meetings, that I ever saw at the Tabernacle." Early in September, 1749, he returned to London again, and made another "ranging" tour to Yorkshire, and preached at Andle, Abberford, Haworth, Leeds and Newcastle. At Leeds, with a congregation of 10,000, "they had a great day for the Son of man." Here he preached in the Methodist churches. At Newcastle he was so well pleased to be introduced into the Methodist pulpit by his old friend, Charles Wesley, that he preached four times for them. "Every day the people flocked like doves to their windows to hear the gospel." Praying that God would give him "a pilgrim *heart* for his pilgrim life," he says, "Surely this is a work that brings with it its own reward. It brings a heaven into the soul, and causes it, amidst all the scoffs and tauntings of a benighted, ridiculing world, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Worn out with his herculean labors, and enfeebled by disease, he says, "I wonder my poor tabernacle is not dissolved every day; but we are immortal till our work is done. Christ's laborers must live by miracle; if not, I must not live at all; for God only knows what I daily endure. My continual vomitings almost kill me, and yet the *pulpit is my cure*, so that my friends begin to pity me less, and to leave off that ungrateful caution, '*Spare thyself.*'" Yet upon reviewing the labors of another year, he says, "the thought of *how little* I have done for Jesus sometimes almost breaks my heart. O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might bewail my barrenness and unfruitfulness in the Church of God. O for a disinterested spirit! O to be willing to be poor, that others may be rich! O to be nothing, that Jesus may be all!"

Late in November he went into "winter quarters" at London, and set up preaching regularly at six o'clock in the morn-

ing with large congregations. Although in winter quarters, he ceased not to fight the battles of the Lord. Laboring with great success, he says, "The glory of the Lord fills the Tabernacle, and the shout of a king is heard in our camp." Awakenings were numerous. Still longing for "his dear America," we now find him pleading again for an academy at Bethesda. He says, "the house is large, and will hold one hundred. My heart, I trust, is larger, and will hold one thousand." Having enjoyed "a blessed Christmas and New-year," (1750,) to encourage a tried brother he said, "The more successful you are, the more hated you will be by Satan, and the more despised by the world. But O, my dear sir, to me at first it was death to be despised, and worse than death to be laughed at by all. But when I began to consider Him who endured the cross, I then longed to drink of the same cup; and blessed be God, contempt and I are pretty intimate, and have been for twice seven years. God knows how to train us up for the war. He often makes me bold as a lion; but I believe there is not a person living more timorous by nature. O let us follow Jesus, though it be through a sea of blood. He is the believer's *hollow square;* and if we keep close in that, we are impregnable.

When so busy that he "scarce had time to eat, with his field of usefulness opening wider and wider," he says, "I want more tongues, more bodies, more souls for the Lord Jesus. Had I ten thousand, He should have them all." He had just enjoyed a most precious season at Plymouth, where he preached several days with great power. And while preaching at Bideford, "the power of God so came down that one of the ministers could scarce stand under it." In writing to Governor Belcher about this time, he says, "The harvest in England is

exceedingly great." "We have had most delightful seasons in London."

HIS EARTHQUAKE SERMON.

London, about this time, received a terrible shock by an earthquake. With the whole city rocked to and fro, the alarm was awful. Terrified with the awful forebodings, multitudes of the inhabitants fled from the city. Others rushed to Tower Hill, Moorfields and Hyde Park, where they remained all night frantic with fear. Places of public worship were thronged with frightened sinners, especially the Methodist chapels, where thousands came all night, begging admission for God's sake; while thousands of others ran about the streets filled with consternation, fully persuaded that the Day of Judgment had come. Ministers preached almost incessantly with great success. Under these appalling circumstances, Whitefield ventured out at midnight to Hyde Park, and proclaimed to the affrighted multitudes the way of life. "The darkness of the night and the awful terrors of an approaching earthquake added much to the solemnity of the scene." With the earth rocking, the rumbling noise roaring, and the people wailing, the scene was terrible beyond description. Wrought up by the importance, awfulness, grandeur and glory of the occasion, with his mighty genius and vivid imagination, his sermon was truly grand and sublime. Discoursing upon the terrible realities of the final Judgment (as many believed it had come), "to the ungodly sinner, the self-righteous Pharisee and the artful hypocrite, it was terribly striking." To see Whitefield describe the sounding of the last trumpet, the coming of Christ, the rising of the dead, the setting of the Judgment, and the terrible finalities of that awful day—to hear him pronounce the final sentence, "Come, ye blessed," and "Depart, ye cursed," and then describe

the wicked going down to hell, and the righteous going home to heaven, together with the final consummation of all things, was enough to awaken the most careless.

On returning from Portsmouth, "where the Word seemed to strike like a pointed arrow," and finding Lady Huntingdon sick, Whitefield started, May 1, 1750, to Ashley, to see her. On his way there he had a very pleasant interview with Dr. Doddridge and Rev. Mr. Hervey at Northampton. On Tuesday morning Whitefield preached to the doctor's family, and in the afternoon to over 2000 in the fields. His principal object in visiting Dr. Doddridge and Mr. Hervey, was to secure a public subscription for New Jersey College. The doctor entered heartily into the plan, and did much to advance the work. Whitefield preached several sermons in its behalf, and large collections were raised for it both in England and Scotland.

Mr. Hervey says of this interview, "I have seen, lately, that most excellent minister of the ever-blessed *Jesus*, Mr. Whitefield. I dined, supped, and spent the evening with him at Northampton, in company with *Dr. Doddridge* and two pious, ingenious clergymen of the Church of England, both of them known to the learned world by their valuable writings. And surely I never spent a more delightful evening, or saw one that seemed to make nearer approaches to the felicity of heaven. A gentleman of great worth and rank in the town, invited us to his house, and gave us an elegant treat; but how mean was his provision, how coarse his delicacies, compared with the fruit of my friend's lips; they dropped as the honey-comb, and were a well of life. Surely, people do not know that amiable and exemplary man, or else, I cannot but think, instead of depreciating, they would applaud and love him. For my part, I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord, such a living image of the Saviour, such exalted delight in

God, such enlarged benevolence to man, such a steady faith in the divine promises, and such a fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humor, or extravagances of behavior; sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of scripture; in so much, that I cannot forbear applying the wise man's encomium of an illustrious woman, to this eminent minister of the everlasting gospel: Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

On reaching Ashley, Mr. Whitefield found Lady Huntingdon better than he expected. He preached at her house daily. A riot gathered before her door while he was preaching. In going home some narrowly escaped being murdered. After leaving Ashley he preached to many thousands at Milburn with much power.

Mr. Whitefield now wrote very frequently to the nobility. To the afflicted Countess D——, he says, "Sanctified afflictions are signs of God's special love. Love holds the rod, love strikes, love wounds, and love heals again." Again he says, "I cannot travel far without sitting down to refresh my soul by writing to Lady Huntingdon."

Winding his way to Scotland through the north of England, he preached to very large congregations, with great power and success at Mansfield, Nottingham, Rotherham, Sheffield and Manchester. At Bolton he was disturbed by a drunkard, but "the Lord got Himself the victory." "Since that we have had very large and powerful meetings where formerly were the most violent outrages." Here some one got into the stable and cut his chaise and his horse's tail. This he called "Satan showing his teeth." Passing over into Kendal, he says, "Pen cannot well describe what glorious scenes have opened in Yorkshire." With the church nearly

thrice filled with communicants at Howarth, and with large congregations thirsting for the gospel, he said "a most promising door is opened at Kindal."

After preaching at Ulverton, Whitehaven and Cockermouth he struck for Scotland. Speaking generally twice a day, he preached during his tour from London to Scotland about ninety times, and to about 140,000 people. He says, "Preaching every day in the week, is the best preparation for preaching on the Sabbath." "It is amazing to see how people are prepared in places where I never was before."

Mr. Whitefield strongly opposed both unconverted and uneducated men preaching the gospel. He said in 1750, "It has long since been my judgment, that it would be best for many of the present preachers to have a tutor, and retire a while, till they were a little more improved." "To have young men educated at the Orphan House, and then turned out into the Church graceless and unconverted, would break my heart."*

WHITEFIELD IN SCOTLAND.

Reaching Edinburgh July 6, he says, "I was received in a most loving and tender manner." He immediately commenced preaching, he says, "to great multitudes of very atten-

*Several young men of Yorkshire once met to mimic Whitefield's preaching. After several had tried it, Mr. Thorpe rose to close the irreverent exercises. Confident of success, he boldly mounted the stand and said, "I will beat you all." Grasping the Bible, as if guided by an unerring Providence, it opened at Luke xiii. 3, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The Word proved an arrow from God's quiver, and piercing his heart, immediately took a very deep effect. Feeling at once that *he* must repent or perish, he retired to weep over his sins, and to beg God for mercy. His short sermon made a very deep impression on his audience, and resulted in his own conversion. He became a very successful preacher of the Gospel.

tive and affected hearers. The people flock rather more than ever. By preaching always twice, once thrice, and once four times in a day, I am quite weakened, but I hope to recruit again. I am burning with a fever, and have a violent cold; but Christ's presence makes me *smile at pain*, and the fire of love burns up all fevers whatsoever." At Glasgow he was received in a similar manner, and preached with a similar effort to "congregations rather larger than ever." "There was a great awakening among all classes." Longing to depart from these lofty heights of glory, he says, "the thoughts of death gladden my heart, and cause me often almost to leap with joy."

With his natural sprightliness, playful humor and ready wit, Whitefield's *conversation*, says Dr. Gillies, "was no less reviving than his sermons. When in company with his good friends, Mr. MacLaurin and others, one might challenge the sons of pleasure with all their wit, good humor and gayety to furnish entertainment so agreeable, useful and edifying."

HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

After a short stay and an affectionate parting in Scotland, he returned to London early in September, and "was received with great joy." He says, "My poor labors never met with greater acceptance in England and Scotland than now." Here he was visited by Rev. Drs. Gill, Gifford, the Wesleys, Romaine and Hervey. After preaching several times in Mr. Wesley's chapel in London, he says in October, "We have had very pleasant seasons at Portsmouth, Chatham, Gloucester, Birmingham, Wednesbury, Eversham and Nottingham." And finding a brother in a struggle at Canterbury, where "Satan had overshot his mark," he said to him, "Your way to fight is on your knees. That weapon, all-prayer, will do wonders."

At Ashby, he said Lady Huntingdon's house "was indeed a Bethel; we have the Sacrament every morning, heavenly conversation all day, and preaching at night." Though severely afflicted, he passed out of the old into the new year of 1751, with many awakenings in London, and longing to enter upon his spring campaign. He was so low at one time that he says, "I was just casting anchor; but now it seems I must put out to sea again. O, that it may be to direct others to the haven of eternal rest." And feeling, as he said, that "*the world wants more heat than light*," and fearing that he would fall back, he now often prayed, "*Let us not flag* in the latter stages of our road." "Fain would I burn with love and gratitude like a seraph."

Having received an express call to visit Lady Huntingdon, who was then sick, he rode post haste to Ashby to see her. He found her better, and entreated all their friends to pray for her. Her sister-in-law, Lady F. H., had just died suddenly without a groan. Whitefield said, "May my exit be like hers. To me it is worse than death to live to be nursed and see friends weep about me. Sudden death is sudden glory."

The amount of labor Whitefield endured was wonderful. To ride hundreds of miles on horseback, from one end of the kingdom to the other, resting a day or two, and then starting off again on a new tour in another direction, was with him an ordinary occurrence. For instance, in August he is in Edinburgh, and on the 4th of September at Portsmouth.

Accustomed to the institution of slavery in England and the American colonies, and convinced of the advantages of slave-labor in cultivating his Orphan House farm and the colony of Georgia, he says, "As for the lawfulness of keeping slaves, I have no doubt, since I hear of some that were bought with Abraham's money and some that were born in his house.

And I cannot help thinking that some of those servants mentioned by the Apostles in the Epistles, were or had been slaves." (Letter 887.) He fully believed that Georgia suffered much for the want of negro labor.

Commencing another spring campaign early in March, he visited Bristol, Gloucester and Exeter, and says, "the work on this side of the Atlantic increases daily." He preached about forty times in about forty days, with many sweet seasons of refreshing. Leaving Exeter, he now passed over into *Wales*, and rode about five hundred miles in about three weeks, and preached twice a day with great power to very large congregations.

IRELAND.

Still ranging for souls, after a voyage of five days, he reached Dublin May 24, 1751, and "was surprised at the greatness and hurry of the place." Here he preached twice a day with great success to very large congregations. On the Sabbath he had about 10,000 hearers. "They hear as for eternity." Though feeble in health, he soon set out for another circuit, and at Athlone, he says, "Everywhere there seems to be a stirring among the dry bones." Dublin and Limerick were deeply stirred. At Cork, where there had recently been such great riots, he preached several times to vast congregations with all quietness. "When I left," he said, "thousands prayed for me, and many of the papists said if I would stay they would leave their priests." A Dublin gentleman to whom Mr. Whitefield had been grossly misrepresented says, "What blessed seasons have we had since Mr. Whitefield came; his coming has been unspeakably blest to many; thousands attend constantly. I never heard a man preach holiness of heart in a clearer manner. He powerfully

preaches *Christ for* us and *in* us. God be praised that I ever saw his face."

He reached Belfast July 4th, and snatched a few moments to answer Mr. Tennent's letter. He intended to embark at once for Scotland, but pressed by the people, he staid and gave them two more sermons. "Thousands gathered to hear him in an hour's time."

Having preached about eighty times in Ireland, he returned to Glasgow, and says, "Scotland seems like a new world to me. To see the people bring so many Bibles, turn to every passage, when I am expounding, and hang as it were upon me to hear every word, is very encouraging. I feel uncommon freedom of heart here."

Passing down to Edinburgh, he speaks of "the great awakening" at Hanover, Virginia, brought about by reading his sermons there years ago; where one congregation, he says, "had now increased to seven." Being scarce of funds, he said, "God will keep me dependent. Having nothing, yet possessing all things, must be my motto still." "Matters in Scotland go on better and better. The parting at Glasgow was very sorrowful indeed. For nearly twenty-eight days together, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, he preached to near 10,000 souls every day." Dr. Gillies says there was something exceedingly striking in the solemnity of the congregations. "The whole multitude *stood fixed*, and like one man, hung upon his lips with silent attention." Thus wrought up by the inspiration of the occasion, with all bathed in tears, their parting was peculiarly solemn and impressive. He says, "I have been dying daily for some time in taking leave of friends. Surely these parting seasons have broken my very heart." "But it is all for Jesus, and therefore all is well."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS FOURTH VISIT TO AMERICA—RETURN—FURTHER LABORS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

AFTER a weeping farewell at Edinburgh, he returned to England, and embarked for America late in August, 1751. He sailed in the Antelope, Capt. MacLellan, and after a speedy voyage reached Savannah, Ga., October 27, 1751, and "found the Orphan House in a flourishing condition. Thanks be to God, all is well at Bethesda." Still on the stretch for God, and conscious of the little he had done for Him, he said, January 25, 1752, at Bethesda, "I now intend to *begin;* for as yet, alas, I have done nothing for Christ. O, that I may begin to be in earnest!" Whitefield's short visit to America at this time seems to have been mainly to establish a theological school at Bethesda, and in placing the government of the colony of Georgia upon a new footing. Desiring now "to carry all his strength to the Orphan House, he now hoped a good foundation was laid for a useful seminary."

With the Orphan House affairs settled, and dreading, in his feeble health, the heat of an American summer, late in April, 1752, he sailed for England on board the Henry. He reached London in about five weeks, and "was received with great affection." Upon reviewing the field, he says, "I never saw the work go on more promising." Mrs. Whitefield came from Scotland to see him.

As the government of the colony of Georgia now passed from the trustees to the king of England, Whitefield was very much encouraged with the prospects of his proposed theological school at Bethesda. He was very anxious to have men trained there to preach the gospel.

After preaching several times with great power to vast congregations at Bristol, he again passed over into *Wales*, where "old times seemed to be revived again." He preached in the rain, but he says, "but few moved. I got wet, and contracted a cold and hoarseness; but I trust that preaching will cure me again. This is my grand catholicon. O that I may drop and die in my blessed Master's work!"

Having traveled over 300 miles, and preached about twenty times on his Welsh circuit, he returned to England, and found the congregations at Haverford-west unusually large. At Gloucester he attended a very refreshing association. Thence he went to Bristol, where he preached to vast crowds at the Annual Fair.

In his letter to Benjamin Franklin he says, "I find that you grow more and more famous in the learned world As you have made a pretty considerable progress in the mysteries of electricity, I would now humbly recommend to your diligent unprejudiced pursuit and study the mystery of the new birth. It is a most important, interesting study, and when mastered, will richly answer and repay you for all your pains. One at whose bar we are shortly to appear, hath solemnly declared, that without it, 'we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' You will excuse this freedom, I must have *aliquid Christi* (something about Christ) in all my letters."

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Whitefield now took another tour to Scotland. In going there he preached twice at Lutterworth, the famous

John Wyckliffe's parish. and at Liecester, where they threw turnips at him the first sermon, but where all was hushed the second. "At Newcastle he was as it were *arrested* to stay. He staid, and preached four times more with most precious results." He reached Edinburgh about the middle of September, and immediately commenced preaching twice a day to great multitudes. Abundance of the higher classes, and many young ministers and students, attended daily. Several were deeply convicted. At Glasgow the effect was much the same. "For about twenty-eight days," he says, "I suppose I did not preach to less than 10,000 every day."

He returned to England about the first of November, and was so happy, he says, "Since I left Newcastle I have scarcely known sometimes whether I have been in heaven, or upon earth." "Blessed be God, I find Christ's service to be *perfect freedom*." And with his burning desire to preach the Gospel increasing, he exclaimed, "O that I had as many tongues as there are hairs upon my head! The loving Jesus should have them all. Fain would I die preaching." Overcome with joy in reaching London, he said, "My eyes gush out with tears. More blessed seasons we never enjoyed. Our sacramental seasons have been exceedingly awful and refreshing. The glory of the Lord fills the Tabernacle. We have heaven upon earth." "I cannot help crying out night and day, grace! *grace!*"

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

With "Dear America upon my heart," Whitefield said, December 20, 1752, "We are now about to erect a new tabernacle eighty feet square, which I fear will detain me in England the ensuing summer." He laid "the first brick," the foundation of it "with awful solemnity," March 1, 1753, with an appropriate sermon from Exodus xx. 24. "The building is

to be eighty feet square. It stands on the old spot," in Moorfields, in the suburbs of London. He had now collected £1100 for its erection. Mr. Whitefield preached at its dedication, June 10, 1753, from 1 Kings viii. 11, to a densely crowded house. The old Tabernacle, or "temporary shed," was built to screen the congregations from cold and rain in their early morning meetings. It was opened June, 1741. The new one was built around it. It had been the scene of many conversions and blessed seasons.

The fields were now so white and ready to harvest in *Wales, Scotland* and the *north of England*, he said, "I could sometimes scarce tell whether I was in or out of the body."

Longing for a deeper humility, and conscious of the difficulty of getting it, he says, "Humility must be *taught* us, as Gideon taught the men of Succoth, with briers and thorns: these will frequently fetch blood from the old man. O that we may be made willing to have him bleed to death. Away with him, away with him; crucify him, crucify him." Hence he says, "It is good for me that I have been supplanted, despised, censured, maligned and separated from my dearest friends. By this I have been taught to *wrap* myself in Christ's everlasting righteousness."

Deeply impressed with the value of time, and the awful realities of eternity, he said, on New Year's day, 1753, "the very *mentioning* of the word *eternity* is enough to make one dead to the world and alive to God. Had we faith but as a grain of mustard seed, how should we trample the world, the flesh, the devil, death and hell under our feet. 'Lord, increase our faith!'"

"Where reason fails with all its powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."

His "best" New Year's gift to Lady Huntingdon was, "I wish you much of Christ's love shed abroad in your heart." "My heart is full. O what a Christ have we! God help us to love Him more and serve Him better! All is alive at the tabernacle."

While the Tabernacle was building, Whitefield continued his excursions around about London, and preached frequently in Mr. Wesley's chapels. At Norwich, in spite of all opposition, he says, "God has caused us to triumph." "Preaching so frequently and riding so hard almost killed me." Within a little over two weeks he rode 350 miles, and preached over twenty times. During the whole circuit he "rode about 700 miles, and preached to many thousands. Yet," he says, "no one receives so much and does so little."

Having preached a few days in his tabernacle at London, late in June he set out for Scotland. After precious meetings at Oulney and Northampton, to a minister complaining of his small salary (when he had a competency), Whitefield said, "Will you never give up your whole heart to God? Was this done, you would count the *work* of the ministry its *own wages*, and esteem the *reproach* of Christ above all the riches of the universe. The pleasure I have had but this week, in preaching the gospel, I would not part with for a thousand worlds."

"BITTER PERSECUTORS" CONVERTED.

Although repeatedly disturbed while preaching at Rotheram, "two bitter persecutors" were converted under his sermons there, and afterwards "gladly received him into their house." And says he, "while I was baptizing a child there, the Holy Spirit was pleased to baptize several with fire."

At *Leeds* the blessing was so great, he says, "What we saw, and felt, and heard, cannot well be expressed." "Thousands attended daily" On Sabbath he preached three times,

and to near twenty thousand at once. "Many came to me that were awakened at my former visit." "At Bunstall and Bradford, with many thousands to hear, many were filled as with new wine, and, as for myself, I scarce knew whether I was in heaven or on earth. We had a glorious parting blessing." The prospect all around is so glorious, I almost repent that I have engaged to go to Scotland." And when he got there, July 21st, he said, "I have left a people full of fire, but here I am afraid of catching cold." There, "thousands and thousands flocked to hear the glorious gospel. Awakenings I have heard of in every place; saints have been revived, and heaven, as it were, come down on earth. We have enjoyed perpetual *Cambuslang* seasons. My eyes gush out with tears at the very thought of it. Had I one thousand souls and bodies, they should all be *itinerants* for Jesus Christ. I want to see all on a flame of fire."

Reaching Edinburgh, all of a blaze, he says, "*Let me now begin to preach more than ever.*" At Glasgow, July 25, 1753, "Yesterday I was enabled to preach five times, and to near twenty thousand the last time, and to almost as many in the morning." "The people are more fond than ever to hear." Though earnestly besought to stay in Scotland another week, he left the next week for England. "After a heart-breaking parting," he says, "with great difficulty I got away. It was almost too much for my weak body."

His *return* by the same road was a continual scene of ecstatic joy and triumphant revival. At Leeds, he says, "We have been in the suburbs of heaven." "What the Saviour gave us to *see* and *feel* here is indeed inexpressible." At Stockport, "the blessing was almost too much for our frail natures to bear." At the Communion at Howarth, he exclaimed, "What a Sacrament!" "The parting at Leeds

was the most affecting I ever saw." To one society one hundred had been added. On reaching London, September 26, 1753, in summing up this three months' campaign, he says, "I have traveled about twelve hundred miles, and preached about one hundred and eighty sermons. A more successful campaign I never saw: parting has almost killed me." Yet, from these lofty heights of glory and success, with a deep sense of his own unfruitfulness and imperfections, Mr. Whitefield said, soon after, "My doings and writings appear to me in so mean a light that I think they deserve to be buried in eternal oblivion."

"Near forty years old, and *such a dwarf!* I am ready to sink into the earth, when I consider how little I can do for Jesus. Let none of my friends cry to such a sluggish worm, '*Spare thyself,*' but, rather, *spur me on.*"

Fond of breaking up new ground, after a short stay at London, with his insatiable thirst to preach the gospel, he set out upon another tour to Staffordshire. This was a new field. On it he preached at Oulney, Oxen, Bosworth, Kettering and Bedford, in one week. At Gurnall, a whole company was awakened by reading his sermons. Though "Satan roared,' notorious drunkards and noted rebels were powerfully convicted. At Chester and Liverpool, they had very precious seasons. Although disturbed by mobs at Wrexham and Nantwich, at Alperan he says, "We had another heaven upon earth." "By thorns and briers the old man must be scratched to death."

Thus, in one excursion after another, he went on "ranging for souls" and traveling for Christ. After "refreshing showers" at Gloucester, his native place, on November 20th, he went down and opened "the *New Tabernacle* at Bristol." "It is large," he said, "but not half large enough; would the

place contain them, I believe near as many more would attend as in London."

Although piercing cold, early in December he went over and preached several times in Somersetshire, once to a vast congregation in the open air. With his soul on fire, he did not mind the cold. All was hushed and exceeding solemn.

On December 3, Whitefield said. "I am now hasting to London to pay my last respects to my dying friend, Mr. John Wesley. I pity the Church, I pity myself, but not him. A radiant throne awaits him. Yonder stands Jesus with a massy crown, ready to put it on his head amidst an admiring throng of saints and angels."

After "a lovely close of the summer's campaign in Gloucestershire," with refreshing seasons in London, December 26, 1753, he received a visit from Revs. Gilbert Tennent and Samuel Davies, commissioners from America, to take up a general collection in Scotland for the Presbyterian College of New Jersey. He gave them letters of recommendation, and did all he could to assist them. Touching their visit with Mr. Whitefield, Rev. Mr. Davies said, "The kind reception he gave us revived Mr. Tennent. He spoke in the most encouraging manner as to the success of our mission, and in all his conversations discovered so much zeal and candor, that I could not but admire the man as

"THE WONDER OF THE AGE."

"When we returned, Mr. Tennent's heart was all on fire, and after we had gone to bed, he suggested that we should watch and pray; and we arose and prayed together till about 3 o'clock in the morning." Mr. Davies was afterwards for several years president of this college.

Although Mr. Whitefield had been compelled from a sense

of duty, this year, he says, "with a bleeding heart to draw the pen against some self-designing Moravians, who had drawn away some of his followers," yet he closed the year in an ecstasy. "With scores under deep conviction" at London, he says, "God's people are abundantly blessed. Last night the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle. The blessing was so great I cannot tell you half. I am lost, I am lost in wonder. I must retire to give vent to my heart."

Although Whitefield passed out of the old year in a halo of glory, yet feeling himself to be "a barren fig tree," he entered upon the new year 1754, with a soul panting for God. Although he says "every sermon preached this winter has been brought out of the furnace of affliction," yet still longing for more holiness, he cries, "Welcome, flux, welcome, fever, welcome, the plague itself, if sanctified to bring us nearer to God." Like Basil, Whitefield could pray Jesus "give me *any* cross that may bring me in subjection to *Thy* cross; and save me in spite of myself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIS FIFTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

AVING gathered up twenty-two poor orphans for Bethesda, Mr. Whitefield sailed for America, by way of Lisbon, March 7, 1754. He reached Lisbon, March 16, and was most kindly received and entertained by a reputable merchant. The climate of Portugal agreed with him very well. The sight of so many crucifixes, images and popish processions, to him was new, striking and affecting. By invitation, he dined with the consul, and saw something every day to make him more thankful. And when he saw the vain pomp, superstition and gross corruptions of popish Portugal, he thanked God that he had been born in England, and exclaimed, "O happy England! O, my dear friends, bless the Lord of all lords for casting your lots in such a fair country as England." Especially was he moved with compassion and indignation when he saw the "awful mock crucifixion of the Son of God" in a church, and a crowd of near two hundred "penitents" in chains, passing along the streets whipping and lashing themselves "with cords and flat bits of iron." Attended by many thousands, hushed in profound silence, these "Lent" ceremonies were conducted with great solemnity. His prayer for this deluded people was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." These strange sights taught him how to prize Protestant liberty and Christian simplicity more than

ever. "Fain would I be one of Christ's bees, and learn to extract honey from every flower. But, alas! I am a drone, and deserve to be stung out of God's hive."—W.

After an "easy passage" of six weeks from Lisbon, he reached Beaufort, South Carolina, May 27, 1754, with his orphan charge all quite well. After settling them in Bethesda, his family numbered 106, all dependent on him for support. But trusting in the Lord, he had no fears. The colony, as well as Bethesda, "was now in a thriving condition." Encouraged with the conversion of one clergyman, and the call of one Bethesda student to Charleston, he now rode whole nights in spite of thunder, lightning and heavy rains.

HIS NORTHERN TOUR.

After ranging some six weeks in the hot "sunny South," and having received pressing invitations "*to cross-plough*" his old ground, and to water where he had planted, late in July he sailed for New York. He reached there July 27, and immediately commenced preaching to large, attentive congregations. Struck with the great changes wrought, he said, "it is time for me to learn to be surprised at nothing." Enjoying God's smiles, he says, "His presence keeps me company, and I find it sweet to run about for Him." At Philadelphia he had a severe attack of cholera morbus, which brought him nigh unto death. He says, "I had all my cables out, ready to cast anchor within the port of eternity, but was soon put to sea again," although only able to preach but once a day for some time.

With "a glorious range in the American woods," he now preached backwards and forwards from New York to Philadelphia for near two months. September 30th, he says, "Everywhere a divine power accompanies the Word, prejudices have

been removed, and a more effectual door opened than ever for preaching the everlasting gospel." He had just now enjoyed the privilege of attending the annual commencement of New Jersey College, at Newark, where he was so much refreshed with the company of a whole synod of Presbyterian ministers, that it almost seemed to him "like heaven upon earth." He preached for them several times, and says, "such a number of simple-hearted, united ministers I never saw before." The trustees of this college now honored him with the degree of A. M. He said, "I was exceedingly delighted with the commencement. Surely this college is of God. It is the purest seminary that I have known." After enjoying a night with his dear old friend, Governor Belcher, Mr. Whitefield, accompanied by Rev. Aaron Burr, the distinguished president of the college, set out for New England. He reached Boston October 9th, and found "the people more eager than ever to hear the gospel." His reception, he says, "was far superior to that of fourteen years ago." With souls flocking like doves to the windows, he saith, "a most lovely scene hath opened in Boston. In the morning before seven o'clock, though the churches will hold about 4000, yet many were obliged to go away, and I was helped in through the window." And with like scenes in the country and at Portsmouth, with "enemies silenced," and the friends of Jesus triumphing gloriously, "the prospect was most promising indeed." "Convictions fasten, and many souls are comforted. The polite are taken, opposition falls, and Jesus shows forth His glory." And with like precious seasons when he preached at Salem, Ipswich, Newburyport, Rowley, Byfield, Exeter, etc., he says, "This expedition seems to be the most important one I was ever employed in." Yet he says, "not a hundredth part can be told." During it he traveled, in five months, near 2000 miles, and preached about 230 times.

While at Boston he learned with great joy that a governor had been appointed for Georgia, and that his old friend, Habersham, had been appointed secretary.

Leaving Boston November 7th, he passed over into Rhode Island, where he said, "I now have a fourteen hundred miles ride before me." But having Christ for his leader he had nothing to fear, and soon set out "to preach all the way to Georgia." But of this "ride" he, nor any one else, gives us but little account. At Bohemia, Maryland, December 27, he says, "I have just taken leave of the northern provinces," where, at the close of this glorious campaign, he exclaimed, "O what days of the Son of man have I seen!"

On January 17, 1755, we find him in Virginia, on the borders of North Carolina, with the rich and poor flocking to hear him. "Many," he says, "came forty or fifty miles, and a spirit of conviction and consolation seemed to go through all the assemblies." "Arrows of conviction have fled, and, I believe, stuck fast. Seed sown several years ago hath sprung up and brought forth fruit, and, blessed be God, I see a vast alteration for the better."

He was welcomed back to his old field in Hanover county, Virginia. While here, he preached in Richmond and two other neighboring churches with a very deep effect. He says, "I have not been here a week, and have had the pleasure of seeing many impressed under the Word every day." "Prejudices I find subsiding, and some of the rich and great are beginning to think favorable of the work of God." Several of the lower class acknowledged to him what the Lord had done for them when he was here before.

Skipping over North Carolina, in his record, Dr. Gillies says Whitefield reached Charleston in February. After visiting Savannah and Bethesda, we find him, March 3, back

again to Charleston, where he had the pleasure of seeing a Bethesda student ordained to preach the gospel and a noted Charleston sinner hopefully converted to God.

Weary, worn and afflicted, he now says, "My soul hath been pierced with many arrows." "But amidst everything I am comforted with the present situation of Bethesda. Had I wings like a dove, how often would I have fled to it since my departure from it." His few last hours there were among the happiest hours of his life. The letters he received from Bethesda, when at Charleston, he says, "made me weep, and caused me to throw myself prostrate before a prayer-hearing and promise-keeping God." To sum up the precious results of this tour, he says, "Words cannot express the glorious scenes that have opened in various places, especially at Boston." "The tide ran full as high as ever it did in Edinburgh, or in any part of Scotland." And when we look at its effects upon New England, New York, Philadelphia and Virginia, its influence must have been very great upon the entire American Church. Yet, says Dr. Philip, "We see only the mighty *impulse* Whitefield gave."

We close this chapter with two anecdotes. On one occasion when Whitefield was preaching in an open field, a drummer present, determined to interrupt him, violently beat his drum in order to drown his voice. Whitefield spoke very loud, but could not drown the noise of the drum. "He therefore called out to the drummer, Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings. You beat up for volunteers for King George, I for the Lord Jesus; in God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance." Overcome with the touching appeal, "the drummer

went away in great good-humor, and left the preacher in full possession of the field."*

* When preaching on the banks of a river in Virginia, in speaking of the strength of human depravity, and the insufficiency of the means of grace to convert a sinner without the aid of God's Spirit, he said, "Sinners, think not that I expect to convert a single soul of you by anything that I can say, without the assistance of Him who is 'mighty to save.' Go and stand by that river, as it moves on its strong and deep current to the ocean, and bid it stop, and see if it will obey you. Just as soon should I expect to stop that river by a word, as by my preaching to stop that current of sin which is carrying you to perdition!" The impression was so deep that many were ready to cry, "Save, Lord; we perish!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FURTHER LABORS IN ENGLAND—1755–6–7–8.

FTER this grand tour in America, late in March, Whitefield again embarked for England. Sailing on "The Friendship," Capt. Bell, after a six weeks' voyage, he reached New Haven, in Sussex, May 8, 1755. Abundantly blessed in his labors, he says, "I left America with regret. There the Gospel runs and is glorified." On reaching London, he was much rejoiced to find "that so many young men had lately been stirred up to preach the Gospel." With "Golden seasons at the Tabernacle, and 'many awakenings at Oxford,' he rejoiced exceeding."

Writing to Lady Huntingdon, he says, "What a blessed week have we had! Surely sinners have come like a cloud, and fled like doves to the windows.

"What a happiness is it to be absorbed and swallowed up in God! Tears trickle from my eyes, while I am thinking of your Ladyship's condescending to patronize such a dead dog as I am. But it is because I belong to Jesus."

Late in June, we find him on "his first excursion" preaching two or three times a day to vast crowds in Bristol, Bath and Gloucestershire, where "the people heard him as for eternity." And crucified to the world and longing for God, he says, "I am sick of myself, sick of the world, sick of the

Church, and am panting daily for the full enjoyment of my Lord."

In August he went to Norwich to dedicate the new Tabernacle, where he says, "Although offences have come, there has been a glorious work begun, and is now carrying on there. The polite and great seem to hear with much attention, and I scarce ever preach a week together with greater freedom."

"Errors have been detected, sinners convicted, saints edified, and my own soul sweetly refreshed." The church here had increased so fast that soon it numbered eight hundred unusually pious members. Though much absorbed and greatly rejoiced in this glorious work at Norwich, his affections still clung to Boston. He says, "My heart is so full for dear New England, I must go to God and vent it. O, America, how dear dost thou lie upon my heart. God preserve it from popish tyranny and arbitrary power." On returning to London, many urged him to engage in controversy with the Wesleys, but he replied, "I have no time for controversy."

HIS NORTHERN TOUR.

Still retaining his old name, "*The chief of sinners*," though "often on the suburbs of heaven" at the Tabernacle, he now set out on his northern circuit for Yorkshire. He reached Northampton September 1, 1755, "where they had many blessed seasons." While visiting his friend Hervey, at Weston Favell, in reproving a friend for his worldliness, he said, "Strange! that five per cent. from man, should be preferred to a hundred fold from God." After a precious visit at Lady Huntingdon's at Newcastle, he says, "Jesus hath crowned and blessed my feeble labors all the way." At Liverpool, Bolton, Manchester, Bradford and Leeds, he preached with his usual power and success. At Bolton the cup of many ran over.

Many were awakened at York, and at Leeds they had a joy unutterable, but with him it was very soon turned to sorrow; for unknown to him they had gone on and almost finished a large church in order to form a separate congregation. Hence he "feared an awful separation in the societies." He did all he could to prevent it. But believing it rose from a selfish spirit, he exclaimed, "O this self love, this self-will! It is *the devil of devils.* Lord Jesus may Thy blessed spirit purge it out of all our hearts."

With loud calls from all sides to go and preach, he now scarcely knew what to do. He had traveled far and preached hard three times a day for many successive days with great success. Yet with summer ended and winter begun, and feeling himself "an unfruitful dwarf," he exclaimed, "O, my God! how little have I done! O, that I could preach three hundred times a day, all would be too little to testify my feeble love to the ever-loving Jesus." During the two-months' circuit, he traveled about eight hundred miles and preached about one hundred and sixty sermons. On returning to London October 30, he said, "Never did I see the Word more blessed, or so many thousands run after it with greater greediness." Yet withal they tell me "I grow fat." "O that I may grow in grace, especially in humility."

WHITEFIELD'S PATRIOTISM.

With an ardent love to his Saviour, Whitefield had also a very warm attachment to his country. And during this excursion his patriotism was so much aroused that he said, "Next to inviting the masses to Christ, I have always exhorted them to pray for *King George*, and our dear friends in America. *Next to Jesus, my king and my country were upon my heart.*" This sounds much like Bishop Simpson's immortal

words, "NAIL THE FLAG JUST BELOW THE CROSS." Or like the heroic soldier's dying words, "*Stand by the Flag and cling to the Cross.*"

On a former occasion Whitefield exclaimed, "O, my ignorance! my ignorance!" and whether or not he returned from this excursion with a deeper sense of his sin, and a stronger desire for light we now find him earnestly searching to know God and his own heart. He cries, "O, for further searches into the heights and depths of God! O, for further leadings into the chambers of that selfish, sensual and devilish imagery that yet lie latent in my partly renewed heart. This self-love, what a *Proteus!* This self-will, what an *Hydra?* This remaining body of sin and death, what an *Antichrist!* what a hell! what a red dragon! what a cursed monster is it! How hard, how slow he dies!" Yet filled with unutterable joy, he exclaimed in the same letter, "Glory, glory be to God, this is only the dawning of an eternal day." (Letter 1109.)

Although he "grew fat" during this excursion, late in November he had a bad sore throat and a severe attack of "inflammatory quinsy." One doctor prescribed "silence and warmth" as a probable cure. But "the medicine of silence" for him was very painful, yet he promised to be very obedient. "Another physician," he says, "prescribed a *perpetual blister*, but I have found *perpetual preaching* to be a better remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is all over with me." While thus lingering at the gates of death, he received the sad news of the awful earthquake at Lisbon, destroying about sixty thousand lives. And, not knowing how soon he might go himself, he joyfully exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus, *I am ready;* I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Poor Lisbon! how soon are all thy riches and superstitious pageantry swallowed up! This is my comfort, all my goods are gone before me. O, the

pleasure of having nothing, and yet possessing all things in Jesus! This is my happy lot."

Urged by many friends, about "New Year's," 1756, Whitefield commenced preaching twice a week in Long Acre chapel, in the west end of the city. The chapel was crowded to overflowing the first night, with very encouraging prospects. This was a rough place, and Satan soon stirred up a strong opposition. The Bishop sent in his prohibition; and *hired* rioters, with bells, drums, marrow-bones, clappers, etc., disturbed the congregation every night. He appealed to the Bishop and the magistrate for protection, but the rioters went on until "many women," he says, "were almost frightened to death, and several men sadly wounded." They broke the chapel windows, and threw large stones at Mr. Whitefield, while he was preaching. Bold and earnest, Whitefield was not the man to be cowed down by rioters' threats and Bishops' prohibitions. To be prohibited from preaching under such circumstances, he said, "To me would be worse than death itself." No; he preached on, and God abundantly blessed his labors. A confirmed deist had become as a little child; one of the rioters had been pricked to the heart, and when he came back to preach in March, he says "all was hushed." But this lull, it seems, was only a prelude to more desperate deeds. They even threatened Whitefield's life. "But," says he, "Jesus will guard me." "At the Tabernacle, a man came up to him in the pulpit," says Dr. Belcher, "threatening his life, and handing him three anonymous letters, denouncing sudden and certain death unless he ceased to preach; and pursue the offenders. They kept up this disturbance for a long while." "Yet," says Whitefield, "all things happen for the furtherance of the gospel."

TOTTENHAM COURT CHAPEL.

Having stormed this stronghold of Satan, Whitefield now commenced a brick chapel, seventy feet square, on the conquered field. He raised near £600 for it in the first collection. The foundation was laid in June, 1756, and it was opened for divine service the following November, when Whitefield preached from Kings viii. 11. "The glory of the Lord filled the house." It has been twice enlarged; once in 1759, and again in 1830, with great expense. He called it Tottenham Court Road chapel, but a neighboring physician called it "WHITEFIELD'S SOUL TRAP." Here many souls have been caught, and many precious revivals enjoyed. "Thus Jesus gets Himself the victory."

Coming out of Long Acre, longing "to sit upon a *throne* in heaven," he now made a short excursion in his native region. At Bristol, Gloucester, Bradford, Frome and at Portsmouth, Jesus gave him great victories. In November, he returned to Long Acre, "to keep Pentecost," and to dedicate the new chapel.

Refreshed by these sieges and excursions, late in July, 1756, Whitefield again set out for Scotland. On his way thither he enjoyed very precious seasons at *Leeds*, where he preached thrice nearly every day, with great power, for about a week. "At Bradford, about seven in the morning, the congregation numbered about ten thousand; at noon and in the evening, at Burstall, nearly twenty thousand." Though hoarse, he spoke so that all could hear. After taking a sorrowful leave of Leeds next morning, he preached at Tadcastle and York, "with delightful seasons." All the way he found a deep interest, as the result of his former labors.

He reached Edinburgh, August 20, and met with more

than his usual welcome. Here he preached twice a day for near four weeks, to very crowded auditories. The politicians thronged to hear him. After dedicating the new chapel at Tottenham Court, he preached constantly about fifteen times a week, and by December 15, 1756, "they had a wonderful stirring among the dry bones. It is the most promising work the Redeemer ever employed me in. God is doing wonders at the new chapel. The Word flies like lightning in it. After New Year's, it was made a Bethel, and the awakening increased daily. Many were powerfully convicted. The rich came begging to rent seats."

Having lodged his plan and plea for his projected college at Bethesda in the hands of Lord Halifax, late in the spring of 1757, Whitefield made his *ninth* visit to Scotland. He reached Edinburgh, May 12th; left it June 6th, and preached just fifty times.

It being the time of the meeting of the General Assembly, about a hundred of their ministers attended his ministrations at a time. "Their prejudices," he says, "were removed, and many of their hearts were deeply impressed. About thirty of them invited me to a public entertainment. The Lord High Commissioner and many other distinguished persons did the same." Vast congregations and many of the best rank attended daily, and the longer he staid the more the congregations and interest increased. On the 8th, he went to Glasgow, and preached several days with equal success, and took up a collection of £60 for the poor of that city.

WHITEFIELD "A GORE OF BLOOD."

Having seen Christ's almighty arm most powerfully revealed in Scotland, he now went to Dublin, Ireland, where he preached to very large and deeply impressed congregations. By July 3d,

all sorts were affected, and many were inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" Arrows of conviction flew thick and stuck fast. A bishop said he "was glad Whitefield was come to rouse the people." From Dublin he went and preached with great success at Athlone, Limerick and Cork. On Sabbath, July 8, he went out and preached to a vast multitude at Oxmantown Green, Dublin (a place much like Moorfields), with only a few stones and clods being thrown at him: but on his return he was furiously attacked by a popish mob. Being alone, he says, "volleys of hard stones came from all quarters, and every step I took a fresh stone struck, and made me reel backwards and forwards till I was almost breathless, and *all over a gore of blood.* I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large and near my temple. They almost killed me. I thought of Stephen, and as I believed that I received more blows, I was in great hopes that like him I should be dispatched, and go off in this bloody triumph to the immediate presence of my Master." But, fortunately, "with great difficulty I staggered to the door of a minister's house, which was kindly opened and shut upon me. For awhile I continued speechless, panting for and expecting every breath to be my last." After his friends dressed his wounds and gave him cordials, he gradually revived, but soon found that the lady of the house desired his absence, fearing that the house would soon be pulled down. Being two miles from his lodgings, he now knew not what to do. At length a friend offered him his wig and coat that he might go off in disguise; he accepted them, and put them on, but was soon so ashamed of not trusting in the Lord to protect him, he soon threw them off with disdain. At length a Methodist preacher and two friends brought a coach in which "he rode in gospel triumph through the oaths, curses, and imprecations of whole streets of papists unhurt, though

WHITEFIELD MOBBED.

"All a gore of blood."

threatened every step of the ground." He was received with the *warmest affection* by his weeping friends. After a surgeon dressed his wounds he went into the churches, gave a word of exhortation, and joined in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. "Next morning," he says, "I set out for Port Arlington, leaving my persecutors to His mercy, who out of persecutors hath often made preachers. May I thus be revenged of them." It was in time of war, but he had done nothing but urge all to be faithful to King Jesus, and to King George, and prayed for the success of the King of Prussia.

It is wonderful to see with what rapid speed Whitefield now went about like a flying angel preaching the everlasting gospel. Leaving London early in May, he traveled through England and Scotland, preached 50 times in Edinburgh, several days in Glasgow, "ranged" through Ireland, and after preaching with great power at Athlone, Limerick, Cork and Dublin, he returned to England, covered with scars of honor and glory received on the bloody field of Oxmantown. And all in about three months.

Returning to England early in August, he says, "at Athlone, Limerick, Cork, and especially at Dublin, where I preached near fifty times, we had *Cambuslang* seasons. It was with the utmost difficulty I got away." He reached London August 26th, and found "the prospects more and more promising." At Plymouth he left "all God's people on the wing for heaven," and said, "This spiritual hunting is delightful sport when the heart is in it."

Although he now longed to return to America, yet with "a fresh work breaking out in London," he could not leave it. The interest was so great at Tottenham Court Chapel that thousands had to go away for want of room. "The chapel was made a Bethel, indeed."

Worn down with excessive labor, he said, November 26, "Preaching three times yesterday hath somewhat recovered me. I am now brought to the *short allowance* of preaching but once a day and three times on Sunday."

With his ever active, all-compassionate heart, he now projected a plan to erect twelve almshouses on the new chapel lot, for "godly widows." He proposed to allow each one half a crown a week. He soon raised £400, erected twelve almshouses, and commenced admitting widows the following June. He called them "*his redoubts*," as the prayers of the widows protected him in his house.

Whitefield commenced the year 1758 with an humble confession. With all his learning and varied experience, he says, "I find more and more that I am a mere *novice* in the divine life, and have scarce begun to begin to learn my A-B-C's in the school of Christ." Yet he rejoiced to see "several new flaming preachers come forth in London and elsewhere. To Professor Francke, whose country was then engaged in a dangerous war, he wrote, "Our Joshuas are in the field, and many a Moses is gone up into the mount to pray. *Nil desperandum Christo duce, auspice Christo.* The ark trembles, but underneath are the everlasting arms of the everlasting God." With frequent conversions at the new chapel, and with the aid of these "flaming preachers," the Kingdom of God now moved on with power. "Almost a whole parish was soon brought to inquire after Jesus."

Thus with the good work all ablaze in London, he commenced his "summer campaign" in Gloucester about the middle of May. After preaching three times, and administering the sacrament the first Sabbath with a blessed beginning, he says, "I am now writing in the room where I was born. Blessed be God I know there is a place where I was born again." Thence

he went and preached twice a day in Bristol to vast multitudes, with lasting impressions.

Late in May, though very unwell, he set out for *Wales*. Being unable to ride in a chaise or sulkey, a friend advanced the money and bought him a carriage, and thus enabled him to go on. In speaking of paying for it he said, "I would not lay out a single farthing but for my blessed Master." After his return he said, "Never was I brought so low as on my late Welsh circuit. It is inconceivable what I have undergone within these three weeks." Although unable to sit up in company, yet he was strengthened to travel without bodily food, and preach to many thousands every day. At Haverford-west he had near 15,000, "where the Lord Jesus seemed to ride in triumph through the great congregation, and made tears flow like water from the stony rock. It was one of the most prosperous circuits I ever took." And feeling deeply humbled, he said to Lady Huntingdon, "O, I am sick! I am sick! sick in body, but infinitely more so in mind, to see what dross yet remains in and surrounds my soul." And longing for a purer heart, after seeing the workman at Shields put his glass into the first, second and third furnace to make it transparent, because the first was not hot enough, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is." (Belcher, 370.)

HE GOES TO SCOTLAND.

Late in July, 1758, Whitefield set out again for Scotland. Preaching by the way at Everton, Saint Neots, Kayso, Bedford, Oulney, Weston, Underwood, Northampton, and John Bunyan's pulpit, he reached Edinburgh early in August. He was now "so exceeding low" he called himself "a dying man," and expected death every sermon. Yet he preached on,

and after preaching about thirty times, he says, "blessed be God, I am a great deal better. This preaching is a strange restorative." He wished his friend, Rev. Mr. Tennent, to take it every day. "Multitudes of all ranks flocked rather more than ever to hear the gospel."

Not having time to see Mr. Tennent and other friends, he said, "most of my Christian meetings must be adjourned to heaven." From Edinburgh he went to Glasgow, and "labored harder than ever," preaching two or three times a day to very large and deeply affected congregations. Here he took up a collection for the Glasgow poor. His collection for the Orphan Hospital in Edinburgh exceeded £200. His love for the Scotch, and theirs for him, was now so ardent, that he says the partings from both places were so cutting, he called it "*execution day.*"

Besides severe afflictions, Whitefield this year suffered the loss, by death, of four dear distinguished friends: Wm. Hervey, President Burr, Governor Belcher, and Jonathan Edwards. He felt this great loss very keenly. Leaving Scotland, after preaching at Newcastle, Durham, Sheffield, Leeds, etc., he returned to London late in October, shocked at the idea of being driven into winter quarters. He prayed, "Lord, prepare me for winter trials."

Whitefield was now very much rejoiced in being able, through a large legacy bestowed, to pay off the Orphan House debt. He was, therefore, very anxious to "flee to America;" but failing to get his London chapels supplied, he labored on there until spring, with increased interest. "God," he said, "is doing wonders at Long Acre." With many "blessed seasons" during the winter, in May, 1759, he opened another "*spring campaign*" at Bristol, with unusually large and very deeply interested congregations. After preaching with great power, for

several days, in Gloucester and York counties, to the great surprise of all, he says, "I am growing fat." But he took it to be a disease, and hoped it would shorten his life. Extending his campaign to Scotland, he reached Edinburgh early in July, 1759. "The people flocked as usual." The Word ran and was glorified. In six weeks he preached near one hundred times in Edinburgh and Glasgow, "stirring up a zeal for his God, his King, and his country," and collected £215 for the Orphan Hospital in Edinburgh. He also preached a thanksgiving sermon, to a vast congregation on the Spanish victory over the French. During this visit to Scotland, Whitefield had the privilege of showing his generosity, and the honor of declining a large legacy of seven thousand pounds. Says Dr. Gillies, "One Miss Hunter, a lady of fortune, made him a full offer of her estate, amounting to about £7000, which he generously refused." She then offered it to him for the benefit of his Orphan House, which he absolutely refused. On returning to London in August, with all of Bethesda's debt paid off, he was so glad, he exclaimed, "O, what hath God wrought? Wonders, wonders. Praise the Lord, O our souls! Lord Jesus, continue to be Bethesda's God!" He spent the winter in London, and with the work increasing daily, he had the new chapel enlarged. During this winter he wrote a preface to Mr. Samuel C. Clarke's Bible, which, next to Henry's, "was his favorite commentary."

With only seven letters preserved, the record of Whitefield's life during the year 1760 is very scanty. This is doubtless owing to the feeble state of his health. In the spring he opened the "new enlargement" of the chapel, and celebrated the event by raising £400 for the distressed Prussian Protestants, for which, 'tis said, he received the thanks of the King of Prussia. Though naturally "slender in person," he was now, from declining strength, he says, "growing very corpu-

lent." As this tended to langtior, he dreaded and tried to prevent it.

In the summer he made a short tour into Gloucestershire and South Wales—thence to Bristol, where his congregations sometimes reached near ten thousand. The meetings were so refreshing, "the house was a Bethel every time." His wife was now so sick in London he thought of going to see her, but she got better and he went on with his campaign. Anxious to hear from Bethesda, early in August he returned to London, and found many seeking the Saviour. In September and October he made another tour through Yorkshire, and returned to London in November, where he spent the winter as usual.

Although Whitefield had already endured many severe trials and bloody persecutions, he now suffers another. Failing with mobs, stones and clubs to drive him away from Long Acre, they now try mocking him on the public stage. "Satan is angry," he says, "and I am now mimicked and burlesqued upon the public stage. All hail such contempt! God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ. It is sweet! *it is sweet.*" To carry on this audacious mockery, Mr. S. Foote, a noted mimic, composed a farce called the *Minor*, to be acted in Drury Lane theatre. They went on with it for awhile, but instead of lessening Whitefield's congregations, it greatly increased them. Thus God gave him the victory. One evening when Foote was ridiculing Whitefield in Drury Lane, while he was preaching in Long Acre chapel on the joys of heaven, towards the close of his sermon, when his soul was all on fire with the grandeur of his theme, he cried out to his enraptured congregation, pointing to heaven, "there, there, an ungodly Foote tramples on the saints no more."

The incidents of 1761 opened with a narrow escape of

his life from a dangerous upset in a chaise. Fortunately he "received but little hurt." A great mercy. With the work still increasing in London, he now had so many calls and so few assistants, that he scarce knew what to do. Yet roused by the "German and Boston sufferers," he preached twice in his London chapels on the general fast day in February, and raised near £600 for these sufferers: £400 were given to the Germans and the balance to Boston. The Boston people thanked him for it.

In the midst of these trials and pressing wants, the Rev. John Berridge, a flaming preacher of Everton, came to his assistance. Overworked in this increased awakening, Whitefield now grew worse, and by May 2, he says, "I have been at the very gates of death. O, into what a world was I launching! But the prayers of God's people have brought me back." With his natural strength failing, he now says, "My locks are cut."

After visiting Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth, and becoming a little better, he tried to preach, but could not. "For some weeks he did not preach a single sermon." He now undertook another excursion North, and by October 24 we find him at Leeds, riding for his health. Yet, longing for death, and praying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," he now improved so fast, that when he got to Newcastle "he could bear to ride sixty miles a day quite well." Still kept from preaching, he said, "Jesus can either restore me or enable me to drink the bitter cup of continued silence."

Extending his journey, he went on to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and became much worse. Getting better again, after a long silence, he returned to London and commenced the year 1762 with a New Year's sermon. In April, he went to Bristol, and commenced preaching four or five times a week with great

success. This he continued till May. Sometimes he even ventured to preach in the fields, which he considered "a greater honor than to be monarch of the universe." Glad to get out of ceiled houses and vaulted roofs, he said, "Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. O, for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel." He returned to London late in May, much improved by his country excursion. But being brought down again by London cares and London labors, he now made a *voyage to Holland*, which proved so beneficial that, by the last of July, he was able to preach once a day. He preached four times in Rotterdam. On returning to Norwich, he found the interest so great, he said, "*All my old times are revived again.*"

SCOTLAND.

Multiplying excursions, he now made another to Scotland. He reached Edinburgh, August 18, and preached alternately there and at Glasgow every day for near four weeks, with great success. "The kirk was a Bethel." After preaching twice at Cambuslang, he returned to England about the middle of September, rejoicing with the prospect of peace and a speedy return to America. Though very feeble, he preached once a day during the winter in Leeds, Bristol, Plymouth and London, "with many great awakenings."

At length the way being open, in January, 1763, he decided to go to America, by way of Greenock, Scotland. After arranging with some trusty friends to take care of his London chapels and his home affairs, he sailed for Greenock early in March. On his way thither he preached at Everton, Leeds, Aberford, Kippax and Newcastle, with much interest,

and wrote his reply to Bishop Warburton's attack on Methodism. He reached Edinburgh about the middle of March, and for awhile was able to preach once a day, but his old disorder returning again, he was obliged to keep silent nearly six weeks. After a weeping farewell, he sailed for America.

CHAPTER XXX.

HIS SIXTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

AT length, after eight more years of labor and suffering in the Old World, Whitefield again embarks for the New. He sailed June 4, 1763, on the ship "Fanny," Captain Galbreath, from Greenock, Scotland, for Rappahannock, Virginia. This was his eleventh voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. With a kind captain, the voyage, though long and tedious, was very pleasant. Scarce an oath was heard. After they had been out about six weeks, he says, "All hath been harmony and love, Jesus hath made the ship a *Bethel*." The crew gladly heard him when he was able to preach. But, owing to his asthma, he sailed with but little hopes of much further public usefulness. After a twelve weeks' voyage, he reached Virginia, August 23, and was very kindly received by some friends, whom he had never heard of before. After writing tender letters to his London congregations, he went to Philadelphia, where he found "some young bright witnesses rising up in the Church." Here, too, he had the great privilege of meeting and "conversing with about forty *new-creature* ministers of different denominations," and of hearing of "sixteen hopeful students who were converted at New Jersey College last year." These bright prospects encouraged him very much.

He now longed to go to Bethesda, but, advised by his phy-

sicians, he waited awhile to see what the cold weather would do for his health. And, by November 8, he says, "I make a shift to preach twice a week." Many were deeply impressed. Having spent about three months in Philadelphia, he passed over into New Jersey, and preached four times at New Jersey College and twice at Elizabethtown, with "sweet seasons" every time. "Some said they resembled old times." He said, "New Jersey College is a blessed nursery; one of the purest, perhaps, in the world. The worthy president and three tutors are all bent upon making the students both saints and scholars."

REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.

Whitefield reached New York, December 1, 1763, and commenced preaching immediately. At the beginning he prayed, "Lord Jesus, convert us all more and more, and make us all like little children." With improved "spirits," he was able to preach three times a week, and says, "Such a flocking of all ranks I never before saw at New York. Every day the thirst for hearing the Word increases, and the better sort come home with me to hear more of it." With old prejudices subsiding and the interest increasing, the higher, as well as "the common people heard him gladly."

While here he preached two charity sermons, and raised at one of them £120 for Mr. Wheelock's Indian school—"the most promising nursery of future missionaries" in New England. The other collection—for the poor—was double the usual amount on similar occasions.

Continuing his labors here for several weeks, the interest increased more than ever. But being very unwell, he preached only twice a week. One man prayed, "May God restore this great and good man to a perfect state of health."

After making an excursion of some six months in New

England, he returned to New York in June, and found the work spreading. The interest was now so great that he ventured to preach twice in the fields, and says, "We sat under the blessed Redeemer's shadow with great delight." "It would surprise you to see a hundred carriages at every sermon in this New World." While here, he also made frequent excursions on Long Island, with blessed effects. It is no wonder he exclaimed, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" These things, together with the numerous conversions under his sermons, and "a most solemn and heart-breaking parting" when he left, made New York seem to him like "a *new* New York indeed." To see a hundred carriages at every sermon in New York now, with its million of inhabitants, would show a very deep interest, but much more to have seen them one hundred and ten years ago, when the population was only about fifteen thousand. While here, he consented to sit for his portrait, which was sent to Mr. Keen, London, which he, if judged proper, was to hang up in the Tabernacle parlor.

NEW ENGLAND.

"Braced up" with the cold, and encouraged with his great success in New York, Whitefield again struck for New England. After preaching at East Hampton, South-Hold, Shelter Island, New London, Norwich and Providence, he reached Boston, February, 1764, and was received with "the usual warmth of affection." "Having seen the Redeemer's stately steppings in the great congregation in Boston," with "invitations coming in so thick and fast from every quarter that he knew not what to do," he says, "*a wider door than ever* is opened all along the continent." The small-pox prevailing at Boston, he now branched out and preached at Newburyport and Portsmouth, with a most blessed influence, and many have been made to cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Although he returned to Boston with "his wings clipped," yet his preaching was so attractive and powerful, he says, "words cannot well express the eagerness of the people to hear." "I was meditating an escape southward, but last week the Boston people sent a gospel cry after me, and really brought me back. They have *constrained* me to stay, and now, May 19, beg earnestly for a six o'clock morning lecture." Awakenings occurred daily. The affection for him in Boston was now so strong that, when he came away, he said, "The parting here hath been *heart-breaking*. I cannot stand it."

When he got to New York, June 25, 1764, with his winter campaign over, Mr. Smith, his faithful host, wrote him thus: "Your departure hence never before so deeply wounded us," and the number of conversions after his farewell sermon was found to be so great, that his friends proposed sending him a book full of their names, calling him back. But the *crowning act* of the expedition was, he says, "after preaching at *New Haven* College, the president came to me, as I was going off in the chaise, and informed me that the students were so deeply impressed by the sermon that they were gone into the chapel, and earnestly entreated me to give them one more quarter of an hour's exhortation." He complied, and the effect was wonderful.

Having labored near three months more in New York, "after a most solemn and *heart-breaking parting* there," he went to Philadelphia, with his health better than it had been for three years. After preaching here with a *very deep* effect, he went up and preached at the Annual Commencement at New Jersey College, which he said, "is one of the best regulated institutions in the world." Here every mark of respect was shown him by the Governor and ex-Governor of the State, and many other distinguished gentlemen. For his deep inter-

est in the College the trustees sent him a vote of thanks. Crowned with great success, he now received "most importunate calls from every quarter;" and with a range so large, although he had been laboring in America over a year, he says, "I have scarce begun to begin." Rejoicing in the Lord, he left Philadelphia, exclaiming, "O what blessings have we received in this place!" "Hallelujah, the Lord reigneth!"

HE GOES SOUTH.

Having spent about a month in Philadelphia, Whitefield set out for "his beloved Bethesda." After "cross-plowing" Virginia again, he crossed over into North Carolina and spent a Sabbath "with good impressions" at Newbern. Here he frequently met with a sect called *New-Lights*, who proposed to unite with him, but the way was not clear. They were so hungry for the Gospel, he felt like coming back to preach to them. At Savannah he was received with "great favor," and found "the colony rising very fast," with "nothing but peace and plenty at Bethesda." In January, 1765, he says, "God has given me great favor in the sight of the Governor, Council and Assembly." At his request they made him another grant of 2000 acres of land for Bethesda. The interest in the intended College was now so great, Whitefield says, "Every heart seems to leap for joy at its future prospects. Hitherto the bush has been burning, but not consumed." With daily love-feasts, the chapel was now a daily Bethel. "With all deeply interested in Bethesda, and elated with the bright prospects, Lord G——n and the Governor breakfasted with Whitefield at Bethesda, and he went and dined with them at Savannah."

Having spent "a blessed winter" of "peace and love at Bethesda," with "all the arrears paid off, cash, stock, and plenty of all kinds of provision on hand," he comes now, Feb-

ruary 13, with all his melting tenderness, to bid them good-bye, and says, "Farewell my beloved Bethesda! surely thou art the most delightfully situated place in all the southern colonies." May "peace, love, harmony and plenty reign here."

On returning to Charleston he says, "The people of all ranks fly to the Gospel like doves to the windows. Every day the Word of God runs and is glorified more and more. All are importunate for my longer stay." And with a mutual attachment so strong, he says, "The parting has been most cutting and awful." With an interest so deep, a work so great, and a parting so solemn, he says, "Words cannot well express what a scene of action I leave behind. Alas! my American work seems as yet scarce begun." He now had so many calls, he scarcely had time to dispatch his private business. After these melting parting scenes, he started on his "wilderness range," preaching as he went, and reached Wilmington, N. C., March 29th. At the mayor's request he here spent a Sabbath, and says, "This pilgrimage kind of life is the very joy of my heart. Ceiled houses and crowded tables I leave to others. A morsel of bread, and a little bit of cold meat in a wood, is a most luxurious repast. JESUS' presence is all in all, whether in the city or in the wilderness."

Both old and New England were now clamorous for his services. But with the foundation of a college laid at Bethesda, and "all his outward affairs settled," he decides to return to England. When he got to Newcastle, Del., he says "All along from Charleston to this place, the piercing cry is, *for Christ's sake, stay and preach to us.*" And with a heart gushing with gratitude, and a soul longing to win souls, he exclaimed, "O for a thousand lives to spend for Jesus!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIS LAST LABORS IN ENGLAND.

REJOICING in the Lord, and crying "Grace! grace!" Whitefield again bids farewell to America for the last time. Embarking on the "Halifax," at New York, early in June, after a voyage of twenty-eight days he reached Falmouth, England, July 5, 1765. He was now so unwell he could neither preach nor travel but little. Yet like Paul, desiring "to finish his course with joy," he exclaimed, "*O, to end life well!* Methinks I have now but one more river to pass over. And we know of One that can carry us over without being ankle deep." Though very feeble, he reached London late in July, and found his congregations in a prosperous condition. But his health improved. By September 20, he says, "I have been better in health for a week past, than I have been for four years."

Later in September Lady Huntingdon invited her ministers, Messrs. Whitefield, Shirley, Romaine, Venn, Madan and Townsend, to the opening of her new chapel in Bath. At her request, Whitefield preached the dedicatory sermon, October 6, 1765, to an immense crowd, among whom were a great many of the nobility by special invitation. Although slighted and persecuted by many others, here Whitefield enjoyed the friendship, love and hearty co-operation of the distinguished Rev. Mr. Romaine.

In April he returned to London and was able to preach three or four times a week with glorious results. During the summer he sometimes preached at Bath and Bristol, "with good seasons" and large congregations, at six o'clock in the morning. He was now assisted in London by Mr. Occum, the attractive *Indian* preacher, who had come over from New England to raise funds for Dr. Wheelock's Indian College. Mr Whitefield took a very deep interest in this good work, and nearly £1,000 were soon raised for it. Lord Dartmouth, and even the king himself, contributed to it. "O, what an honor," says Whitefield, "to be permitted to do or suffer anything for Jesus of Nazareth."

With the interest still increasing, he says, September 25, "Many here seem to be on the wing for God. Had I wings I would gladly fly from pole to pole; but they are clipped by thirty years' feeble labors."

On one occasion, when urging sinners to Christ and speaking of their irretrievable ruin, he exclaimed, "O, my God, when I think of this, I could go to the very gates of hell and preach." Although "almost breathless" sometimes after preaching in London during the summer, we find him preaching to very large and brilliant assemblies of the rich and noble at Bath in the fall. Here he says, "the congregations have been very large and very solemn. O, what Bethels hath Jesus given us!"

His desire to go about doing good was now so strong that he prayed, "O that God would make my way into every town in England!" Although this prayer was not answered, yet the spirit that indited it enabled Whitefield to stir the souls of stronger men. Upon hearing that four Methodist parsons were visiting one of his friends, he exclaimed: "Four Methodist parsons! it is enough to set a whole kingdom on fire when

Jesus says, Loose them and let them go!" This message, backed up by the following appeal, was deeply felt: "Fie upon me, Fie upon me," says he, "fifty-two years old last Saturday, and yet, O loving Jesus, how little, yea, how *very little*, have I done and suffered for Thee! Indeed and indeed, my dear and honored friends, I am ashamed of myself; I blush and am confounded. To-morrow, God willing, I intend to take the sacrament upon it, that I *will* begin to be a Christian. Though I long to go to heaven to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure would I make among the saints, confessors and martyrs that surround His throne, without some *deeper signatures* of His divine impress, and without more scars of Christian honor." "It was appeals like this," says Dr. Philip, "that made the Romaines and Venns bestir themselves, and that gathered around Whitefield the Shirleys and DeCourcys of the time." And in speaking of the *deep piety* of a Christian lady who had just come to London, he exclaims, "O for this single eye, this disinterested spirit, this flaming zeal, this daring to be singularly good, this holy laudable ambition to lead the van; O, it is heaven upon earth!" To increase the flame, in January, 1767, he wrote a commendatory preface to a new edition of Bunyan's Works.

Leaving London in the spring, with "a large plan of operations," he was called, March 20, to preach the opening sermon at the dedication of Lady Huntingdon's new chapel at Brighton. He preached from 2 Peter iii. 18, to a vast, deeply impressed congregation. Thence he went and enjoyed "a sweet gospel excursion" at Cambridge and Norwich, where he preached with unusual power. Fearing the return of his inward fever, Lady Huntingdon—his best friend—now conveyed him in an easy coach to Rodborough, where "he was regaled with the company of some simple-hearted old Meth-

odists of near thirty years' standing." Inspired with fresh courage, he now mounted his "field throne" again, and "with thousands and thousands attending, they had very precious seasons at Rodborough." "Lady Huntingdon was wonderfully delighted." While laboring here under disease, he exclaimed, "O when shall I be unclothed! When, O, my God, shall I be clothed upon! But I am a coward, and want to be housed before the storm."

After "a most blessed season" at Gloucester, late in May, he went to Haverford-west, in Wales—where "thousands and thousands attended to hear him from his *field throne* by eight in the morning. Life and light seemed to fly all around." He returned, "quite worn down," and exclaimed, "What a scene last Sunday! What a cry for more of the bread of life!"

Still longing "to be a flame of fire," he returned to London in July, and resumed "his Thursday morning 6 o'clock Tabernacle Lectures," with crowded houses. With "a Methodist field street-preaching plan before him," he now made another excursion to Yorkshire, preaching as he went at Northampton and Sheffield. At Newcastle, September 20, he said, "I am well. My delightful itinerancy is good for both my body and soul. My body feels much fatigued in traveling, but comforts in the soul over-balance." And after preaching at several places in the street with "golden seasons," he says, "Every stage more and more convinces me that old Methodism is the thing after all. Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!" "Good old work, good old seasons!" Greatly blessed is his labors, and improved in health by street-preaching, in October he returned to winter-quarters in London, praising the Lord. Having no riding to do now, he was tempted "to nestle," but recalling his old motto, "*No nestling this side heaven*," he pressed on, went out and preached at the Tabernacle to "the society

for promoting religious knowledge among the poor." His text was, "Thy kingdom come," and with an immense congregation, he preached with unusually great fervor and power. The collection reached over $500, and was over four times as much as usual, besides eighty new annual subscribers. Nearly all the dissenting ministers of London attended and dined with him. With the ties of Christian fellowship strengthened, all seemed well pleased.

His project for a college at Bethesda was now coming to an issue, and he awaited the result with deep interest. He had petitioned the king, setting forth to his majesty the great demand for such an institution in the Southern Provinces, that he had already expended about $60,000 on Bethesda, and now prayed for a charter similar to that of the College of New Jersey. This petition was sent through Lord Dartmouth to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent it to the premier, who decided "that the head of the college should be an Episcopalian, and its prayers the established forms." But these narrow restrictions did not suit the broad, large-hearted views of Whitefield. And as nearly all the money raised for Bethesda had come from Protestant dissenters, and as he had promised that "the intended college should be founded on a broad bottom," he could not conscientiously agree to make it exclusively Episcopalian. He said, "I would sooner cut my head off than betray my trust, by confining it to a narrow bottom." He concluded, therefore, to make "a public academy." This affair and the reforming of "a little college of outcasts" now gave him so much trouble that he said, "none but God knows what a concern lies upon me."

At Bath early in December, 1767, Whitefield preached at the funeral of the Earl of B——n, with great solemnity. His subject was "The blessed dead." With earls, countesses,

lords and ladies, present as "noble mourners," together with hundreds of the nobility and gentry, "all was hushed and solemn." "Attention sat on every face," reverence and awe filled every heart. For five days, they had two sermons a day with the deepest interest. With many anguished hearts, weeping eyes and hopeful conversions, he says, "I never expect to see such a like scene again this side eternity." Passing over to Bristol, the congregations were so large, and the effect so deep, "thousands went away for want of room."

1768. He entered upon the year 1768 lamenting his barrenness, saying, "Did you ever hear of such a fifty-three year old barren fig-tree? So much digging, so much dunging, and yet so little fruit? God be merciful to me a sinner! A sinner—a sinner—a sinner." Yet with shouts of "Hallelujahs, and praying, 'come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,'" to stir up some halting, faint-hearted brethren, he said, "Go forward, *go forward*, and never mind the envious cry of elder brethren."

WHITEFIELD DEFENDS PERSECUTED STUDENTS.

On March 12, 1768, six pious students of Edmund Hall, Oxford University, were expelled from that noted institution "for holding Methodistical tenets," "whose only crimes," says Tyerman, "were that some of them had been ignobly bred, and *all* had sung and prayed and read the scriptures in private houses." The Rev. Dr. Dixon, principal of the hall, defended their orthodoxy, "spoke in the highest terms of their piety and exemplary lives," but the Rev. Dr. Durell, the Vice Chancellor of the University, heeded him not, and pronounced the unmerciful sentence of expulsion. Filled with indignation at this tyrannical and execrable act, Whitefield, with his tender compassion, rushed to their defence, and wrote a long letter, expostulating with the chancellor, telling him how "God hath

chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Aroused by this "Oxford bull," five months after this expulsion Lady Huntingdon opened a college at Trevecca, in Wales, to train young men for the ministry. Whitefield preached the opening sermon August 24, and Mr. Fletcher was made president.

In June he went to *Scotland* for the *fifteenth* and last time, and found a stirring among his old friends and spiritual children in Edinburgh, seeking their first love. With congregations as large, attentive and as affectionate as ever, he says, "I am here only in danger of being hugged to death. Friends of all rank seem heartier and more friendly than ever. All is of grace." This shows how well Mr. Whitefield wore among his friends. Though "worn down by preaching abroad and talking at home," he says, "everything here goes on better and better." And with occasional "Hallelujahs" bursting from his pious soul, he exclaimed, "O, to die in the field!"

HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

Still striving "to stir and fly as formerly," late in July he took his final melting leave of Scotland and returned to London. And now, "while engaged in maturing Trevecca College, and opening chapels for Lady Huntingdon," his wife suddenly took an inflammatory fever, and died August 9, 1768. Mr. Whitefield preached her funeral sermon on the 14th, from Romans viii. 20. Touching her death, he said, on the 16th, "The late very unexpected breach is a fresh proof that the night cometh when no man can work." Enjoying the sanctification of his loss, he exclaimed, "Sweet bereavements, when God fills up the chasm! Through mercy I find it so." Missing her much, he said, six months after, "I feel the loss of my right hand daily." He erected a neat marble monument to her

memory in Tottenham Court Chapel. He now labored so hard in opening colleges and dedicating churches for Lady Huntingdon, that he not only "burst a vein," but was thrown into such a severe flux that he was compelled to keep silent several days.

Although Whitefield's whole Christian life was a *continual Christ-like sacrifice*, yet as he approached his latter end, his zeal seemed to increase. And while, through excessive labor and pain, his body had been brought very low towards the close of the year, so that he could not preach, yet with his enraptured soul exulting in the expectation of a speedy departure, he entered upon the new year, 1769, with repeated hallelujahs, and praying "God be merciful to me a sinner." By the following spring his health was so much improved he was able to preach three or four times a week. Rejoiced at seeing a number of the nobility unite with Lady Huntingdon's society, he says, "Some more coronets, I hear, are likely to be laid at the Redeemer's feet. They glitter gloriously when set in and surrounded with a crown of thorns."

After enjoying "delightful passover feasts" at London, in April he made an excursion to Bath and Bristol, with "good, precious seasons everywhere." On his return he preached at Bradford, Trome, Chippenham, Rodborough, Castlecourt and Dursley, "with blessed results." At Trome he says, "we had a blessed day in the fields: thousands attended, and all was more than solemn." At Rodborough they had a real "Pentecost." "Never was that place so endeared to me as at this visit." Encouraged with many hopeful conversions during this fruitful campaign, in May he returned to London with a heart gushing with gratitude and joy.

On July 23, 1769, he dedicated another new chapel for Lady Huntingdon at Tunbridge Wells, a popular watering place

about twenty miles from London. Here he preached one of his most eloquent sermons, from Gen. xxviii. 17.

Rejoicing in the prosperity of Bethesda, he says, "a lasting, ample foundation is now laid there for the future support and education of both rich and poor." And being very anxious to see after his poor orphans and his school there, he now began to prepare for another voyage across the Atlantic. Filled with joy in view of his speedily entering "an eternal harbor," he said, "Glory be to God, all sublunary coasting will soon be over."

HIS FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

As the solemnities of parting drew near, he said, "Talk not of taking a *personal* leave. You know my *make*. *Paul* could stand a whipping, but not a weeping farewell." So it was with Whitefield. His affection for his London churches was so strong that when he went out to preach his farewell sermon, he said, "It seemed like going out to be executed. I would rather, was it the will of God, it should be so, than to feel what I do in parting from you; then death would put an end to all: but I am to be executed again and again, and nothing will support me under the torture, but the consideration of God's blessing me to some poor souls." After "this most awful parting season," with his melting farewell sermon at both churches, from Genesis xxviii. 12–15, he reached Gravesend, September 2, 1769, accompanied with a host of friends "as dear to him as his own soul." The next day, *his last day in England*, he preached three times; once in "the Methodist tabernacle," and twice in Gravesend Market-house, and says, "Our parting solemnities have been exceedingly awful, and I thank God for giving me the honor of taking my leave on Sunday afternoon at Gravesend Market Place. O for this rambling way of preach-

ing till I die." Exclaiming, "O *England! England!*" and praying, "God preserve thee," he now got aboard the "Friendship," Capt. Ball, bound for Charleston, South Carolina. The next day, September 4th, he says, "I had my dear Christian friends on board to breakfast with me. The conversation was sweet, but the parting bitter. O these partings! Without divine support they would be intolerable. What mean you, said the apostle, to weep and break my heart? However, through infinite mercy, I was helped to bear up; and after their departure, the divine presence made up the loss of all." His friends, Messrs. C. Winter and Smith, sailed with him. He was now in such good health and spirits, that although this was his thirteenth and *last* voyage across the Atlantic, he said, September 6th, "Hitherto it seems like the first. I seem to be now as I was thirty years ago." He was detained in the Downs by contrary winds nearly a month, and preached as opportunity favored. His last sermon was on the 15th of September, to a deeply affected audience at Ramsgate. The same day he received a surreptitious copy of his Tabernacle farewell sermon taken down in short-hand and published very inaccurately. It made him speak nonsense. Yet with his heroic devotion, he said, "If one sentence is blessed to the conviction of a single individual, I care not what becomes of my character." Although they were tossed about so long in the Downs, yet with a heart gushing with "Ebenezers and hallelujahs," he says, "All is well. I am comforted on every side." At last a favorable gale rises, and away they go, and with a long, lingering gaze, methinks I hear him say, "Farewell, farewell England! May God bless thee."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HIS LAST LABORS IN AMERICA.

FTER a long perilous voyage of over two months, he reached Charleston, November 30, 1769, and says "Our reception was heartier than ever. Friends received me most cordially. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His mercies. Oh! to begin to be a Christian and a minister of Jesus." With his health renewed, he preached in Charleston the same day he arrived, and daily for ten successive days, with great success. Upon hearing that "all was in great forwardness at Bethesda," he exclaimed, "God be praised, *heaven is in sight.*" After visiting his old friend Mr. Habersham, at Savannah, he reached Bethesda, January 11, 1770, and says, "Every thing here exceeds my most sanguine expectation. The increase of this colony is almost incredible." "I am almost tempted to say it is good to be here; but all must give way to Gospel ranging." Two new large wings had already been added to the Orphan House, for the accommodation of students, and besides having secured the hearty co-operation of the Governor "for the establishment of his intended college," he was now further encouraged by an expression of sympathy and respect from the legislature of the colony, as seen by the following papers:

"COMMONS HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, MONDAY, Jan. 29, 1770.

"Mr. Speaker reported that he, with the House, having waited on the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, in consequence of his invitation, at the Orphan House Academy, heard him preach a very suitable sermon on the occasion; and with great pleasure observed the promising appearance of improvement toward the good purposes intended, and the decency and propriety of behavior of the several residents there; and were sensibly affected when they saw the happy success which has attended Whitefield's indefatigable zeal for promoting the welfare of the province in general, and the Orphan House in particular. Ordered, that this report be printed in the *Gazette*. JOHN SIMPSON, *Clerk*."

The *Gazette* says:

"SAVANNAH, Jan. 31, 1770.

"Last Sunday, his excellency, the Governor, Council and Assembly, having been invited by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, attended divine service in the chapel of the Orphan-house Academy, where a very suitable sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, from Zech. iv. 10, to the great satisfaction of the auditory. After divine service, the company were very politely entertained with a handsome and plentiful dinner; and were greatly pleased to see the useful improvements made in the house, the two additional wings for apartments for students, 150 feet each in length, and other lesser buildings, in so much forwardness; they expressed their gratitude in the most respectful terms."

We give an extract from an *orphan boy's speech*, delivered on this occasion, after Whitefield's sermon. After sketching the history of Bethesda, he says, "Behold the once despised institution!—the very existence of which for many years denied,—through the indefatigable industry, unparalleled disinterestedness, and unwearied perseverance of its reverend founder, expanding and stretching its wings, not only to receive a larger number of helpless orphans like myself, but to nurse and cherish many of the rising generation, training them up to be ornaments both in Church and State. Forever adored be that providence, that power and goodness, which have brought matters to such a desirable and long-expected issue!" After thanking all for their attendance, he turned to Mr.

Whitefield and said, "And, above all, thanks, more than an orphan tongue can utter, or orphan hearts conceive, be under God, rendered unto you, most honored sir, who have been so happily instrumental in the hands of a never-failing God, in spreading His everlasting Gospel.

Under these bright prospects, after visiting Charleston and Savannah, upon returning to Bethesda in April, his peace seemed to flow like a river. He says, "Never did I enjoy such domestic peace, comfort and joy during my whole pilgrimage. It is unspeakable, it is full of glory. Peace, peace unutterable, attends our paths, and a pleasing prospect of increasing, useful prosperity, is continually rising to our view." Still increasing in joy, he begins his next letter with "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" And upon taking in ten more little orphans, he was so much overjoyed, he exclaimed, "Prizes! prizes! Hallelujah," begging his friends to help him praise the Lord for His mercies. Wrought up by the grandeur and glory of this blessed consummation, with his heart still swelling with gratitude and joy, he exclaimed, "O *Bethesda*, my Bethel, my Peniel! My happiness is inconceivable. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Let chapel, Tabernacle, heaven, and earth, rebound with Hallelujah! I can no more. My heart is too big to add more than my old name. Less than the least of all, G. W."

Having "now spent the most comfortable domestic winter of his life," he left Bethesda, embarked for Philadelphia April 24th, and reached it May the 6th, "more and more in love with his pilgrim life than ever." He preached the next evening to a very large congregation, and says, "Pulpits, hearts and affections seem to be as open towards me as ever." After preaching here five or six times a week with great success for about three weeks, he says, "people of all ranks flock as much

as ever." And with many hopeful conversions, with all the Episcopal and nearly all the other churches thrown open to him, he was very much encouraged.

With his health "rather better than for many years," he now began to explore the region round about Philadelphia. In a letter of June 14, 1770, to his dear friend Keen, he says, "This leaves me just returned from a hundred and fifty miles circuit, in which, blessed be God! I have been enabled to preach every day." He now had so many calls to go and preach, he says, "I know not which way to turn myself."

NEW YORK.

From Philadelphia, June 23, he went to New York. Here he says, "Congregations are rather larger than ever." Though the heat was intense, he was now able "to itinerate and preach daily." He now received so many invitations from all quarters daily, he sent a bundle of them to England as a curiosity. Moved with compassion toward the "Poor Indian," he now purposed to attend a large Indian congress with Mr. Kirkland. With his missionary spirit increasing, he now struck out on "*fresh work*," and during the month of July he made another five hundred miles circuit, "preaching and traveling through the heat every day." "Congregations," he says, "have been very large, attentive and affected, particularly at Albany, Schenectady, Great Barrington, Norfolk, Salisbury, Sharon, Smithfield, Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, New Rumbert, New Windsor, and Peckshilt. O what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of this new world! *All fresh work.* Invitations crowd upon me both from ministers and people from every quarter."

Led by a peculiar providence, he now attended the execution of a horse thief. He says, "thousands attended. The poor

criminal had sent me several letters. The sheriff allowed him to come and hear a sermon under an adjacent tree. Solemn, solemn! After being by himself about an hour, I walked half a mile with him to the gallows. His heart had been softened before my first visit. He seemed full of solid divine consolations. An instructive walk. I went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation." Standing upon his coffin, Whitefield exhorted, prayed, pronounced the benediction, and retired, trusting that "effectual good" had been done to all.

From New York he went to *Boston.* Here the interest was so great, he says, "Never was the Word received with greater eagerness than now. All opposition seems for a while to cease." Here he preached daily from the 17th to the 20th of September, and having stood the heat and labor so well, on the 21st he started on another excursion. Upon reaching Newbury, he was taken with such a severe flux, he was obliged to return. But recovering somewhat in a few days, he set off again to Portsmouth, he says, "*to begin to begin again.*" On reaching Portsmouth, he sat down and wrote his *Last Letter.* It is dated September 23, 1770, and directed to his very dear friend, Mr. R. Keen. He says, "By this time I thought to be moving southward. But never was greater importunity used to detain me in these northern parts. You will see by the many invitations what a door is opened for preaching the everlasting gospel. I was so ill on Friday that I could not preach, though thousands were waiting to hear. Well, the day of release will shortly come, but it does not seem yet; for, by riding sixty miles, I am better, and hope to preach here to-morrow. I trust my blessed Master will accept of these poor efforts to serve Him. O for a warm heart; O to stand fast in the faith, to quit ourselves like men, and be strong. May this

be the happy experience of you and yours. Earnestly desiring a continued interest in all your prayers, I hasten to subscribe myself, my dear, very dear sir, Less than the least of all, G. W."

HIS LAST SERMON.

After preaching at Kittery and York, and daily, for a week, at Portsmouth, on Saturday morning, September 29, he set out for Boston. Before reaching Newburyport, where he had agreed to preach the next Sabbath morning, he was prevailed upon to stop and preach by the way at Exeter, fifteen miles from Portsmouth. To accommodate the multitudes that collected on a very short notice, he preached in the open air, and continued his sermon nearly two hours, which so greatly fatigued him that he could not get out of the ferry boat without two men's assistance. This proved his last sermon. It was from 2 Cor. xiii. 5. "His subject was a contrast of the present with the future." When he ascended the pulpit, he was so unwell it was thought almost impossible for him to speak. Mr. Clarkson said to him, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." He replied, "True, sir," but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* Thy work, but not *of* Thy work. If I have not finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die." "At length," says an eye witness, "he arose from his seat, and stood erect. Thin and pale as death, his appearance alone was a powerful sermon." After standing several minutes unable to speak, he said, "I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for He will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in His name." Speaking with wonderful pathos and power, he then delivered one of his most impressive sermons. Towards the close he said, "I go, I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen,

and, by aid from heaven, given light to many; 'tis now about to set for—no, it cannot be! but 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven. Many shall live when this body is no more, but then—Oh, thought divine—I shall be in a world where time, age, sickness and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, *my spirit expands;* how willingly would I live forever to preach Christ! but I die to be with Him. How brief, comparatively brief, has been my life, compared with the vast labors I see before me yet to be accomplished; but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you." He now had such a sweet foretaste of heaven, that it, says Mr. Parsons, "made his countenance shine like the unclouded sun." He delivered this sermon with such clearness, pathos and power that it greatly surprised the great congregation. He said, "He hoped it was the last sermon he should ever preach." And so it was. It was preached at the request of Rev. Daniel Rodgers, a descendant of John Rodgers, the martyr.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

With his sweet, noble countenance, bright, dark blue eyes, and fair complexion, Whitefield had a fine presence. His tender, weeping eyes were very expressive. In recovering from the measles he contracted a squint in one of them, which, instead of detracting, rather added to the expression of his countenance. Being rather above the medium height, well proportioned, and very graceful and easy in his manners, his personal appearance was very prepossessing. And, says Dr. Wakely, "he had an eloquent face, every feature of which spoke to his audience. His eyes spoke volumes." His voice was exceedingly strong, sweet and melodious. 'Tis said he could be

heard a mile. His intonations were so perfect that Garrick says, "he could make men weep or tremble by his varied utterances of the word Mesopotamia." His action, also, was exceedingly graceful. "So that withal," says Dr. Philip, "his face was a language, his intonations music, and his action passion."

He was also very neat and particular in his person, and everything about him. He had a place for everything, and everything in its place. He would not even go to bed with a glove out of place. John Wesley says of him, "How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections." Hence, says Toplady, he had "the brightest cheerfulness." He was very slender when young, but became corpulent about forty. His table was neat and plain. "A cow-heel was his favorite dish."

WHITEFIELD'S SERMONS.

It is admitted that Whitefield's printed sermons generally fail to exhibit his great powers of oratory. This is true of many great orators. It only proves that their eloquence consisted much in their *manner* of delivery. It was so with Whitefield. His holy ardor and melting power could not be expressed on paper. To be felt, it must be seen. Besides, many of his sermons were hastily written while he was crossing the Atlantic. Others he did not write at all. They were taken down in short hand and published daily, as he preached them. But with his masterly skill, Whitefield, like Jesus, always adapted his sermons to the occasion. This gave him power. They are all full of points and arrows. And blest of God, they proved "quick and powerful," and cut like lightning. Like a mighty wave they swept everything before them. "It was like putting fire in tinder." The great doctrines he preached, though common to us now, were generally

new to his hearers then. And while some of his sermons are quite "commonplace," others are very touching, eloquent and powerful. Although they do not possess the beauty of Robert Hall, the strength of Edwards, nor the grandeur of Chalmers, yet flashing with life, love, joy and power, they produced a most wonderful effect. Abounding with rich religious experience, and glowing with tender compassion, and the great doctrines of the Cross, enforced with the most striking illustrations, they are the most stirring, eloquent and powerful sermons we ever read. We have often read them with profuse weeping. We can scarcely see how any Christian can read them without tears. They contain the very truths, the best calculated of all, to move the will, arouse the affections and win the heart. Reading one of them resulted in the conversion of Rev. James Hervey—reading another resulted in the conversion of Rev. Andrew Kinsman. And the reading of a few of them resulted in organizing several churches, and the founding of the Presbyterian church in the colony of Virginia. Here the effect of their reading was so great, that the people "could not keep from crying out and weeping bitterly." We give a few extracts from his written sermons—"*Beseeching sinners.*" "O, my brethren, my heart is enlarged towards you. I trust I feel something of that hidden but powerful presence of Christ, while I am preaching to you. Indeed, it is sweet, it is exceedingly comfortable. All the harm I wish you, who without cause are my enemies, is, that you felt the like. Believe me, though it would be hell to my soul, to return to a natural state, yet I would willingly change states with you for a little while, that you might know what it is to have Christ dwelling in your hearts by faith. Do not turn your backs; do not let the devil hurry you away. I *cannot*, I *will not* let you go; stay a *little*, let us reason together. However

lightly you may esteem your souls, I know our Lord has set an unspeakable value on them. I have offered you Christ's whole wisdom, Christ's whole righteousness, Christ's whole sanctification and eternal redemption, if you will but believe on Him. Come then, ye harlots; come, ye publicans, come, ye most abandoned of sinners, come and believe on Jesus Christ. O let there be joy in heaven over some of you repenting! An awful silence appears amongst us. Behold, I come to you as the angel did to Lot. Flee, flee for your lives; haste, linger no longer in your spiritual Sodom, for otherwise you will be eternally destroyed." Again, when preaching on glorifying God in the fires, Isa. xxiv. 15, he said, "When I was, some years ago, at Shields, I went into a glass-house, and standing very attentively, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him 'why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be rendered perfect? Oh, my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is!'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHITEFIELD'S DEATH.

WE give it as related by Mr. Smith, his traveling companion, who saw him die. On Saturday, September 29, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. "After dinner he and Mr. Parsons rode to Newburyport. I did not get there till two or three hours after them. I found them at supper. I asked Whitefield how he felt himself after his journey. He said 'he was tired, therefore he supped early, and would go to bed.' He ate a very light supper, talked but little, asked Mr. Parsons to discharge the table, perform family duty; and then retired upstairs. He said that he would sit and read till I came to him, which I did soon as possible; and found him reading in the Bible, with Watts' Psalms lying open before him. He asked me for some water gruel, and took about half his usual quantity; and kneeling down by the bedside, closed the evening with prayer. After a little conversation, he went to rest, and slept till two in the morning, when he awoke me and asked for a little cider, of which he drank about half of a wineglassful. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He told me 'his asthma was coming on him again; he must have two or three days' rest. Two or three days' riding without preaching would set him up again.' Soon afterwards he asked me to put

the window up a little higher (though it was half up all night), 'for,' said he, 'I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better by and by; a good pulpit sweat to-day may give me relief: I I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, I wished he would not preach so often. He replied, 'I had rather *wear* out than *rust* out.' I then told him I was afraid he took cold in preaching yesterday. He said 'he believed he had:' and then sat up in the bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ; and prayed for direction, whether he should winter at Boston, or hasten to the southward—prayed for a blessing on his Bethesda college, and his dear family there; for the Tabernacle and chapel congregations, and all the connections on the other side of the water; and then laid himself down to sleep again. This was nigh three o'clock. After a quarter past four he waked, and said, 'My asthma, my asthma is coming on; I wish I had not given out word to preach at Haverhill on Monday; I don't think I shall be able; but I shall see what to-day will bring forth. If I am no better to-morrow, I will take two or three days' ride.' He then desired me to warm him a little gruel; and, in breaking the firewood, I waked Mr. Parsons, who, thinking I knocked for him, rose and came in. He went to Whitefield's bedside, and asked him how he felt himself. He answered, 'I am almost suffocated. I can scarce breathe, my asthma quite chokes me.' I was then not a little surprised to hear how quick, and with what difficulty he drew his breath. He got out of bed, and went to the open window for air. This was exactly at five o'clock. I went to him, and for about the space of five minutes saw no danger, only that he had a great difficulty in breathing, as I had often seen before. Soon after he turned himself to me, and said, '*I am dying.*' I

said, 'I hope not, sir.' He ran to the other window, panting for breath, but could get no relief. It was agreed that I should go for Dr. Sawyer; and on my coming back, I saw death on his face; and he again said, '*I am dying.*' His eyes were fixed, his under lip drawing inward every time he drew breath; he went towards the window, and we offered him some warm wine with lavender drops, which he refused. I persuaded him to sit down in the chair, and have his cloak on; he consented by a sign, but could not speak. I then offered him the glass of warm wine; he took half of it, but it seemed as if it would have stopped his breath entirely. In a little time he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm and wind. I then began to have some small hopes. Mr. Parsons said he thought Whitefield breathed more freely than he did, and would recover. I said, 'No, sir, he is certainly dying.' I was continually employed in taking the phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, etc., to give him relief if possible, but all in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came in and saw him in the chair leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, '*He is a dead man.*' Mr. Parsons said, 'I don't believe it; you must do something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his last breath.' And indeed, so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock. We continued rubbing his legs, hands and feet with warm cloths, and bathed him with spirits for some time, but all in vain. I then put him into a warm bed, the doctor standing by, and often raised him upright, continued rubbing him and putting spirits to his nose for an hour, till all hopes were gone. The people came in crowds to see him; but I begged the doctor to shut the door."

Thus died the immortal Whitefield. While he lived we let him speak for himself, now he is dead we wish to say a few things about him. Touching his death, we observe that he had long prayed for it. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," was his oft-repeated prayer. Ready to die, he was waiting to depart. Blest with full assurance, death to him had no sting, and the grave no terrors. Like Paul, he could say, "*to die is gain*, to depart is far better." Having done, suffered, and enjoyed so much for Christ on earth, he longed to go, see, and enjoy Him more in heaven.

His death was *sudden* and unexpected. Yet he died at his post, "in the midst of the battle," "fighting the good fight of faith." He preached one day and died the next. Though very unwell, he had been preaching daily for near two months. Suddenly seized with a fit of asthma, after a few hours' suffering, he said, "*I am dying*." They sent for the doctor. He came, but it was too late. Death had seized him, and, after grappling a little with the last enemy, he again said, "*I am dying*." These were his last words. After a few more struggles "the wheel at the cistern stood still," and "the seraphic man" passed away. He died in the 56th year of his age, and in the 34th year of his ministry. How sudden the change! It was "but a *step*" from his "pulpit throne" on earth to the throne of God in heaven. "It is done." "The battle's fought, the victory won." "How are the mighty fallen." "A great light is gone out." The church has lost her greatest preacher, and the world its greatest orator and intercessor at a throne of grace. The Rev. Mr. Romaine exclaimed, "Oh, what has the church suffered in the setting of that bright star which has shone so gloriously in our hemisphere!"

Shocked by his death, the word spread like fire. Six hours after he expired, a man was seen riding through the streets of

Portsmouth, crying out, "*Whitefield is dead! Whitefield is dead!* He died at Newburyport this morning at six o'clock." Wrung with grief, the people met in great crowds to mingle their sorrows, and to do honor to the mighty dead. His life was a grand success, his death a glorious victory. Dying "on the field of battle," he died in the zenith of his glory. As he drew nearer the eternal world, he seemed to draw nearer to God, and to preach with greater power. His pulpit power never waned. He had often prayed "that his zeal might not flag at the latter end of the road." Neither did it. Instead of flagging it rather increased. His soul seemed to expand to the last, and his last labors everywhere seemed to have been attended with greater power than ever. His receptions now were "heartier," and his farewells more solemn and touching. Crowned with unprecedented success during his last labors in the South, and still greater in the North, he fell at his post, covered with glory and honor. Soon after he expired a large crowd of ministers and others gathered around his remains, and, says Mr. Smith, "they all said his last visit was attended with more power than any other; and that all opposition fell before him."

Again, Whitefield died "*silent.*" No vivid thoughts, stirring appeals, nor shouts of glory marked his death, that characterized his life. Having borne such ample testimony for God during his life, nothing more was needed at his death. He had said and done enough. God required no more. Wesley said when dying, "The best of all is, God is with us." Toplady said, "I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." But Whitefield, with his towering faith, holy life and heroic zeal, simply said, "*I am dying*," and God took him home to "an eternal weight of glory." In 1764, when Rev. Dr. Finley, President of New Jersey College, said to Mr. Whitefield, "I should be

glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God" at death. Whitefield replied, "You will be disappointed, Doctor, I shall die silent. It hath pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none when I die. No, no, it is your dumb Christians, that have walked in fear and darkness, and thereby been unable to bear a testimony for God during their lives, that He compels to speak out for Him on their death-beds." (Gillies.)

And here let us inquire what was the *secret* of his triumphant death. It was his strong faith, and laborious and self-sacrificing life. Though "all of grace," he died triumphantly, because he lived earnestly. He enjoyed much because he wrought much. Crucified to the world, he lived for Christ, and Christ gave him victory. Conscious of the inseparable connection between doing duty and enjoying God, he strove with all his might to be faithful. He made life second to duty. He has a great reward, because he made a great sacrifice. He sits high with Jesus in heaven, because he worked hard and walked close with Him on earth.

"Though dead, he yet speaketh." Simply hearing the announcement of his death led to one man's conversion. Benjamin Randall, a young sail-maker, was deeply impressed under Whitefield's last sermons in Portsmouth. As he was going to church he heard a man cry out, "*Whitefield is dead!*" The announcement startled him, and went like an arrow to his heart. He says, "It was September 30, that memorable day! that blessed day to Whitefield! that blessed day to me! a voice sounded through my soul more loud and startling than ever thunder pealed upon my ears, '*Whitefield is dead!*' Whitefield is now in heaven, but I am on the road to hell. He was a man of God, and yet I reviled him

and spoke reproachfully of him. He taught me the way to heaven, but I rejected it." This led to Randall's conversion. He became a Baptist minister, and the founder of the Free-will Baptist denomination, now numbering over 60,000 members and 1000 ministers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHITEFIELD'S FUNERAL.

STUNG with grief at his death, thousands upon thousands assembled to mingle their tears of sorrow at his funeral. Endeared to the people while living, they delighted to honor him when dead. Says Mr. Smith, "Many ministers of all persuasions came to the house of the Rev. Mr. Parsons, where several of them gave a very particular account of their first awakenings under his ministry, several years ago, and also of many in their congregations, that to their knowledge, under God, owed their conversion to his coming among them, often referring to the blessed seasons they had enjoyed under his preaching; and all said, that his last visit was attended with more power than any other, and that all opposition fell before him. Then one and another of them would pity and pray for his dear Tabernacle and Chapel congregations, and it was truly affecting to hear them bemoan America's and England's loss. Thus they continued for two hours conversing about his great usefulness, and praying that God would scatter his gifts and drop his mantle among them."

"Early the next morning after his death," says Dr. Gillies, "Mr. Sherburn, of Portsmouth, sent Mr. Clarkson and Dr. Haven with a message to Mr. Parsons, desiring that Mr. Whitefield's remains might be buried in his own new tomb, at his own expense; and in the evening several gentlemen from

Boston came to Mr. Parsons, desiring the body might be carried there. But as Mr. Whitefield had repeatedly desired to be buried before Mr. Parson's pulpit, if he died at Newburyport, Mr. Parsons thought himself obliged to deny both of these requests."

Enshrouded in his gown, cassock and wig, Whitefield was buried October 2, 1770, from the house of Mr. Parsons. "At one o'clock all the bells in the town were tolled for an hour, and all the vessels in the harbor gave their proper signals of mourning. At two o'clock the bells tolled again. At three, the bells called to attend the funeral. The Rev. Dr. Haven, of Portsmouth, the Rev. Messrs. Daniel Rogers, of Exeter, Jedediah Jewet, and James Chandler, of Rowley, Moses Parsons, of Newburyport, and Edward Bass, of Newburyport, were pall-bearers. Mr. Parsons and his family, with many other respectable persons, followed the corpse in mourning. The procession was one mile. When the corpse was carried into the Presbyterian church, and placed at the foot of the pulpit, close to the vault, the Rev. Daniel Rodgers made a very affecting prayer, and openly declared, in the presence of about six thousand persons, within the walls of the church, while many thousands were on the outside unable to get in, that, under God, he owed his conversion to the labors of that dear man of God, whose precious remains now lay before them. Then he cried out, '*O my father*, MY FATHER!' then stopped and wept as though his heart would break: the people weeping all through the place. Then he recovered, and finished his prayer, and sat down and wept. Then one of the deacons gave out that hymn—

"Why do we mourn departing friends?" etc.,

some of the people weeping, some singing, and so on alternately.

The Rev. Mr. Jewet preached a funeral discourse, and made an affectionate address to his brethren, to lay to heart the death of that useful man of God; begging that he and they might be upon their watch-tower, and endeavor to follow his blessed example. He said, 'We are met here, a large assembly of *mourners* to condole the loss, the almost irreparable loss, which *we*, our *Christian friends*, and *the Church* of God, have sustained, in the sudden death of our most amiable and useful friend and dear father, the Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD; and to pay our last office of respect unto his earthly remains. We may recollect that Jesus Christ, while He tabernacled in the flesh, and when He was going to the grave of His dear friend Lazarus with his sisters, and a train of other mourners, expressed the tender sentiments of His heart by His groans and tears. The evangelist informs us that He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled; or, according to the original, He troubled, or afflicted Himself, *i. e.*, He gave the reins in some measure to His grief; "Jesus wept." Well then may *we weep* and *afflict ourselves*, giving scope to the sorrowful affections of our hearts, because *our friend*, and the friend of Christ, *sleepeth*. How is the mighty fallen, and the weapons of the spiritual warfare perished. What a wide breach is made upon us, upon New England, and upon all the British colonies in America. How much zeal for God, and gospel doctrine, compassion for perishing sinners, and true holiness is taken from amongst us by this stroke of God's hand. What a *friend* he has been to us and our *interests*, religious and civil, to New England and all the British colonies. How generously he has opened, not only his mouth for us, but his heart also to us, and spent himself unto weariness and even to *death* amongst us, and for us; a *shower* of tears poured on his grave, together with all the decent funeral respect we can pay his clayey tabernacle, is but an equitable,

yea, but a small, inconsiderable tribute.' The corpse was then put into the vault, and all concluded with a short prayer and dismission of the people, who went weeping through the streets to their respective homes." (Gillies.)

But it was not only in Newburyport "that great lamentation was made over him"—all New England lamented him. Two continents mourned his loss. His death cast a solemn gloom over the entire Christian world. Rev. C. Winter said to Rev. Wm. Jay, "You have no conception of the effect of Mr. Whitefield's death upon the inhabitants of Georgia. All the black cloth in the stores was bought up; the pulpit and desk of the church, the branches, the organ loft, the pews of the governor and council, were covered with black. The governor and council, in deep mourning, convened at the state house, and went in procession to church, and were received by the organ playing a funeral dirge. Two funeral sermons were preached, one by the Rev. Mr. Ellington, the other by the Rev. Mr. Zubly." Similar marks of respect were shown by some of the churches in Philadelphia, and many other places. The mournful news of his death reached London November 5. Rev. Mr. Keen at once communicated it to the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel; and who could describe the anguished hearts of the bereaved, weeping congregations! All eyes were filled with tears over the great loss of their dearly beloved pastor. According to Whitefield's previous arrangement, the Rev. John Wesley, at the request of Mr. Keen, preached his funeral sermon on Sabbath, the 18th of November, from Numbers xxiii. 10, at the Chapel in the morning, and in the afternoon at the Tabernacle. The London *Chronicle* of Nov. 19, 1770, says: "The multitudes that went to hear it exceeded all belief. The Chapel and Tabernacle were filled as soon as they were opened." The pulpits in both places were hung with black

cloth, and the galleries with fine black baize. Hatchments were put up with the motto, "*Meta vita, solus et gloria Christus.*" The mournings and the escutcheons in the vestries in each place were kept up six months, and the hatchments twelve.

WHITEFIELD'S WILL—EXTRACT.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons but one God, I, GEORGE WHITEFIELD, clerk, at present residing at the Orphan House Academy, in the province of Georgia, in North America, being, through infinite mercy, in more than ordinary bodily health, and of a perfect, sound, and composed mind, knowing the certainty of death, and yet the uncertainty of the time I shall be called by it to my long-wished-for home, *do make* this my last will and testament:

"*Imprimis.* In sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I commit my body to the dust, to be buried in the most plain and decent manner; and knowing in whom I have believed, and being persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him, in the fullest assurance of faith, I commend my soul into the hands of the ever-loving, altogether lovely, never-failing Jesus, in whose complete and everlasting righteousness I entirely depend for the justification of my person, and acceptance of my poor, worthless, though I trust sincere, performances, at that day when He shall come to judge both the quick and dead." His Orphan House at Bethesda, and all the buildings and all the appurtenances thereof, "I leave to the Right Honorable Lady Huntingdon; desiring that as soon as may be after my decease, the plan of the intended Orphan House Bethesda College may be prosecuted—if not practicable or eligible to pursue the present plan of the Orphan House Academy—on its old foundation and usual channel." In case of her death before his, he willed all

the above to his dear friend, the Hon. James Habersham. With regard to his outward *affairs in England*, he willed the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, all the buildings connected therewith, and all the appurtenances thereof, to his "two worthy, trusty friends, Daniel West, Esq., and Mr. Robert Keen, or the longer survivor of the two."

"As to the moneys which a kind providence, especially of late, in a most unexpected way, and unthought-of means, has vouchsafed to entrust me with," he says, "I give and bequeath the sum of £100 sterling to Lady Huntingdon aforesaid, humbly beseeching her ladyship's acceptance of so small a mite, as a pepper-corn acknowledgment, for the undeserved, unsought-for honor her ladyship conferred upon me, in appointing me one of her domestic chaplains."

To Mr. James Habersham he gave his late wife's gold watch, and £10 for mourning; "to my dear old friend, Gabriel Harris, Esq., of Gloucester, who received and boarded me in his house when I was helpless and destitute, above thirty years ago, I give the sum of £50; to my humble, faithful servant and friend, Mr. Ambrose Wright, I give £500." To his brother, Thomas Whitefield, he gave £50; to Mr. James Smith, of Bristol, he gave £50, and £30 for family mourning; to his niece, Mrs. Frances Hartford, of Bath, he gave £50, and £30 for family mourning, etc., etc.

"To Mr. Cornelius Winter, and all my other assistant preachers at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, I give £10 each for mourning. Finally, I give £100 to be distributed among my old London servants, the poor widows at Tottenham Court Chapel, and the Tabernacle poor; especially my old trusty friend and servant, Mrs Elizabeth Wood." He made a conditional provision to give annual prizes for the three best orations in the Orphan House Academy. He appointed

Hon. James Habersham his executor for his American, and Charles Hardy, Esq., Daniel West, Esq., and Mr. Robert Keen, executors for his affairs in England.

"As for my enemies and misjudging friends, I most freely and heartily forgive them, and can only add that the last tremendous day will only discover what I have been, what I am, and what I shall be when time itself shall be no more; and therefore from my inmost soul I close all by crying, 'Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; even so, Lord Jesus. Amen and amen.' GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

This will was written by Whitefield himself, signed, sealed, and delivered, at the Orphan House Academy, in the province of Georgia, before us witnesses, March 22, A. D. 1770.

ROBERT BOLTON.
THOMAS DIXON.
CORNELIUS WINTER.

Whitefield adds: "N. B.—I also leave a mourning ring to my honored and dear friends, and distinguished fellow-laborers, the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine. Grace be with all them, of whatever denomination, that love our Lord Jesus, our common Lord, in sincerity."

WHITEFIELD'S TOMB.

His remains lie in a vault under the pulpit of the "Old South Presbyterian Church," Newburyport, Massachusetts. Lighting his lamp, Mr. Jaques lifted a small trap-door behind the pulpit, and took us down to the place where sleep in death the mortal remains of the immortal man. There they lie, encased in a plain, unvarnished coffin, lying on top of two other coffins. Though shattered by the mouldering hand of

time, the skull and larger bones still remain entire. The balance is a heap of dust. The frontal bone bears the mark of the fingers' gentle touch of the many thousands who have visited this sacred shrine. The main bone of the right arm was taken to England as a curiosity several years ago, and brought back and replaced in 1837, with great interest and deep solemnity. "A procession of 2000 people followed it to the grave."—(*N. Y. Observer.*) Calling to mind the glorious career of the living man in connection with the sight of his rusty remains, struck us with feelings of reverence and solemn awe. The dust, the bones, and the well varnished skull, though a very dry subject, to us were a very interesting sight. To gaze upon the skull that once contained the brains, and the frame that once encased the heart, that moved the masses, stirred the souls, and revived the churches of two continents, was a very impressive sight. When we remember the flame of fire and the mighty genius that once animated these dry bones, and recall the bold, fervid, eloquent words that gushed from his compassionate heart, and fell from his tender lips, and associate them with the grandeur and glory of his successful life, the sight becomes still more impressive. And when we remember that the hour is coming when these dry bones will hear the voice of the Son of God, live, and come forth from that dingy vault, clothed in power, glory, and immortality; when Whitefield, soul and body reunited, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and go to dwell forever with Him, the gloomy sight appears far more impressive still.

The preciousness of Whitefield's memory is seen in the numerous visits made to his tomb. We give one by Rev. Dr. Cox, of London, and Rev. Dr. Hoby, of Birmingham. They say, "Deep expectant emotions thrilled through our bosoms as we descended into the awful and silent sepulchre. There

were three coffins, side by side; two of them containing the remains of Mr. Parsons and Mr. Prince, pastors of the church, with Whitefield's in the middle, over which we bent in solemn awe. We gazed on the fragments, contemplated and handled the skull, of the great preacher. We thought of his devoted life, his blessed death, and high and happy destiny." Mr. Wm. B. Tappan wrote, on visiting it in 1837:

"And this was Whitefield!—this, the dust now blending
With kindred dust, that wrapt his soul of fire—
Which, from the mantle freed, is still ascending
Through regions of far glory, holier, higher."

WHITEFIELD'S MONUMENT.

In one corner of the church, on the right of the pulpit, stands his cenotaph or monument, erected through the liberality of Mr. Bartlett, of Newburyport. It serves as a noble monument for him as well as for Whitefield. It is about five feet square, and ten or twelve feet high. Made of finely polished Massachusetts and Italian marble, with a massive, solid base, adorned with a heavy cornice, it is a neat structure. Surmounted with a golden flame, ascending from an open urn, "a beautiful symbol of immortality," it is very appropriate and significant. A flame of love and a flame of fire while living, a monumental flame well becomes him now he is dead. Although Whitefield richly deserves the finest monument, yet like his Master, he needs none. The revived churches and the restored Christianity of Europe and America are his monument. Enshrined in the hearts and embedded in the affections of the people, his life, his *words*, his DEEDS, constitute a monument as durable as the everlasting hills. On one side of it is engraved, in letters of gold, an appropriate epitaph, briefly sketching his life, character, success and death. Read-

ing it over brought his life and death so vividly before our mind, that we could but gaze upon it with deep emotions and tears. It bears the following inscription:

THIS CENOTAPH

Is erected with affectionate veneration,
To the Memory of

THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Born at Gloucester, England, Dec. 16, 1714,
Educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736.
In a Ministry of Thirty-four years, he crossed
the Atlantic thirteen times,
And preached more than eighteen thousand sermons.

AS A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS,

humble, devoted, ardent,
He put on the whole armor of God;
Preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest,
Repose, reputation and life.

AS A CHRISTIAN ORATOR,

His deep piety, disinterested zeal and vivid imagination,
gave unexampled energy to his look,
utterance and action.
Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers.
He died of Asthma, September 30, 1770,
Suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his
Eternal Rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS FUNERAL SERMONS.

HERE were a great many sermons preached upon the occasion of Whitefield's death. We make the following extracts. The *Rev. Mr. Parsons* preached his first funeral sermon in Newburyport the same day he died, from Phil. i. 21. He said, "In Whitefield, I believe, we have the whole of the text exemplified: he could say with our apostle, 'For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.' Christ became a principle of spiritual life in his soul, while he was at the University in Oxford. When he heard Christ speak to him in the gospel, he cried, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' From that time he had an ardent desire to furnish himself for the gospel ministry. To this end he gave himself to reading the holy scriptures, and particularly he read Mr. Henry's Commentaries on the whole Bible upon his knees before God, a noble example for young students in divinity. Since my first acquaintance with him, which is about thirty years ago, I have highly esteemed him as an excellent Christian and an eminent minister of the gospel. I have often considered him as 'an angel flying through the midst of heaven, with the everlasting gospel, to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.' Wherever he flew, like a flame of fire, his ministry gave a general alarm to all sorts of people, though before they had, for a long time,

been amazingly sunk down into dead formality. It is no wonder that this man of God should meet with enemies, and with great opposition to his ministry; for hell trembled before him." But "he is gone while our souls were flushed with expectation! Snatched away suddenly, without any time allowed us to wean ourselves from him! O, severe, affecting stroke! But what is it to me and my children—what is it to this vast assembly—when compared with the general loss to the church of God? Where is the man that can describe divine things with such a heavenly flame? Who, O, who, shall rise in England and America, with an equal genius, and the like spirit, to encourage religion and to stem the torrent of opposition to the gospel? With God is the residue of the Spirit, and He can qualify and send down young *Elias*, now *Elijah* has dropped his mantle. Arise, O God, and plead Thine own cause!"

The *Rev. John Wesley*, said, in the language of the Boston *Gazette*, "In his public labors, Whitefield has for many years astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion. With what divine pathos did he persuade the unpenitent sinners to embrace the practice of piety and virtue! Filled with the spirit of grace, he spoke from the heart, and with a fervency of zeal, perhaps unequaled since the days of the apostles, adorned the truths he delivered with the most graceful charms of rhetoric and oratory. From the pulpit he was unrivaled in the command of an over-crowded auditory. Nor was he less agreeable and instructive in his private conversation. Happy in a remarkable ease of address, willing to communicate, studious to edify." Mr. Wesley further said, "Mention has already been made of his unparalleled *zeal*, his indefatigable *activity*, his *tender-heartedness* to the afflicted, and *charitableness* toward the poor. But should we not likewise men-

tion his deep *gratitude* to all whom God had used as instruments of good to him? Should we not mention that he had an heart susceptible of the most generous and the most tender *friendship?* I have frequently thought, that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections? Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others were so strangely drawn and knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this, which, quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart?—which gave that life to his sermons, his conversation and letters? Ye are witnesses." Entering the ministry when very young, "he had not time to make a very considerable progress in the learned languages. But this defect was amply supplied by a lively and fertile genius, by fervent zeal, and by a forcible and most persuasive delivery. Being singularly cheerful, as well as charitable and tender-hearted, he was as ready to relieve the bodily as the spiritual necessities of those that applied to him." Touching his success, Wesley says, "Have we read or heard of any person, who called so many thousands, so many myriads of sinners, to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of any who has been a blessed instrument in His hand of bringing so many sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." And in his journal he says, "In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

The *Rev. Dr. E. Pemberton*, of Boston, said, "Posterity will view Mr. Whitefield, in many respects, as one of the most extraordinary characters of the present age. His zealous, incessant and successful labors in Europe and America are

without a parallel. His first appearance in the work of the ministry was attended with surprising success. The largest churches in London would not contain the numbers that perpetually flocked to hear his awakening discourses. He was soon forced into the fields, followed by multitudes, who hung with silent attention upon his lips, and with avidity received the Word of Life. He preached from day to day in thronged assemblies; yet his hearers never discovered the least weariness, but always followed him with increasing ardor. When in the pulpit, every eye was fixed on his expressive countenance; every ear was charmed with his melodious voice; all sorts of persons were captivated with the propriety and beauty of his address. His natural abilities were vastly above the common standard. And the gifts of nature, as well as the acquisitions of art which adorned his character, were devoted to the honor of God and the enlargement of his kingdom."

The *Rev. E. Ellington*, V. D. M., of Savannah, Ga., said: "Mr. Whitefield's works praise him loud enough; I am not able to say anything that can add greater lustre to them. Ease and honor were continually courting his acceptance; but these he refused, and made choice of defamation and reproach. Though it is well known he has had opportunity long since to fill the Cathedral-chair, and enjoy Episcopal emolument, yet in his opinion, 'winning souls to Christ' was a greater honor than any this world could afford. In him met the finished and complete gentleman, and the real and true Christian. Why, then, did he take pleasure in reproaches? The reason is obvious—he had respect to the recompense of the reward. How he has preached with showers of stones, and many other instruments of malice and revenge about his ears, many of his surviving friends can witness; but having the salvation of sinners at heart, he spared no pains and refused no

labor, so that he might administer to their eternal good. But what a loss has our world sustained! A star of the first magnitude is set, a great man is fallen; for in him met every qualification that constitutes the great and good." His text was Heb. xi. 26.

The *Rev. Mr. D. Edwards*, of England, said: "The ardent love Whitefield bore to the Lord Jesus Christ was remarkable. The heart-felt experience of this divine principle constrained him to an unwearied application to the service of the gospel; and transported him, at times, in the eyes of some, beyond the bounds of sober reason. He was content to be a fool for His sake; to be despised, so Christ might be honored; to be nothing, that Jesus might be all in all. He had such a sense of the incomparable excellence of the person of Christ; of His adorable condescension in taking our nature upon Him, and enduring the curse of the law, that he could never say enough of Him. Inspired by this principle, nothing frightened or flattered him from duty. Full of generous philanthropy and benevolence, his Christian zeal was like the light of the sun, which did warm, shine and cherish. He wept in secret for the pride, Sabbath-breaking and abominations that were found in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and America; and his soul was often humbled in fasting. Mr. Whitefield was a second Luther; but he is called home. A greater loss, when all things are considered, could not perhaps befall the church of God in the death of a single person. His life shined as the light. His searching sermons made hypocrites tremble, and his instrumentality made the kingdoms of darkness shake."

Rev. Henry Venn, of England, said: "In point of labor, this extraordinary servant of God did as much in a few weeks, as most of those who exert themselves are able to do in the

space of a year. He labored not by fits and starts, but with constancy, perseverance and unabated ardor. If with the length and frequency of Mr. Whitefield's preaching, we consider the *intenseness of voice and spirit* with which he spoke, the greatness of his labors will appear perfectly astonishing. He knew not how to speak with less zeal. His usual earnestness roused the most stupid and lethargic. Early and often his body suffered from this very violent exertion of his strength. Often his inside has bled a considerable quantity, and cried out, '*Spare thyself.*' But, prodigal of life, in the best of causes, he would give himself no rest. And to crown all, he was abundantly successful. The seals to his ministry I am persuaded are more than would be credited, could the number be fixed. His amazing popularity was only from his usefulness; for he no sooner opened his mouth as a preacher, than God commanded an extraordinary blessing upon his word. Add to this, the letters he received of grateful acknowledgment from persons of all ages and conditions of life, for the spiritual blesssings he had conveyed to them, would fill whole volumes. Yet the scourge of the tongue was let loose upon him, and his name was loaded with the foulest calumnies; he was often in tumults, and more than once in danger of his life by the rage of the people; he wore himself away in the service of souls; when he died, he died quite exhausted by much speaking; but in his death he received an immediate answer to his own prayer, that if it were consistent with the divine will, he might finish that day his Master's work."

The *Rev. John Newton*, of London, in preaching Whitefield's funeral sermon from the text, "He was a burning and a shining light," said: "I am not backward to say, that I have not read or heard of any person since the apostles' days, of whom it may be more emphatically said, he was a burning and shining

light, than the late Mr. Whitefield; whether we consider the warmth of his zeal, the greatness of his ministerial talents, or the extensive usefulness with which the Lord honored him. I do not mean to praise the man, but the Lord who furnished him, and made him what he was. He was raised up to shine in a dark place. The state of religion, when he first appeared in public, was very low in our established Church. I speak the truth, though to some it may be an offensive truth. What a change has taken place throughout the land, within a little more than thirty years! And how much of this change has been owing to God's blessing on Mr. Whitefield's labors, is well known to many who have lived through this period. He had an ardent zeal for God, an inflamed desire for the salvation of sinners; so that no labors could weary him, no difficulties or opposition discourage him, and hardly any limits could confine him. I bless God that I lived in his time: many were the winter mornings I arose at four o'clock to attend his Tabernacle discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times, as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night. His zeal was not like wild-fire, but *directed by sound principles and a sound judgment.* His steadiness and perseverance in the truth was the more remarkable, considering the difficulties and snares he was sometimes beset with. But the Lord kept him steady, so that neither the example, nor friendship, nor importunity of those he dearly beloved, were capable of moving him. Wherever he came, if he preached but a single discourse, he usually brought a season of refreshing and revival with him."

The *Rev. Augustus M. Toplady*, in speaking of Whitefield, said: "It will not be saying too much, if I term him *the Apostle of the British Empire*—in point of zeal for God, a long course

of indefatigable and incessant labors, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness. If the absolute command over the passions of immense auditories be the mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest of the age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous expansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the most liberal exemption from bigotry, the purest and most transpicuous integrity, the brightest cheerfulness, and the promptest wit, enter into the composition of social excellence, he was one of the best companions in the world. He was a true and faithful son of the Church of England, and invincibly asserted her doctrines to the last; and that, not in a merely doctrinal way, though he was a most excellent systematic divine, but with an unction of power from God unequaled in the present day. If to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; if a union of the most brilliant with the most solid ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling experience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in the conversion of sinners, and edification of saints, be signatures of a commission from heaven, GEORGE WHITEFIELD cannot but stand highest on the modern list of Christian ministers. It appears from a passage in one of Mr. Whitefield's own letters, published since his decease, that he was the person whom the gracious spirit and providence of God raised up and sent forth to begin that great work of spiritual revival in the Church of England, which has continued ever since, and still continues with increasing spread, to replenish and enrich the evangelical vineyard by law established. To Rev. John Wesley, Mr. Whitefield wrote: 'As God was pleased to send me out first, and to enlighten me first, so I think He still continues to do it; my business seems to be chiefly in *planting*. If God sends you to *water*, I bless His

name.' On the whole, he was the least imperfect character I ever knew."

These spontaneous, heart-gushing expressions of respect and grief for Whitefield, and these strong testimonies of his *character*, *zeal* and *success*, speak volumes for the man, and for the grace of God in him.

We give the following extracts on his *character and manner* of preaching, from a sermon preached by *Rev. Josiah Smith*, of Charleston, S. C., in 1740. He says of him: "How rich has he been in all good works! What an eminent pattern of piety towards God! How holy and unblamable in all conversation and godliness! He appears to me a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. He lives much by faith, and above the world, and despises preferments and riches. His heart seems set upon doing good. He is proof against reproach and invective. When he is reviled, he revileth not again, but prays heartily for his enemies. He professes himself to lay down his life for Christ, and to spend and be spent in the service of souls. Such a man has all imaginable claim to our highest love and honor. I freely own he has taken my heart, and I feel his reproaches. God seems to be with him of a truth; his rod has budded, and he has many to whom he can say, *Ye are my epistle.* Wherever he has preached, he has been thronged, and many have come to him pricked in their hearts, saying, *What shall we do to be saved?* He has put a new face upon religion, and put a damp upon polite diversions, which always dwindle as Christianity revives."

Touching his *manner*, Mr. Smith said, "He was certainly a finished preacher, and a great master of pulpit oratory and elocution, while a noble negligence ran through his style. Yet his discourses were very extraordinary. He appeared to me, in all his discourses, very deeply affected and impressed

in his own heart. How did that burn and boil within him, when he spoke of the things he had made concerning the King? How was his tongue like the pen of a ready writer, touched as with a coal from the altar! With what a flow of words, what a ready profusion of language, did he speak to us upon the great concerns of our souls! In what a flaming light did he set our eternity before us! How earnestly did he press Christ upon us! How did he move our passions with the constraining love of such a Redeemer! The awe, the silence, the attention which sat upon the face of so great an audience, was an argument how he could reign over all their powers. Many thought he spake as never man spake before him. So charmed were the people with his manner of address, that they shut their shops, forgot their secular business, and laid aside their schemes for the world; and the oftener he preached, the keener edge he put upon their desires of hearing him again. How awfully, with what thunder and sound, did he discharge the artillery of heaven upon us! And yet, how could he soften and melt even a soldier of Ulysses, with the love and mercy of God! How close, strong and pungent were his applications to the conscience; mingling light and heat, pointing the arrows of the Almighty at the hearts of sinners, while he poured in the balm upon wounds of the contrite, and made broken bones rejoice! Eternal themes, the tremendous solemnities of our religion, were all alive upon his tongue."

The distinguished critic, *Sir James Stephen*, of Cambridge University, England, says: "From his seventeenth year to his dying day, Whitefield lived amongst embittered enemies and jealous friends, without a stain on his reputation. His whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous, or scarcely uninterrupted, sermon. Strange as is

such an example of bodily and mental energy, still stranger is the power he possessed of fascinating the attention of hearers of every rank of life and of every variety of understanding. Not only were the loom, the forge, the plow, the collieries and the workshops deserted at his approach, but the spell was acknowledged by Hume and Franklin—by Pulteney, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. 'He loved the world that hated him.' He had no preferences but in favor of the ignorant, the miserable and the poor. In their cause he shrunk from no privation, and declined neither insult nor hostility. To such wrongs he opposed the weapons of an all-enduring meekness, and a love incapable of repulse. The springs of his benevolence were inexhaustible, and could not choose but flow. Never was mortal man gifted with such an incapacity of fatiguing or of being fatigued. A large proportion of the American and English churches may trace back their spiritual genealogy by regular descent from him. Estimated by those whose religious opinions are derived from him, he is nothing less than an apostle inspired in the latter ages of the Church, to purify her faith and to reform her morals. Whitefield was a great and a holy man; among the foremost of the heroes of philanthropy, and as a preacher without a superior or a rival."

Dr. Franklin said to a gentleman of Georgia: "I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure it gives me to see an account of the respect paid to his memory by your Assembly. I knew him intimately upwards of thirty years; his integrity, disinterestedness, and indefatigable zeal in prosecuting every good work, I have never seen equaled, I shall never see excelled."

Years ago an aged citizen of Old Ipswick, Mass., who had heard Whitefield, said to a London correspondent, "I suppose,

sir, you've heard of Whitefield?" "Of Whitefield! to be sure I have." "Well, I've seen Whitefield. George Whitefield stood on this very stone" (dropping his stick feebly from his hand), "and I heard him preach here." "And do you remember anything about him?" I asked. "Well, I guess I do. I was but a bit of a boy then; but here he stood on this stone, looking like a flying angel, and we call this Whitefield's pulpit to this day. There was folks here from all parts to hear him; so he was obliged to preach outside, for the church wasn't half big enough for 'em, and no two ways about it. I've heard many persons since that time, but none of them could come nigh him, any how they could fix it." "Do you remember anything of his sermon?" "Oh, I was too young to notice aught, sir, but the preacher hisself and the crowds of people; but I know he had a very sweet voice, and as I said, when he spread his arms out, with a little Bible in his hand, he looked like a flying angel. I suppose, sir, you'll be going to see his bones? He was buried in Newburyport, and you can see 'em if you like."

The *Rev. James Hervey* said of him: "I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord; such a living image of the Saviour; such exalted delight in God; such unbounded benevolence to man; such steady faith in the divine promises; such fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humor, or extravagance of behavior; but sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of scripture: insomuch that I cannot forbear applying the wise man's encomium on an illustrious woman, to this eminent minister of the everlasting gospel: 'Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'" And says Dr. Gillies: "That devout and affectionate veneration, which would have led

throngs to bathe WHITEFIELD'S feet in their tears, never existed for any merely earthly hero. So effectual was the impression made by him wherever he went, that formal commendatory discourses were often pronounced upon him, in his younger days, the tone of which precisely accords with the eulogies after his death."

Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of London, says: "Whitefield was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience, he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, he combined a voice of rich compass, which could easily thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear. None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest style of impersonation: as when he described to his sailor auditors a storm at sea, and compelled them to shout, 'Take to the long boat, sir!' His 'hark, hark!' could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awaken the cry of horror-stricken innocence. His thoughts were possessions; and his feelings were transformations; and he spoke because he *felt*, his hearers understood because they *saw*. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was his heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this, all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. He was an orator,

but only sought to be an evangelist. Indeed, so simple was his nature, that glory to God and good will to man had filled it; there was room for little more. So full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored, he soon himself became a living gospel."

HIS INFLUENCE.

In summing up the fruits of his labors, when we look at his grand, successful career, the mighty *impulse* he gave the religious world, and the great revivals he brought about, his influence is incalculable. Eternity alone will reveal it. When we count up his 18,000 sermons in thirty-four years, his thirteen voyages across the ocean, and his almost superhuman labors; and look at the great sacrifices he made, and the severe persecutions he endured, as a *Christian worker* and a Christian hero, he deservedly stands next to Paul. He preached the gospel to more people than any other man. And Dr. A. Alexander, says, "he preached with a popularity and success which have never been equaled." (Log College, p. 11.) And in the day of final retribution, we believe he will have more stars in his crown than any other man except Paul.

Although Wesley is the founder of Methodism, yet in its early spread, Whitefield often went before, and Wesley followed. Whitefield planted—Wesley watered. Whitefield often went before and reaped the harvest—Wesley followed, gathered and shocked it. Hence Wesley says, "I must go round and glean after Mr. Whitefield."* (Wesley's Works, V. 6, p. 655.)

* Whitefield says in a letter to John Wesley, Aug. 25, 1740, "As God was pleased to send me out first, and to enlighten me first, so I think He still continues to do it. My business seems to be chiefly in planting; if God sends you to water, I praise His name. I wish you a thousand-fold increase."—Letter 214.

A. Stevens says: "Whitefield led the Methodist movement over its first barriers, and sounded the trumpet before its march in both hemispheres."* In the introduction of Field Preaching, upon which the spread of Christianity and the success of Methodism so much depended, Whitefield led and Wesley followed. And when Whitefield preached his first field sermon, he kindled such a fire in England that soon flashed all over Great Britain and America, and is still burning on. It will never go out. He infused such life, and gave such a mighty impulse to Christianity in England, that his influence is deeply felt to this day. At the sound of his voice, the old Established Church awoke and put on its strength. Yet his influence, no doubt, was much greater among the Nonconformity churches. They owe their salvation very much to him. And in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, his power was almost as great. Some of his grandest victories were achieved in Scotland. So that taking it altogether, his influence has been so great, he has been called "The Morning Star of England's Second Reformation," and by Mr. Toplady, "*The Apostle of the British Empire.*"

But his influence was greater, no doubt, in America than in Europe. "The Great Awakening of 1740," had commenced and abated before Whitefield came to America. Locally it had been very powerful. But when Whitefield came and preached, it soon spread all over the country; it has since given tone and character to the Protestantism of the United States. And Dr. Abel Stevens, says, "it gave rise to Princeton College with its distinguished Theological Seminary," from which have sprung several other colleges whose light to-day shines around the world. Under Whitefield's

* His Methodism, V. 1, pp. 468, 475.

labors this revival spread with such great power, it has been estimated one-fortieth of the Colonial inhabitants were brought to Christ in a few years. Among these were a great many ministers. In 1763, forty preachers of different denominations, converted in this revival, met to congratulate him on his arrival at Philadelphia. At another time, twenty ministers in and about Boston, acknowledged Whitefield as their spiritual father. In New England, in less than twenty years, about one-hundred and fifty Congregational churches were organized, with over 50,000 members.

Whitefield's influence was scarcely less among the Presbyterians. Before this revival, says Dr. A. Alexander, "the Presbyterian Church in America, was in a most deplorable state of deadness and formality." But when Whitefield came and preached, the revival spread with great power, and soon became general in the Presbyterian Church. Even the reading of a few of his sermons in Virginia, resulted in establishing Presbyterianism in that State. So that the Presbyterian strength was more than doubled in a few years. His influence was very deeply felt in all denominations. Randall, one of his converts, founded the Free-Will Baptists, now 75,000 strong in this country. And besides his great work among the poor, there is no telling what influence he exerted in bringing about the Declaration of American Independence. His new measures in the Church might naturally lead to new measures in the State. So that when he came to lie down in death, as Rev. Dr. Warren, of Boston, says, "he was unconsciously, but in reality, the *spiritual father* of a great Christian nation." Review his life. Look up his vivid thoughts brilliant words, mighty deeds and bloody persecutions. Look at the sermons he preached, the prayers he prayed, and the tears he shed. O what zeal, what self-denial, what earnest-

ness, what holiness, what vehemence, what mighty power and success, marked his life! He not only revived, but we might almost say, saved the churches of two continents. Look at the countries he visited, the tours he made, the souls he won, the victories he achieved, and his whole life is one grand scene of success and victory!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHITEFIELD'S SAYINGS.

THE farther we go in the spiritual life, the more cool and rational shall we be, and yet more truly zealous. I speak this by experience."—260, V. 1.

2. "All persons are alike to me."

3. "My soul is kept in peace and sweetness."

4. "I pray God to make you a flaming fire."

5. "Jesus carries me in His arms, He fights all my battles."

6. "I am a poor unworthy wretch."

7. "I make no purse; what I have, I give away."

8. "I own myself to be but a novice."

9. "The Christian world is in a deep sleep."

10. "I long to be dissolved, to be with Christ."

11. "All the devils in hell shall not hurt us, till we have finished our testimony."

12. "My heart is like Ezekiel's temple, the farther I search into it the greater abominations I discover."

13. "I preach the truth, and then leave it to the Spirit of God to make the application."

14. "O, that I could lie down! then should I rise higher!"

15. "My heart is desperately wicked."

16. "I find all uneasiness arises from having a will of my own; therefore I would desire to will only what God wills."

17. "I am the chief of sinners: I feel myself such."

18. "We often think we do not please God, because we do not please ourselves."

19. "As for *assurance*, I cannot but think all who are truly converted must know there was a time in which they closed with Christ."—V. 1, p. 260.

20. "Poor, yet making many rich, shall be my motto still."

21. "O, that I was a flaming fire."

22. "What sweet company is Jesus Christ?"

23. "The love of Jesus now swallows up my soul."

24. "I sleep and eat but little, and am constantly employed from morning till midnight."

25. "I was enabled to trample death under my feet; and blessed be God, through rich grace I can do that daily."

26. "I am exceedingly strengthened, and cannot now do well without preaching three times a day."

27. "*Keep close to Jesus.*"

28. "I laid upon my face this day, and pleaded with groans unutterable for direction."

29. "O, for a passive, tender, broken, child-like heart!"

30. "O, that God should ever dwell with such an ill and hell-deserving wretch as I am!"

31. "My soul glows with love while I am writing."

32. "God is on my side, I will not fear what men nor devils can say of, or do unto me."

33. "I care not if the name of George Whitefield be banished out of the world, so that JESUS be exalted in it."

34. "I prefer Christ's reproach to all the treasures in the world."—V. 1, p. 448.

35. "I walk in light and liberty continually. Like the ark, I am surrounded on all sides, but enabled to swim triumphantly over all."

36. "My soul is on fire."

37. "I am the vilest wretch living."—476.

38. "In every trying time, we shall find but few, very few, true followers of the Lamb of God."

39. "But why talk of wife and little one? Let all be absorbed in the thoughts of the love of the glorious Emmanuel."

40. "Stolen sweets prepare for bitter tears."

41. "'Tis hard work to be silent."

42. "I would fain die blazing, not with human glory, but the love of Jesus."

43. "O, for assurance! It is indeed the anchor of the soul."

44. "I fear prosperity more than affliction."

45. "The more I was blackened, the more the Redeemer comforted me."

46. "Lady Huntingdon is all in a flame for Jesus."—V. 2, 216.

47. "A necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I do not preach the gospel."

48. "What is, is best. This comforts me."—Letter 766.

49. "O, to be nothing, that Jesus may be all!"

50. "The more we are cast out, the more will Jesus come into us."

51. "O, let us follow Him, though it be through a sea of blood!"

52. "Let us be all heart."

53. "I am a sink of sin and corruption."

54. "I want to see my own faults more, and others' less."

55. "The best preparation for preaching on Sunday, is to preach every day in the week."

56. "The world wants more heat than light."

57. "As the love of God comes in, the fear of man goes out."

58. "O, the blessedness of leaving all for Jesus!"

59. "Having nothing, yet possessing all things, must be my motto still."

60. "O, what a blessed thing is it to follow Jesus blindfold!"

61. "I must have something of Christ in all my letters."

62. "Prayer, reading, meditation and temptation make a minister."

63. "My Master walked, I ride to preach the glorious gospel."

64. "O, that I could fly from pole to pole publishing the everlasting gospel."

65. "I find Christ's service to be perfect freedom."

66. "The very writing or hearing the word Eternity, is enough to make one dead to the world, and alive to God."

67. "Less than the least of all, shall be my motto still." "My heart is full."

68. "Lord, make us all flames of fire."

69. "O, my ignorance! my ignorance!"

70. "I am ready to sink into the earth, when I consider how little I can do for Jesus."

71. "Nearly forty years old, and such a dwarf!"

72. "I stop to weep. Farewell." "I want to be a flame of fire."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SECRET OF WHITEFIELD'S SUCCESS.

AVING seen so much of his mighty genius, eloquence and power, we come now to notice more particularly the secret of his success. Whitefield was a self-made man. Born and brought up in poverty, he had to hoe his own row, and he hoed it well. When we look at the low state of a mere "pot boy," and "common drawer" from which he rose to the lofty position of being the greatest orator and best preacher in the world, the secret of his success is somewhat difficult to analyze and comprehend. When we look at him washing pots and scrubbing floors, and then view him in the pulpit swaying the masses, electrifying the noble lords and learned skeptics of England, and infusing fresh life into the dead churches of Great Britain and America, the power of his genius and eloquence is wonderful. When we look at the difficulties he encountered, the sacrifices he made, the persecutions he endured, and the great good he accomplished, the grandeur and glory of his success is enough to astonish the world. And the question how he rose so high and accomplished so much is worthy of the most careful consideration.

First he *began low* and laid a good foundation in his sound conversion. By the grace of God, Whitefield was deeply humbled. The severe pangs and the awful struggle through which he passed in his regeneration, brought him very low.

The conflict was so severe "he prayed and fasted himself almost to death." "Whole days and weeks," he says, "have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer," wrestling with God for salvation. This severe conflict taught him to be humble, to appreciate the grace of God bestowed upon him, and doubtless did much in preparing him for the great work before him. Although thus deeply humbled, yet longing to get still lower, Whitefield often prayed, "God give me humility, or I die." "O, that I may lie low at the feet of Jesus." And being tempted to pride and vanity by his great popularity and success, he often besought his friends to pray that he might be kept humble. He felt that his popularity was too much for one man. The very thoughts of it, he says, "lay me low, but I can't get low enough. I would willingly sink into nothing before the blessed Jesus, my all in all." Yet he often felt so humble and unworthy "that he could neither speak nor act for God."

Whitefield's severe pangs in regeneration, and his thorough conversion, prepared the way for his *entire consecration.* Filled with gratitude and unutterable joy upon his conversion, with his deep consciousness of the great things God had done for him, he felt an obligation as strong as death, high as heaven, and deep as hell, to preach the gospel and live for Christ. Commencing to preach when the Christian world was wrapt in a deep sleep, when he saw the piety of the church so low, and iniquity raging so high, his spirit was deeply stirred within him. With his deep convictions of divine truth, with the stern realities of eternity, the pains of hell and the joys of heaven, always vividly set before him, he would say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Thus overwhelmed with the powers of the world to come, with his heart crucified to the world, and wholly consecrated to God, Whitefield, like Paul,

counted all things but loss to preach the gospel and win souls to Christ. But with his lofty views of the dignity and responsibility of the gospel ministry, he was very slow to enter it. Deeply feeling his own great insufficiency for the work, and wishing to finish his education, he long prayed earnestly against entering it so soon. "Lord," he repeatedly cried, "do not let me go yet." And says he, "I have prayed a thousand times, till the sweat has dropped from my face like rain, that God of His infinite mercy would not let me enter the ministry till He called and *thrust* me forth into His work." Afraid he would be puffed up with pride and fall into the condemnation of the devil, agonizing in prayer, again he cried, "*Lord, let me not go yet.*" And it was not until the encouraging words, "Nothing shall pluck you out of my hands," came fresh to his mind and warm to his heart, that he said,

"LORD, I WILL GO;

"Send me where Thou wilt." And "when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my heart doth not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon me the ministration in the church. I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hand upon my head,

"I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him,
Who hung upon the cross for me.

I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into His almighty hands." This is very strong language, yet spoken from the depths of his heart; he fully *meant* it all. It,

as well as his after life, exhibits a consecration to God unequaled since the days of the apostles; and going on from strength to strength, he intensified it till the day of his death. Whitefield frequently had the offer of large presents of money, but he always promptly refused them, saying, "*I make no purse.*" A generous lady of Edinburgh twice offered him a present of £7,000 sterling, which he twice positively refused. Crucified to the world, he labored for men's *souls*—not for their *purses.* Becoming more and more dead to self, and more and more alive to God, he says, "I often sit in silence, offering my soul as so much clay to be stamped just as my heavenly Potter pleases;" and expecting at times soon to burn at the stake, he said, "I care not what I suffer, so that souls are brought to Christ. O for more bodies, more tongues, more lives, to be employed in the service of my Master! O, for power equal to my will. I would fly from pole to pole publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God." Having no family to enrich, no denomination to establish, and no name to immortalize, he often said, "Let the name of George Whitefield perish, if God be glorified." Always on the stretch for God, everything he said and did was tempered with the spirit of Christ, and tinged with the blood of Jesus. He spent not a moment of time nor a cent of money but for God. Even in courting a wife, he could not help preaching to a sinner. In proposing marriage, "he could not help stating the terms of a holier espousal. He drank divinity from air, ocean, earth and heaven. His very *fun* was tinctured with the hues of eternity." And burning with a love incapable of repulse, he shrank from no privation, insult or opposition. Once, when called to speak of his family, he exclaimed, "But why talk of my wife and child? Let all be absorbed in the thought of the love and full salvation of the glorious Emmanuel." "O, that I had a thousand lives, I would

devote them all to Jesus!" A living mass of consecration to God, he said, "I prefer Christ's reproach to all the treasures of the world."

Again, Whitefield's thorough consecration prepared the way for his almost superhuman labors. Whitefield was pre-eminently a *great worker*. He had many earnest co-workers, but like Paul, "he labored more abundantly than they all." With his whole-hearted consecration, he was the very impersonation of zeal and earnestness. Like Jesus, he went about doing good. With the world for his parish, no place could long contain him. Possessing an insatiable desire to evangelize and win souls, he felt, "Woe is unto me if I do not go about preaching the gospel." With his broad, large-hearted views and Christ-like desires, he says, "I *must* evangelize." He gloried in it. It was his meat and drink. Like a flying angel having the everlasting gospel, he went forth to reap, and let John Wesley follow to gather and shock—and he did it well.

Having electrified England and "alarmed all London" with his eloquence, and having received a pressing call to America, late in December, 1737, he embarked for Georgia. Being always on the alert to do good, no sooner had he got aboard than he began to search for souls on the ship. Here, with a ship full of soldiers, "he found little but cards, cursing and blasphemy." At first they treated him as an impostor, and for a while turned the ship into a gambling saloon. But by his persevering efforts, crawling on his hands and knees between decks to visit the sick and relieve the poor, they were soon glad to hear him preach. A great reformation followed. Cards and bad books were thrown overboard. The swearer ceased to swear, the scoffer to scoff, and with many hopeful conversions and two awakened captains, the interest became so great that ere they reached America, "the great cabin became

a Bethel," the deck a church, and the stern a school-room. Preach and work, and work and preach, was his daily business for years. Poor and persevering, he worked his own way through college by blacking boots and cleaning rooms. Thirsting for souls, he often preached to crowded houses before day, and sung and prayed all night. "Whole days and weeks," he says, "have I spent lying prostate on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer." Striving to understand the Scriptures, he read through Henry's Commentary on the Bible, on his knees, praying over every line of divine truth. He loved preaching so well, that he said, "to be prohibited from it is worse than death." And when we look at his many long, laborious preaching tours through England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and America, and the *earnest, exhausting* manner he preached, "sweating through and through," and often till they expected him to die every minute, his labors seem almost superhuman. Besides all this, Whitefield was pre-eminently *a man of prayer*. He often spent whole nights in prayer. Prayer and his earnest *devotional spirit*, was the great secret of his success. His victories in the field were first won in the closet. He triumphed in the pulpit, because he triumphed at a throne of grace. He was a powerful preacher, because he was a powerful supplicator. Always abounding in the work of the Lord, during his ministry of thirty-four years, Whitefield crossed the ocean thirteen times and preached over 18,000 sermons. He generally preached two or three times a day on week days, three or four times a day on Sundays, and on one day he preached seven times without being tired. After the day's preaching was over, he usually spent two or three hours at night talking to the people in as many social prayer meetings. He usually had a large crowd of inquirers at his door, seeking religious instruction.

Through excessive labor and severe exposure, he was often very sick. "But generally the pulpit was his cure." Weak with labor and disease, and strengthened by sanctified affliction, when pale as death and looking like one just risen from the dead, he would go out and preach with wonderful solemnity and power. Once when very sick, when his pains were temporarily suspended, he said to his physician, "By the help of God I'll go and preach, and come home and die." And feeling "it hard to keep silent," he often preached when not able to get into his carriage, or on his horse. And when worked almost to death, his friends would cry, "SPARE THYSELF," but he always replied, "*No nestling this side heaven.*" "Determined in Christ's strength," as he says, "to die fighting, though it be on my stumps," he preached daily, though unwell, for two months immediately preceding his death, and a two-hours' sermon the day before he died. Thus the "flaming seraph" died at his post, and fell in the zenith of his glory. Yet with all his abundant labors, near the close of his life, he exclaimed, "O, loving Jesus, how little, how very little, have I done and suffered for Thee!"

Another distinguishing trait in Whitefield's character was his *strong friendship.* With his supreme unselfishness, tender warm-heartedness, Christ-like compassion, and deep, flowing affections, his friendship was very strong and grasping. By the magic power of his tender touch, he would win your heart, by shaking your hand. His devotion to his friends, his sympathy for sinners, his tender-heartedness to the afflicted, and his charitableness to the poor, evince a depth of friendship unequaled, we believe, since the days of the apostles. "This, of all others," said John Wesley, "I have frequently thought was the *distinguishing* part of his character. Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others were so strongly drawn and

knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this, which quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart, which gave that life to his sermons, his conversation and letters, judge ye?" Of his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Habersham, he said, "If I forget you, may my right hand forget her cunning. Indeed, indeed, I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ." Closely knit to others, he often said, "I love you as my own soul—I love you with all my heart." Sometimes, he says, "The people would stop me in the alleys of the churches, hug me in their arms, and follow me with wishful eyes." Glowing with compassion and friendship for the poor, he was determined "to be sold as a slave to serve the galleys, rather than see his poor orphans suffer." When he went to Frederica to preach, "he looked for persecution," but "lo," he says, "I am received as an angel of God." With his strong friendship, Whitefield "made friends fast, and held them long." Their mutual affection was often so strong, that their grief at parting was almost overpowering. Parting, with him, was almost like death. Like Paul when leaving Cæsarea, Whitefield could say, "What mean you to weep and break my heart?" Farewell sermons and parting scenes were often so tender and touching that sometimes he called it "*execution day.*" When preaching his last farewell sermon in London, he said, "When I put on my surplice, to come out to read the second service, I thought I was just like a person being decently dressed to go out to be executed; I would rather, was it the will of God it should be so, than feel what I do in parting from you, then death would put an end to all: but I am to be executed again and again, and nothing will support me under the torture but the consideration of God's blessing me to some poor souls." When Whitefield left Bos-

ton, the cultured Governor Belcher wept and kissed him most affectionately. The last time he was in Scotland, the affection for him was so strong, he said, "I was in danger of being hugged to death." When the leader of a mob entered his room to kill him, Whitefield treated him so kindly, he could not touch him. Thus his kindness saved his life.

Hear his melting farewell at Savannah. "Oh what a sweet meeting I had with my friends! When I left them, my heart was ready to break with sorrow, but now it almost bursts with joy. Oh, how did each in turn hang upon my neck, kiss and weep over me with tears of joy! And my own soul was so full of a sense of God's love, when I embraced one friend in particular, that I thought I should have expired on the spot."

Back of, and underlying these grand traits in Whitefield's character, was his *great faith.* Whitefield was a man of *very deep, strong convictions.* He took God at His word, and acted as though he believed what He said. To him the Bible was no fable. Eternity, heaven and hell, God and the devil, Jesus Christ and the story of the cross, to him were stern realities. And with his towering faith, he had a firm, *deep, abiding* realization of them but few ever possessed. This gave him power. By faith he saw, received and enjoyed so much of Jesus, that it enabled him to preach Him with unequaled power and success. With his sublime faith, the wailings of the damned and the joys of the redeemed were so vividly set before him, that, in his grand descriptions, he seemed to bring hell up and heaven down upon earth. Although filled with fear and trembling at times, in view of his expected fiery trials, yet with his overcoming faith, he says, "When I remember that God has stirred up His choicest servants to pray for me, my fears vanish: methinks I could then leap into a burning, fiery furnace, or bear to be thrown into a den of devouring lions." On

one occasion, when buffeted by Satan, and tossed upon the ocean's surging waves, when nearing the shores of England, he exclaimed, "O, Satan, Satan, I defy thee to do thy worst; thou mayest toss me up and down, and bring me into jeopardy on every side, but Jesus Christ is praying for me, and I know I shall soon have a happy meeting with my friends" in London. Hence, he says, "Let us keep the grace of faith in lively exercise, and we may bid death and hell defiance." Whitefield, like Paul, gloried in tribulation. And with the faith and patience of Job, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Wrought up by the mighty power of God's grace, he often rose very high. At times he seemed to walk between the very cherubims of glory; and glorying in his blessed assurance, with his lofty, overcoming faith, he would sometimes exclaim, with exquisite joy, "MY *Lord* and, MY *God*." Expecting to die a martyr for Jesus, with his Christ-like submission, he would say, "His love will sweeten every cup, though ever so bitter." "'Twill be sweet to wear a martyr's crown."

His strong faith was a principal element in his success. "If," says John Wesley, "it be asked what was the foundation of his integrity, courage, patience, and every other valuable quality, it is easy to give the answer. It was no other than faith—faith in the operation of God." And if the patriarchs and prophets of old "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens," it is no wonder that Whitefield astonished the world, revived Christianity, shook the devil's throne, and "made hell tremble before him." By faith he broke over the iron-clad forms of the Episcopal Church, preached out doors,

and carried the gospel to the perishing millions of Great Britain and America. By faith "he smote the rock" of the church's resources, and streams of life and salvation gushed out. By faith "he touched the dead corpse of a dead palsied church, it rose and stood upon its feet."

Bringing these distinguishing traits together, we come now to notice him more particularly as an *orator*. The eloquence of Whitefield burst upon the world like a volcanic eruption—like torrents of red-hot lava, it carried everything before it. Commencing to preach when the church was wrapt in a deep sleep, he soon caused it to awake and put on its strength. Endowed with power from on high, with a soul lit up by God's Spirit, and an eye gushing with tears, he held spell-bound the low, the learned, and the great. With a heart melting with compassion and glowing with love and zeal, his vast congregations hung upon his lips, melting like wax before him. Thrilled and electrified by his irresistible power, he swayed them at his will. With his powers of eloquence, he could make them smile or weep as he chose. Wrought up to the highest pitch of ardor, with his shrewd sagacity and masterly strokes of eloquence, he could touch and melt the hardest heart. He won many of the most obdurate. Often have men gone to church to break his head with stones, when his sermon could break their hearts with arguments. "His elocution was perfect."—(Southey.)

Do you ask how he became so eloquent? What was the secret of his mighty power? Besides his distinguishing traits already mentioned, and his eminent natural gifts, Whitefield *studied oratory*. He spared no pains to make his elocution perfect. He searched the best authors, and studied hard to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He studied to be natural, and paid special attention to deliv

ery. Hence he improved by practice. "Foote and Garrick maintained that his oratory was not at its full height, until he had repeated a discourse forty times." Benjamin Franklin says, "by hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those he had preached often. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of the voice, was so perfectly tuned and well placed, that without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse: a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music." Whitefield sought out "acceptable tones, gestures and looks, as well as acceptable words." In a word, "he searched creation for figures, time for facts, heaven for motives, hell for warnings, eternity for arguments."—(Philips.) He recommended the study of oratory in the American Colleges, provided for it in Bethesda, and rebuked Oxford for neglecting it.

Filled with unction, reverence and awe, as a preacher, Whitefield was always *grave* and *solemn*. There was no levity, nothing awkward, nothing careless about him in the pulpit. "Whether he stamped, or wept, whether he seemed a lion or a lamb," all was deeply solemn. Deeply affected with "the deep things of God," and the stern realities of eternity, though naturally very lively and cheerful, he was always solemn in the pulpit. His vein of wit and humor never betrayed him into levity. In all his histrionic flights, vivid descriptions and sparkling strokes of wit and eloquence, he always maintained his characteristic gravity. An old man who heard him often, said, "Whitefield preached like a lion, and looked like an angel." With his glowing zeal, lofty daring, commanding majesty, and angelic appearance, he was called "THE SERAPHIC." With his grand, noble simplicity

and characteristic open-heartedness, Whitefield was also deeply *sincere*,, and perfectly *natural*. There was nothing "put on," or far-fetched about him. Whether he frowned or smiled, whether he looked grave or placid, all was perfectly natural. To be *clear*, *natural*, *sincere* and *earnest*, are four grand traits in a public speaker. Whitefield had them all.

Another source of Whitefield's strength was his *graphic descriptions*. With his vivid imagination, beautiful imagery and superior dramatic powers, his descriptions are often most graphic and grand. Living so nigh to God, and basking so near His throne, with his lofty expanded view of heavenly things, he described them with overwhelming power. Familiar with the life, fired with the love, and inspired with the Cross of Christ, his descriptions of His sufferings were often so vivid and graphic, that he seemed to re-enact the thrilling scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. In a word, every thing he touched was endued with life. By his magic power and brilliant descriptions, he seemed to "turn man's ears into eyes." His pictures were so graphic, exact, and true to nature, that his hearers were made to believe they *saw* what he described.

Once when preaching to the seamen of New York, he gave such a vivid description of a storm at sea, that the sailors actually thought it was a real storm. Hear him—"Well, my boys, we are making fine headway over a smooth sea. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends." And when he asked, "What next?" "The unsuspecting tars," as if struck by magic, rose and unit-

edly exclaimed, "Take to the long boat." Again, to illustrate the careless sinner's danger, he compared him to an old beggar led by a little dog, chained to his staff. Walking along the edge of an awful precipice, all of a sudden, the little dog made a plunge and jerked the cane out of the old man's hands. Now alone, he has to feel his way. There he goes, staggering along—and when about to stoop down to feel his way, and just ready to tumble over the awful precipice, Lord Chesterfield, mistaking the description for the transaction, rose and rushed forward to save him, exclaiming, "Good God! he is gone!" With his magic "Hark!" and lofty impersonation, Whitefield could so conjure up the melting scenes of Gethsemane, that one could almost see the agonizing Saviour in His bloody conflict. "Look yonder," he would say, stretching his hand and pointing as he spoke, "What is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark! Hark! do you not hear Him? O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done!"

Another distinguishing trait in Whitefield's eloquence, was his *deep pathos.* Pathos is power. And filled with unction, compassion and the Holy Ghost, Whitefield was very pathetic. He wept nearly every sermon he preached, and often very profusely. Sometimes he paused in his sermons to weep. Whitefield was a *heart* preacher. He spoke from the heart. And while he did much to enlighten the mind, like the great Massilon, he aimed at the heart. His sermons were ebullitions of the heart. Glowing with zeal, and flashing with light, love and power, he enlightened the mind, charmed the imagination and warmed the heart. Says Edwards, he preached "in a most moving and affecting manner." After convincing the sinner's judgment, probing his conscience, and rending his heart with the sword of the Spirit, he would lead him to the Cross, and

there pour into his soul such melting torrents of a Saviour's love, that would soon melt his heart into sorrow and contrition. Thus with "his alternate bursts of passion and terror," he won many of the most obdurate. Often have men gone to church to break his head with stones, when his sermon would break their hearts with arguments. Filled with the most intense emotions, and burning with the most intense desires to win souls, his sermons were torrents of melting pathos and power. "The salient points of his oratory were not *prepared* passages, they were *bursts of passion*, like jets from a geyser when the spring is in full play" (Southey). This is according to Webster, who says, "Eloquence exists in the occasion." With his big, whole-souled ideas just born of the Spirit, and red-hot from the Cross, bubbling up from the depths of his great, God-like heart, his bursts of eloquence were perfectly overwhelming. The effect, like an electrical shock, went quick as lightning, like a mighty wave through his vast congregations. Bathed in tears, they melted like wax before him. Sometimes the very earth seemed to quake, and the heavens to drop with the thunder of his eloquence. And when, with his melting pathos, he opened up the fountains of eternal life, the very skies seemed to rain down righteousness. Although Whitefield was neither so massive in intellect, nor so powerful in argument, nor so acute in logic, as either Chalmers or Edwards, yet as an orator, he far excelled either of them. With his thorough knowledge of human nature, and his keen insight into the human heart, he knew just when and how to strike. He had the tact and the power of darting the word of God into the sinner's heart, no other mere man ever possessed. When he preached at Northampton, the great, cool-headed Edwards wept like a child. So did his congregation. When he spoke at the Cambuslang communion, the effect was so overwhelming, the people crowded

so upon him, he had to desist, and let another speak in his place. Here, where they preached all day, and prayed all night, with "thousands bathed in tears," he says, "the people seem to be slain by scores." They were carried off like wounded soldiers from "a field of battle." The effect was "inexpressible." Here he preached again on Monday to about 20,000, and "such a universal stir," he says, "I never saw before." "The motion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the congregation to the other." The effect was tremendous. Wringing their hearts with grief, many were "mourning over a pierced Saviour." "It was God in the preacher that made the word efficacious."

But Whitefield not only won the *heart*, he also won the *purse*. With his Christ-like pathos and melting tenderness, he was a most successful beggar. Rending the heart with the sword of the Spirit, he caused the purse to open and yield up its treasures to God. Making "*no purse*" for himself, enabled him to draw heavier upon others. He *preached* money out of the people. Overcome with his irresistible eloquence and power, the strong-minded Benjamin Franklin, who at first refused to give anything at Whitefield's collection, moved by his eloquence, before he got through his sermon, was glad to give all the gold, silver and copper, (about $25.00) he had in his pocket.

Again, Whitefield was *bold*. With his towering faith, burning zeal and daring courage, he cried aloud and spared not. Filled with the fear of God, and rising above the fear of man, he preached the truth with great boldness. Sharp, quick and powerful, his words pierced like arrows, and cut like a two-edged sword. Where other men of talent could not speak for the tumult, Whitefield, with his commanding majesty and lofty genius, spoke with great power and perfect order. In the introduction of field preaching, when John Wesley was so tena-

cious of ecclesiastical rule, as to think "the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church,"* daring all opposition, Whitefield boldly went forward and preached to the poor colliers in the open air at Hannam Mount. "The Rubicon is passed." "The battle's fought, the victory won." Hell frowns, Heaven smiles, for now "the poor have the gospel preached to them." This was a very bold strike. With it dawned a new era in the church. To it Whitefield and Wesley owed much of their great success. The poor people, so long neglected, now flocked to hear them in vast crowds.

Charged with heresy, and threatened with excommunication, with the churches all shut against him, they thought they would now stop his preaching. But with his unconquerable will and unquenchable zeal, it was impossible. Gagged in the city, he fled to the country where the people flocked by acres and heard him gladly. No, Whitefield was not born to be muzzled. Moved by the Holy Ghost, and constrained by a Saviour's love, preach he *must* and preach he *would*. For him to be silent was more intolerable than death itself. Nothing but death could stop him. Bold as a lion, and rising above all fear, at times he bid "Satan, death and hell defiance." Once when sailing amid the whirlpools of temptation, when Satan was thrusting his fiery darts at his heart, Whitefield triumphantly exclaimed "God is on my side, I will not fear what man or devils say or do unto me."

Still advancing in his bold flights of oratory, on one occasion he rose so high, he ventured to command the recording angel Gabriel, to wait for the conversion of a sinner. After a solemn pause in his stirring peroration, he said, "The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him

* Tyerman's Life of Wesley, Vol. I, page 233.

the news of one sinner among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?" To give the greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." Preaching so boldly, Whitefield became very *direct* and *pointed*. Always grasping for souls, he never spoke with an uncertain sound. Bold and fearless, he always flung the arrows of God direct at the conscience and the heart. His sermons were full of points and arrows. The spirit of Nathan's reply to David, "*Thou art the man*" flashes from every page. With his piercing eye and his penetrating "*ye*," and "*you*," and "*thou*," he made every hearer believe "*he means me*." There was no dodging his polished shafts. Red-hot from the cross, and dipt in the blood of Jesus, and flung with such wonderful skill and power, they were sure to stick fast and do great execution. While Shuter, the great comedian, was acting the part of a "*Rambler*" in a certain play, he went to church one night and sat right before the pulpit. Waxing very warm in inviting sinners to the Saviour, Whitefield's eye fell on Shuter, and looking him right in the face, he exclaimed, "And thou poor '*Rambler*,' who hast long rambled from Him, come also. Oh end your rambling by coming to Jesus." The effect was so deep Shuter almost fainted; and on coming up to his friend Whitefield, said, "how could you serve me so?" But the grandest display of Whitefield's boldness was in his great field-victory at Moorfields. Here many thousands had met for diversion on the great Easter holidays. With a heart bleeding for their salvation, daring all hazards, accompanied with a large praying band, he ventured out among them at 6 o'clock in the morning. With 10,000 of them waiting around him for their wild

sport, he mounted his field pulpit, and almost all immediately flocked to hear him. Having thus, as he says, "got the start of the devil," he preached to them with great power. Stung with conviction, they gazed, listened, wept. Encouraged with this success, he ventured out again at noon; "But what a scene!" With about 25,000 engaged in their wild sport, the whole fields seemed white for Beelzebub's harvest. Mounting his pulpit again, he preached them such a cutting sermon, "they honored him with a few stones, rotten eggs, and dead cats." The assault was so severe, he says, "My soul was indeed among lions, but far the greater part of my congregation seemed, for a while, to be turned into lambs." Flushed with this great victory, he struck for another, and preached again at six to a much larger and more turbulent crowd. Enraged at this, Satan urged his hosts to stand their ground. But soon as they saw Whitefield in his pulpit robes, they all flocked to hear him. "For a while he lifted up his voice like a trumpet." The conflict rages. Waxing hotter and hotter, "God's people kept praying," and the raging mob kept roaring, till at length they came up and tried to whip him down. Then they tried to drown him out with noise; and after failing in another more desperate effort, conquered by prayer and Whitefield's powerful eloquence and perseverance, they broke up and went away. The meeting lasted about three hours. At the close, with about one thousand deeply convicted, and three hundred and fifty hopefully converted, they greatly rejoiced "that so many sinners had been in such an unexpected way snatched out of the very jaws of the devil." What a grand victory! In achieving it, Whitefield, as an orator, has eclipsed the world, and completely out-generaled the devil.

Another distinguishing trait in Whitefield's oratory, was his *great earnestness*. He was terribly in earnest. It is said of

Chalmers that his great strength "lay in his blood earnestness." It was so with Whitefield. Without this, with all his other eminent gifts, he would have accomplished but little. He was not only a *great worker*, but he prayed and preached *with all his might.* Awed by no threats, allured by no temptations, deterred by no opposition, like a mighty conqueror, he went through every opposition. Opposition quailed before him. When Satan roared loudest Whitefield expected most. Having escaped a furious mob, "all a gore of blood," and almost stoned to death, instead of stopping to prosecute his persecutors, he left them to the mercy of God, and went right on with his work. Volleys of stones and gores of blood daunted him not. Glowing with zeal and courage, to him death and persecution had no fears, and the grave no terrors. A living sacrifice to God, and filled with the Holy Ghost, he was the very embodiment of earnestness. Always insatiable, no success satisfied, no glory assuaged, and no danger alarmed him. With a heart gushing with love and compassion, "he preached till he sweat through and through." His zeal consumed him. Overpowered with zeal and emotions in preaching, he usually vomited after every sermon. He often preached when he expected to die every minute. Burning with the deepest emotions and the strongest desires, his sermons were bursts of red-hot arguments, and torrents of the most moving eloquence. With nerves of iron and sinews of brass, and a heart of compassion, he grasped his Master's work with that tension of soul, which knew no relaxation. He watched it "with the eye of an eagle, and the appetite of a vulture." Invincible in his plans, indomitable in his work, nothing daunted, nothing moved him. When preaching at Nottingham, he was so overpowered with a sense of God's love, he said, "It almost took my breath." Bold, vivid, earnest, his ideas came red-hot from the heart. And

coming red-hot from the cross, they pierced the heart and cut like a two-edged sword. In urging sinners to Christ, sometimes he became so earnest, he would exclaim, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" Fusing eloquence, wit and logic into one burning stream, everything melted before him. Overwhelmed with the goodness and mercy of God, he sometimes became so earnest, rose so high, and got so full of God, he could do nothing but shout "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! let chapel, tabernacle, heaven and earth resound with hallelujah! I can no more; my heart is too big to add more!" Sometimes he spoke so loud he could be heard almost a mile. Yet his earnestness did not consist in loud speaking, nor in strong expressions, but in his deep, longing desires, which rose and gushed from his great heart like the ebullitions of a volcano. Like Paul, he had great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart for sinners. Once when beseeching them to repent, he said, "Believe me, though it would be hell to my soul to return to a natural state again, yet I would willingly change states with you for a little while, that you might know what it is to have Christ dwelling in your hearts by faith." A flame of fire and a flame of love, all was life and animation wherever he went. With his unconquerable will, and unquenchable desire for souls, there was in him an "intense necessity for action." He *could not* be idle. Preach he *must*, and preach *he would*. Sometimes his friends would cry, "SPARE THYSELF," but he said, "When I am offering Jesus to poor sinners, I cannot forbear exerting all my powers." Once when warning sinners of their danger, and beseeching them to repent, he became so warm and earnest, that he exclaimed, "O my God, when I think of this I could go to the gates of hell to preach the gospel." For many years, says John Wesley, "He astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion." Yet, struck with the

sight of a man putting a piece of glass into one furnace after another to make it transparent, and still longing for more zeal and holiness, we find him near the close of life, earnestly praying, "Oh my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is." And going on thus, with unabated zeal till death, without allowing himself any leisure for social intercourse, his whole life was a continual sacrifice for God. Always on the stretch for Jesus, like a "flaming seraph," "he burnt out in the blaze of his own fire."

APPENDIX.

WHITEFIELD'S SERMONS.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—ROM. xiv. 17.

THOUGH we all profess to own one Lord, one faith, one baptism; though Jesus Christ never was, and never will be, divided in Himself: yet the followers of Jesus Christ have in all ages been sadly divided among themselves; and what has rendered the case the more to be pitied, is, that they have generally been divided about the circumstantials of religion, they have generally received one another to doubtful disputation, and embittered one another's hearts, by talking about those things which they might either do or not do, either know or not know, and yet at the same time be the true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. I am verily persuaded that this is the great artifice and engine of the devil. He knows if he can divide Christians he will get the better of them; and therefore he endeavors to sow the tares of division among them in order to make them a common prey to their enemies. And, indeed, this God hath permitted in all ages of the Church. In consequence of this the early ages of Christianity were not altogether free of it. No, this text gives us a pregnant and sufficient proof of it.

It seems the first converts of Christianity consisted of two sorts of people—either those who were Jews before they became Christians, or those who were heathens, and never had been subject to the law of Moses, but were converted from a state of Gentilism, from a state of heathenish darkness, and brought to the marvelous Gospel light. The first of these, knowing that every rite, every ceremony of the law of Moses, had a divine superscription wrought upon it, they thought themselves obliged, notwithstanding they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, to abstain from such meats and drinks as were forbidden, and to submit to such festivals as were enjoined by the law. Whereas, on the contrary, the heathen, who never were brought under this yoke, nay, even the Jews themselves who were better instructed in their Christian liberty, knowing that every creature of God was now good, if sanctified by the Word of God and prayer; knowing that, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," were no longer precepts for those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they could not submit to them —they could not submit to the new moons and Sabbaths—they ate what was set before them, and made no scruples about meat or drink. But, however, it seems there were two contending parties—many right souls, no doubt on both sides. What must, then, the great Apostle do? Why, like a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, he preached up to both sides the golden rule of moderation, and endeavored to persuade them to dispute no more about these outward things.

This is a short, but when I read it, I think it is one of the most comprehensive verses in the whole book of God. And I am sure if ever it was necessary for a minister to preach upon such subjects as these, it must be in the days wherein we live; for, my friends, the devil is getting advantage over us by our manifold divisions. We have been settled upon our lees, we

have had no outward persecution; and now God, in His righteous judgment, has suffered us to divide among ourselves. It is high time, therefore, for ministers to stand in the gap, to preach up a catholic spirit, to preach out bigotry, to preach out prejudice; for we will never be all of one mind, as long as we are in the world, about externals in religion; that is a privilege reserved to heaven, to a future state. But while we have different degrees of light, it is absolutely necessary that we should bear with all who can not in all things follow us. I am by no means for bringing the Church into a state of anarchy and confusion; but that we should bear with one another; we should not divide from one another, so as not to keep fellowship with one another, because we are not of the same mind in some particular circumstance. I verily believe Jesus Christ suffers us to differ to teach us that His kingdom is of a spiritual nature—it is not such a legal dispensation as the Jewish was; and therefore we should not divide about externals. Besides, by being left thus to differ with one another in our sentiments about externals, we learn to exercise our passive graces. I am sure there is one good effect which division has on my own and many other people's hearts—it makes us long for heaven, where we shall be all of one mind and one heart. It will be our perfection in heaven to be all of one heart; and therefore it must be our imperfection on earth to be divided.

There are two things which those who call themselves Christians want much to be convinced of, namely, *First*, What religion is not; *Second*, What religion positively is. Both these are in the words of the text plainly taught, and, therefore, as God shall enable me, I shall endeavor, First, To explain what you are to understand by "the kingdom of God;" Secondly, I shall endeavor to show that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink;" and Thirdly, I shall show you what "the

kingdom of God" positively is, namely, "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

First, I am to explain to you what you are to understand by "the kingdom of God." By the kingdom of God, in some places of Scripture, you are to understand no more than the outward preaching of the Gospel, as, when the apostles went out and preached that "the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven was at hand." In other places of Scripture you are to understand it as implying that work of grace, that inward holiness, which is wrought in the heart of every soul that is truly converted and brought home to God. The Lord Jesus Christ is King of His Church, and the Lord Jesus Christ has got a kingdom; and this kingdom is erected and set up in the hearts of sinners, when they are brought to be subject to the government of our dear Redeemer's laws. In this sense, therefore, we are to understand the kingdom of God, when Jesus Christ said, "The kingdom of God is within you," in your hearts; and when He tells Nicodemus that "unless a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God," he can have no notion of the inward life of a Christian. In other places of Scripture, the kingdom of God not only signifies the kingdom of grace, but the kingdom of grace and of glory also; as when Jesus said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;" that is, either to be a true member of His mystical Church here, or a partaker of the glory of the Church triumphant hereafter. We are to take the kingdom of God in the text as signifying that inward work of grace, that kingdom which the Lord Jesus Christ sets up in the hearts of all that are truly brought home to God; so that when the Apostle tells us, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," it is the same as though he had said, "My dear

friends, do not quarrel about outward things; for the kingdom of God, or true and undefiled religion, heart and soul religion, is not meat and drink."

Secondly, By meat and drink, if we compare the text with the context, we are to understand no more than this, that the kingdom of God, or true religion, doth not consist in abstaining from a particular meat or drink. But I shall take the words in a more comprehensive sense, and shall endeavor to show you on this head that the kingdom of God, or true and undefiled religion, doth not consist in any, no, not in all outward things, put them altogether. And,

First, The kingdom of God, or true and undefiled religion, doth not consist in being of this or that particular sect or communion. Perhaps, my dear friends, were many of you asked what reason you can give for the hope that is in you, what title you have to call yourself Christians—perhaps you could say no more for yourselves than this, namely, that you belong to such a Church, and worship God in the same way in which your fathers and mothers worshiped God before you; and perhaps, at the same time you are so narrow in your thoughts that you think none can worship God but those that worship God just in your way. It is certainly, my dear friends, a blessing to be born as you are, in a reformed Church; it is certainly a blessing to have the outward government and discipline of the Church exercised; but then, if you place religion merely in being of this or that sect—if you contend to monopolize or confine the grace of God to your particular party—if you rest in that, you place the kingdom of God in something in which it doth not consist—you had as good place it in meat and drink. There are certainly Christians among all sects and communions that have learned the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I do not mean that there are Christians among Arians, Socin-

ians, or those that deny the divinity of Jesus Christ—I am sure the devil is priest of such congregations as these—but I mean there are Christians among other sects that may differ from us in the outward worship of God. Therefore, my dear friends, learn to be more catholic, more unconfined in your notions; for if you place the kingdom of God merely in a sect, you place it in that in which it doth not consist.

Again: as the kingdom of God doth not consist in being of this or that sect, so neither doth it consist in being baptized when you were young. Baptism is certainly an ordinance of the Lord Jesus Christ—it ought certainly to be administered; but then, my dear friends, take care that you do not make a Christ of your baptism, for there have been many baptized with water, as you were, who were never savingly baptized with the Holy Ghost. Paul had a great value for circumcision; but when he saw the Jews resting upon their circumcision, he told them circumcision was nothing, and uncircumcision was nothing, but a new creature. And yet must people live as if they thought it will be sufficient to entitle them to heaven to tell Jesus Christ that their name was in the register-book of such and such a parish. Your names may be in the register-book, and yet at the same time not be in the book of life. Ananias and Sapphira were baptized—Simon Magus was baptized: and, therefore, if you place religion merely in being baptized, in having the outward washing of water, without receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost, you place the kingdom of God in something which it doth not consist—in effect, you place it in meat and drink.

But further: as the kingdom of God and true religion doth not consist in being baptized, neither doth it consist in being orthodox in our notions, or being able to talk fluently of the Gospel. There are a great many who can talk of free grace,

of free justification, of final perseverance, and God's everlasting love. All these are precious truths—they are all connected in a chain; take away one link and you spoil the whole chain of Gospel truths. But then I am persuaded that there are many who talk of these truths, who preach up these truths, and yet at the same time never, never felt the power of these truths upon their hearts. It is a good thing to have a form of sound words; and I think you have got a form of sound words in your Larger and Shorter Catechism. But you may have orthodox heads, and yet you may have the devil in your hearts; you may have clear heads, you may be able to speak, as it were, with the tongues of men and angels, the doctrines of the Gospel, but yet, at the same time, you may never have felt them upon your own souls. And if you have never felt the power of them upon your hearts, your talk of Christ and free justification, and having rational convictions of these truths, will but increase your condemnation, and you will only go to hell with so much more solemnity. Take care, therefore, of resting in a form of knowledge—it is dangerous; if you do, you place the kingdom of God in meat and drink.

Again: as the kingdom of God doth not consist in orthodox notions, much less doth it consist in being sincere. I know not what sort of religion we have got among us. I fear many ministers as well as people want to recommend themselves to God by their sincerity; they think, "If we do all we can, if we are but sincere, Jesus Christ will have mercy upon us." But pray what is there in our sincerity to recommend us to God? There is no natural man in the world sincere, till God makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus; and, therefore, if you depend upon your sincerity for your salvation, your sincerity will damn you.

Further: as the kingdom of God doth not consist merely in

sincerity (for nothing will recommend us to God, but the righteousness of Jesus Christ), neither doth it consist in being negatively good, and yet I believe, my dear friends, if many of you were to be visited by a minister when you are upon a death-bed, and if he were to ask you how you hope to be saved, why, you would say, "Yes, you hoped to be saved, you never did man, woman, nor child any harm in your life; you have done nobody any harm." And, indeed, I do not find that the unprofitable servant did one any harm; no, the poor man, he only innocently wrapped up his talent in a napkin, and when his lord came to call him to account, he thought he should be applauded by his lord, and therefore introduces himself with the word lo—"Lo, there thou hast what is thine." But what says Jesus Christ? "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Suppose it to be true that you had done nobody harm, yet it will not avail you to salvation. If you bring forth only the fig-leaves of an outward profession, and bring not forth good fruit, it will not send you to heaven—it will send you to hell.

Again: some of you, perhaps, may think I have not reached you yet, therefore I go further, to show you that the kingdom of God doth not consist in a dry, lifeless morality. I am not speaking against morality—it is a blessed thing when Jesus Christ is laid as the foundation of it, and I could heartily wish that you moral gentlemen, who are for talking so much of your morality, I wish we could see a little more of it than we do. I do not cry down morality, but so far as this, that you do not rest in your morality, that you do not think you are Christians because you are not vicious—because you now and then do some good action. Why, self-love will carry a man to perform all moral actions. A man, perhaps, will not get drunk for fear of making his head ache; a man may be

honest because it would spoil his reputation to steal. And so a man who has not the love of God in his heart may do moral actions. But if you depend on morality, if you make a Christ of it, and go about it to establish a righteousness of your own, and think your morality will recommend you to God, my dear friends, you are building upon a rotten foundation, you will find yourselves mistaken, and that the kingdom of God is not in your hearts.

Again: as the kingdom of God doth not consist in doing nobody hurt, nor in doing moral actions, neither doth it consist in attending upon all outward ordinances whatsoever. A great many of you may think that you go to church, and receive the sacrament once or twice a year (though I do think that is too seldom, by a great deal, to have it administered), you may read your Bibles, you may have family worship, you may say your prayers in your closets, and yet at the same time, my dear friends, you know nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts. You may have a token, and receive the sacrament, and perhaps at the same time be eating and drinking your own damnation. I speak this because it is a most fatal snare that poor professors are exposed to—we stop our consciences by our duties. Many of you, perhaps, lead a lukewarm, loose life—you are Gallio-like; yet you will be very good the sacrament-week; you will attend all the sermons, and come to the sacrament; you will be very good for some time after that, and then afterward go on in your former way till the next sacrament. You are resting on the means of grace all the while, and placing religion in that which is only a mean of religion. I speak from mine own experience. I know how much I was deceived with a form of godliness. I made conscience of fasting twice a week, I made conscience of praying sometimes nine times a day, and received the sacrament every

Sabbath-day, and yet knew nothing of inward religion in my heart, till God was pleased to dart a ray of light into my soul, and show me I must be a new creature, or be damned for evermore. Being, therefore, so long deceived myself, I speak with more sympathy to you who are resting on a round of duties and model of performances. And now, my friends, if your hearts were to be searched, and you were to speak your minds, I appeal to your own hearts whether you are not thinking within yourselves, though you may have so much charity as to think I mean well, yet I verily believe many of you think I have carried matters a little too far; and why is this, but because I come close to some of your cases? The pride of your hearts does not care to admit of conviction, therefore you would fain retort on the preacher, and say he is wrong, whereas it is your hearts that are wrong all the while.

Others, again, perhaps may be saying, "Well, if a man may go thus far and not be a Christian, as I am sure he may, and a great deal further, you will be apt to cry out, 'Who, then, can be saved?'" And O that I could hear you asking this question in earnest! for, my friends, I am obliged, wherever I go, to endeavor to plow up people's fallow ground, to bring them off from their duties, and making a Christ of them. There are so many shadows in religion, that if you do not take care you will grasp at the shadow, and lose the substance. The Devil has so ordered the affairs of the Church now, and our hearts are so desperately deceitful, that if we do not take a deal of care we shall come short of true religion—of the true kingdom of God in the soul. The great question then is, "Whether any of you are convinced of what has been said?" Does power come with the word? When I was reading a book entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man,"* and

* This must have been Scougal's well-known work.

reading that a man may read, pray, and go to Church, and be constant in the duties of the Sabbath, and yet not be a Christian, I wondered what the man would be at; I was ready to throw it from me, till at last he told me that religion was an union of the soul with God—the image of God wrought upon the heart, or Christ Jesus formed in us. Then God was pleased with these words to cast a ray of light into my soul; with the light there came a power, and from that very moment I knew I must be a new creature. This, perhaps, may be your case, my dear hearers. Perchance many of you may be loving, good-natured people, and attend the duties of religion, but take care, for Christ's sake, that you do not rest on these things.

I think I cannot sum up what has been said better than to give you the character of the Apostle Paul. Are you a Christian, do you think, because you are of this or that sect?—Paul was a Jew and a Pharisee. Are you a Christian because you are baptized, and enjoy Christian privileges?—Then Paul was circumcised. Are you a Christian because you do nobody hurt, and are sincere?—Paul was blameless before his conversion, and was not a Gallio in religion, as many of us are; he was so zealous for God, that he persecuted the Church of Christ. But yet when God was pleased to reveal His Son in him, when God was pleased to strike him to the ground, and let him see what heart-religion was, then Paul dropped his false confidence immediately; those things which we counted gain, which he depended on before, he now counted loss, that he might win Christ, and be found in Him; not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that righteousness which is by faith in Christ Jesus. It is time, my dear friends, to proceed to

Thirdly, The next thing proposed, namely, To show you

what the kingdom of God, or true religion, positively is. I have told you what it is not; I shall now proceed to show you what it is. It is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." But before I proceed to this, I must make a little digression. Perhaps curiosity has brought many here who have neither regard to God nor man. A man may be a member of the purest church, a man may be baptized, do nobody harm, do a great deal of good, attend on all the ordinances of Christianity, and yet at the same time may be a child of the devil. If a man may go thus far, and yet at the same time miss salvation, what will become of you who do not keep up a form of religion, who scarcely know the time when you have been at church and attending sermons, unless curiosity brought you to hear a particular stranger? What will become of you who, instead of believing the Gospel and reading the Bible, set up your corrupt religion in opposition to divine revelation? What will become of you, who count it your pleasure to riot in the day time, to spend time in rioting and wantonness; who are sitting in the scorner's chair, and joining with your hellish companions, who love to dress the children of God in bear skins? What will become of you who live in acts of uncleanness, drunkenness, adultery and Sabbath-breaking? Surely, without repentance, you will be lost—your damnation slumbereth not. God may bear with you long, but He will not forbear always. The time will come when He will ease Himself of His adversaries, and then you will be undone for evermore, unless you come to Him as poor, lost sinners.

But I now go on to show you what true religion positively is; "it is righteousness," it is "peace," it is "joy in the Holy Ghost." And

First, The kingdom of God is "righteousness." By right-

eousness we are here to understand the complete, perfect, and all-sufficient righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, as including both His active and His passive obedience. My dear friends, we have no righteousness of our own; our best righteousness, take them altogether, are but so many filthy rags; we can only be accepted for the sake of the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. This righteousness must be imputed and made over to us, and applied to our hearts; and till we get this righteousness brought home to our souls, we are in a state of death and damnation—the wrath of God abideth on us.

Before I go further, I would endeavor to apply this. Give me leave to put this question to your hearts. You call yourselves Christians, and would count me uncharitable to call it in question; but I exhort you to let conscience speak out, do not bribe it any longer. Did you ever see yourselves as damned sinners? Did conviction ever fasten upon your hearts? And after you had been made to see your want of Christ, and made to hunger and thirst after righteousness, did you lay hold on Christ by faith? Did you ever close with Christ? Was Christ's righteousness ever put upon your naked souls? Was ever a feeling application of His righteousness made to your hearts? Was it, or was it not? If not, you are in a damnable state—you are out of Christ; for the Apostle says here, "The kingdom of God is righteousness;" that is, righteousness of Christ applied and brought home to the heart.

It follows, "peace." "The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace." By peace I do not understand that false peace, or rather carnal security, into which so many are fallen. There are thousands who speak peace to themselves when there is no peace. Thousands have got a peace of the devil's

making; the strong man armed has got possession of their hearts, and therefore their goods are all in peace. But the peace here spoken of is a peace that follows after a great deal of soul trouble; it is like that calm which the Lord Jesus Christ spoke to the wind: "Peace be still; and immediately there was a great calm;" it is like that peace which Christ spoke to His disciples, when He came and said, "Peace be unto you"—"My peace I leave with you." It is a peace of God's making, it is a peace of God's giving, it is a peace that the world can not give, it is a peace that can be felt, it is a peace that passeth human understanding—it is a peace that results from a sense of having Christ's righteousness brought home to the soul. For a poor soul before this is full of trouble; Christ makes application of His righteousness to his heart; and then the poor creature, being justified by faith, hath peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. My dear friends, I am now talking of heart-religion, of an inward work of God, an inward kingdom in your hearts, which you must have, or you shall never sit with Jesus Christ in His kingdom. The most of you may have peace, but for Christ's sake examine upon what this peace is founded—see if Christ be brought home to your souls, if you have had a feeling application of the merits of Christ brought home to your souls. Is God at peace with you? Did Jesus Christ ever say, "Peace be to you"—"Be of good cheer"—"Go thy way, thy sins are forgiven thee"—"My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you?" Did God ever bring a comfortable promise with power to your soul? And after you have been praying, and fearing that you would be damned, did you ever feel peace flow in like a river upon your soul? so that you could say, Now I know that God is my friend, now I know that Jesus is my Saviour, now I can call Him "My Lord, and my God;"

now I know that Christ hath not only died for others, but I know that Jesus hath died for me in particular. O my dear friends, it is impossible to tell you the comfort of this peace, and I am astonished (only man's heart is desperately wicked) how you can have peace one moment and yet not know that God is at peace with you. How can you go to bed this night without this peace? It is a blessed thing to know when sin is forgiven; would you not be glad if an angel were to come and tell you so this night?

But there is something more—there is "joy in the Holy Ghost." I have often thought that if the Apostle Paul were to come and preach now, he would be reckoned one of the greatest enthusiasts on earth. He talked of the Holy Ghost, of feeling the Holy Ghost; and so we must all feel it, all experience it, all receive it, or we can never see a holy God with comfort. We are not to receive the Holy Ghost so as to enable us to work miracles; for, "Many will say in that day, We have cast out devils in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works." But we must receive the Holy Ghost to sanctify our nature, to purify our hearts, and make us meet for heaven. Unless we are born again, and have the Holy Ghost in our hearts, if we were in heaven we could take no pleasure there. The Apostle not only supposes we must have the Holy Ghost, but he supposes, as a necessary ingredient to make up the kingdom of God in a believer's heart, that he must have "joy in the Holy Ghost." There are a great many, I believe, who think religion is a poor melancholy thing, and they are afraid to be Christians. But, my dear friends, there is no true joy till you can joy in God and Christ. I know wicked men and men of pleasure will have a little laughter; but what is it, but like the crackling of a few thorns under a pot? it makes a blaze, and soon goes out. I know what it is to take pleasure

in sin; but I always found the smart that followed was ten thousand times more hurtful than any gratification I could receive. But they who joy in God have a joy that strangers intermeddle not with—it is a joy that no man can take from them; it amounts to a full assurance of faith that the soul is reconciled to God through Christ, that Jesus dwells in the heart; and when the soul reflects on itself, it magnifies the Lord, and rejoices in God its Saviour. Thus we are told that "Zaccheus received Christ joyfully," that "the eunuch went on his way rejoicing," and that "the jailer rejoiced in God with all his house." O, my friends, what joy have they that know their sins are forgiven them! What a blessed thing is it for a man to look forward and see an endless eternity of happiness before him, knowing that every thing shall work together for his good!—it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. O may God make you all partakers of it!"

Here, then, we will put the kingdom of God together. It is "righteousness," it is "peace," it is "joy in the Holy Ghost." When this is placed in the heart, God there reigns, God there dwells and walks—the creature is a son or daughter of the Almighty. But, my friends, how few are there here who have been made partakers of this kingdom! Perhaps the kingdom of the devil, instead of the kingdom of God, is in your hearts. This has been a place much favored of God; may I hope some of you can go along with me and say "Blessed be God we have got righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost?" Have you so? Then you are kings, though beggars; you are happy above all men in the world—you have got heaven in your hearts; and when the crust of your bodies drops, your souls will meet with God, your souls will enter into the world of peace, and you shall be happy with God for evermore. I hope there is none of you who will fear death; fie

for shame, if ye do! What! afraid to go to Jesus, to your Lord? You may cry out, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" You may go on your way rejoicing, knowing that God is your friend; die when you will, angels will carry you safe to heaven.

But, O, how many are here in this church-yard, who will be laid in some grave ere long, who are entire strangers to this work of God upon their souls! My dear friends, I think this is an awful sight. Here are many thousands of souls, that must shortly appear with me, a poor creature, in the general assembly of all mankind before God in judgment. God Almighty knows whether some of you may not drop down dead before you go out of the church-yard; and yet, perhaps most are strangers to the Lord Jesus Christ in their hearts. Perhaps curiosity has brought you out to hear a poor babbler preach. But, my friends, I hope I came out of a better principle. If I know any thing of my heart, I came to promote God's glory; and if the Lord should make use of such a worthless worm, such a wretched creature as I am, to do your precious souls good, nothing would rejoice me more than to hear that God makes the foolishness of preaching a means of making many believe. I was long myself deceived with a form of godliness, and I know what it is to be a factor for the devil, to be led captive by the devil at his will, to have the kingdom of the devil in my heart; and I hope I can say, through free grace, I know what it is to have the kingdom of God erected in me. It is God's goodness that such a poor wretch as I am converted; though sometimes when I am speaking of God's goodness I am afraid He will strike me down dead. Let me draw out my soul and heart to you, my dear friends, my dear guilty friends, poor bleeding souls, who must shortly take your last farewell, and fly into endless eternity. Let me entreat you to

lay these things seriously to heart this night. Now, when the Sabbath is over, and the evening is drawing near, methinks the very sight is awful (I could almost weep over you, as our Lord did over Jerusalem), to think in how short a time every soul of you must die—some of you to go to heaven, and others to go to the devil for evermore.

O, my dear friends, these are matters of eternal moment. I did not come to tickle your ears; if I had a mind to do so, I would play the orator; no, but I came, if God should be pleased, to touch your hearts. What shall I say to you? Open the door of your heart, that the King of glory, the blessed Jesus, may come in and erect His kingdom in your soul. Make room for Christ; the Lord Jesus desires to sup with you to-night; Christ is willing to come into any of your hearts, that will be pleased to open and receive Him. Are there any of you made willing Lydias? There are many women here, but how many Lydias are there here? Does power go with the word to open your heart? and find you a sweet melting in your soul? Are you willing? Then Christ Jesus is willing to come to you. But you may say, Will Christ come to my wicked, polluted heart? Yes, though you have many devils in your heart, Christ will come and erect His throne there; though the devils be in your heart, the Lord Jesus will scourge out a legion of devils, and His throne shall be exalted in thy soul. Sinners, be ye what you will, come to Christ, you shall have righteousness and peace. If you have no peace, come to Christ, and He will give you peace. When you come to Christ, you will feel such joy that it is impossible for you to tell. O, may God pity you all. I hope this will be a night of salvation to some of your souls.

My dear friends, I would preach with all my heart till midnight, to do you good, till I could preach no more. Oh, that

this body might hold out to speak more for my dear Redeemer! Had I a thousand lives, had I a thousand tongues, they should be employed in inviting sinners to come to Jesus Christ! Come, then, let me prevail with some of you to come along with me. Come, poor, lost, undone sinner, come just as you are to Christ, and say, If I be damned, I will perish at the feet of Jesus Christ, where never one perished yet. He will receive you with open arms; the dear Redeemer is willing to receive you all. Fly, then, for your lives. The devil is in you while unconverted; and will you go with the devil in your heart to bed this night? God Almighty knows if ever you and I shall see one another again. In one or two days more I must go, and, perhaps, I may never see you again till I meet you at the judgment-day. O, my dear friends, think of that solemn meeting; think of that important hour, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, when the sea and the grave shall be giving up their dead, and all shall be summoned to appear before the great God. What will you do then, if the kingdom of God is not erected in your hearts? You must go to the devil—like must go to like—if you are not converted Christ hath asserted it in the strongest manner: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can dwell with everlasting burnings? O, my heart is melting with love to you. Surely God intends to do good to your poor souls. Will no one be persuaded to accept of Christ? If those who are settled Pharisees will not come, I desire to speak to you who are drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, cursers and swearers—will you come to Christ? I know that many of you come here out of curiosity; though you come only to see the congregation, yet if you come to Jesus Christ,

Christ will accept of you. Are there any cursing, swearing soldiers here? Will you come to Jesus Christ, and list yourselves under the banner of the dear Redeemer? You are all welcome to Christ. Are there any little boys or little girls here? Come to Christ, and He will erect His kingdom in you. There are many little children whom God is working on, both at home and abroad. O, if some of the little lambs would come to Christ, they shall have peace and joy in the day that the Redeemer shall set up His kingdom in their hearts. Parents tell them that Jesus Christ will take them in His arms, that He will dandle them on His knees. All of you, old and young, you that are old and gray-headed, come to Jesus Christ, and you shall be kings and priests to your God. The Lord will abundantly pardon you at the eleventh hour. "Ho, every one of you that thirsteth." If there be any of you ambitious of honor, do you want a crown, a scepter? Come to Christ, and the Lord Jesus Christ will give you a kingdom that no man shall take from you.

GOD, A BELIEVER'S GLORY.

"And thy God thy Glory."—*Isaiah* lx. 19.

LATELY had occasion to speak on the verse immediately following that of our text; but when I am reading God's word, I often find it is like being in a tempted garden; when we pluck a little fruit, and find it good, we are apt to look after and pluck a little more, only with this difference—the fruit we gather below often hurts the body at the same time that it pleases the appetite; but when we walk in God's garden—when we gather fruit of the Redeemer's plants, the more we eat the more we are delighted, and the freer we are, the more welcome: if any chapter in the Bible deserves this character and description of an evangelical Eden, this does.

It is very remarkable, and I have often told you of it, that all the apostles preach first the law, and then the gospel, which finds man in a state of death, points out to him how he is to get life, and then sweetly conducts him to it. Great and glorious things are spoken of the church of God in this chapter; and it struck me very much this evening, ever since I came into the pulpit, that the great God speaks of the church in a singular number. How can that be, when the church is composed of so many millions, gathered out of all nations, languages, and tongues? How is it that God says, thy Maker, and not your Maker; that He speaks of the church as though it consisted of only one individual person? The reason of it

is this, and is very obvious, that though the church is composed of many members, they have but one head, and they are united by the bond of one spirit, by whom they have the same vital union of the soul with God; and therefore it teaches Christians not to say of one another, *I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, or Cephas,* but to behave and live so, that the world may know that we all belong to one common Christ. God revive, continue, and increase this true Christian love among us! Of this church, thus collectively considered, united under one head, the blessed evangelical prophet thus speaks: "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders, but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates, (where the magistrates assemble, and the people go in and out,) praise." From this text a great many good and great men have gathered what they call the millennium, that Jesus Christ is to come and reign a thousand years on earth; but I must acknowledge that I have always rejected a great many good men's positive opinion about the season when this state commences, and I would warn you all against fixing any time; for what signifies whether Christ comes to reign a thousand years, or when He comes, since you and I are to die very soon; and therefore instead of puzzling our heads about it, God grant we may so live that we may reign with Him for ever; and it seems to me, that whatsoever is said of this state on earth, that the millenium is to be understood in a spiritual sense, as an emblem of a glorious, eternal, beatific state in the kingdom of heaven. "The sun shall no more be thy light by day, nor for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light;" and in order to prepare us for that light, and show us the nature of it, while we speak of it may it come with light and power to our souls. He adds in our text, *and*

thy God shall be thy glory. This is spoken to all believers in general, but it is spoken to all fearful believers in particular; and I do not know that I can possibly close my poor feeble ministrations among you here, better than with these words; though, God willing, I intend, if He shall strengthen me this week, to give you a parting word next Wednesday morning; and O, that what has been my comfort this day in the meditation on this passage, may be yours and mine to all eternity! He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the evangelic prophet saith, *Thy God thy glory.*

The Holy Ghost seems, as it were, particularly fond of this expression: when God published the ten commandments upon Mount Sinai, he prefaced it thus, *I am the Lord*, and not content with that, he adds, *thy God:* and the frequency of it, I suppose, made Luther say, that *the gospel deals much in pronouns, in which consists a believer's comfort;* but if there were no other argument than this, it would cut up that destructive principle by the very root, which pretends to tell us that there is no such thing as appropriation in the Bible; that our faith is only to be a rational assent to the Word of God, without a particular application of that Word made to our souls: this is as contrary to the gospel, and to the experience of every real saint, as light is contrary to darkness, and heaven to hell. My brethren, I appeal to any of you, what good would it do you, if you had ten thousand notes wrote in large characters by the finest hand that can write in London; suppose you have them, as many men have, and as it is a very convenient way; that they were put into your pockets, made on the inside of your coat; suppose you should say, my coat is buttoned, I have all these here next my heart: when I come to look at them, I find there is not one note payable to me; they are all forged, or payable to somebody else, and therefore are good

for nothing to me. All the promises of the gospel, all that is said of God and Christ, is ours. The great question therefore is, whether the God we profess to believe in is our God not only whether He is so in general—that the devils may say; but whether He is our God in particular. The devils can say, O God; but the devils cannot say, my God: that is a privilege peculiar to God's chosen people, who really believe on the Lord Jesus Christ: and therefore, my brethren, a deist cannot say my God, my Christ, because he does not believe on that medium by which God becomes our God. That was a noble saying of Luther, *I will have nothing to do with an absolute God;* that is, I will have nothing to do with a God out of Christ. Now this is a deist's glory. Lord Bolingbroke values himself upon it; I am astonished at that man's infidelity and cowardice. I do not like those men that leave their writings to be published after their death: I love to see men bold in their writings: I like an honest man that will put out his writings while alive, that he may see what men can say against him, and then answer them; but it is mere cowardice to leave it to the world to answer for it, to set us a caviling after they are in the grave: says he, I will have nothing to do with the God of Moses; and I suppose the principles of that deist made one pretty near to him ask, as soon as the breath was out of his body, Where do you think he is gone? Another replies, Where do you think, but to hell? God grant that may not be the portion of any here!

The question then is, how God is our God; *thy God.* My brethren, our all depends upon it; what signifies saying, this is mine, and that is mine, if you cannot say, God is mine. The best thing that God has left in the New Testament, is Himself; "I will be their God," that is one of the legacies; and "a new heart also will I give them," that is another; "I

will put My laws in their mind, and write them in their hearts," that is another: but all that is good for nothing, comparatively speaking, unless God has said at the same time, for they are all inseparable, "I will be their God and they shall be My people." Now how shall I know that God is my God? I am afraid, some people think there is no knowing: well then, if you think so, you set up a worship, and go and erect an altar, and instead of receiving God in the sacrament as yours, go and worship an unknown God. I am so far from believing that we cannot know that God is ours, that I am fully persuaded of it, and would speak it with humility, and I would not choose to leave you with a lie in my mouth, that I have known it for about thirty-five years, as clear as the sun is in the meridian, that God is my God. And how shall I know it, my brethren? I would ask you this question, didst thou ever feel the want of God to be thy God? Nobody knows God to be their God that did not feel Him to be his God in Christ: out of Christ, God is a consuming fire. I know there are a great variety of ways in people's conversions, but still, my brethren, we must all feel our misery, we must all feel our distance from God, all feel that we are estranged from God, that we bring into the world with us a nature that is not agreeable to the law of God, nor possibly can be; we cannot be said to believe that God is our God, till we are brought to be reconciled to Him through His Son. Can I say a person is my friend, till I am reconciled to him? And therefore the gospel only is the ministration of reconciliation. Paul says, "We beseech you as ambassadors of Christ, that you would be reconciled unto God;" this is to be the grand topic of our preaching; we are to beseech them, and God Himself turns beggar to His own creatures to be reconciled to Him: now this reconciliation is brought about by a poor sinner's being brought to Jesus Christ; and when once

he sees his enmity and hatred to God, feeling the misery of departing from Him, and being conscious that he is obnoxious to eternal wrath, flies to Jesus as to a place of refuge, and expects only a reconciliation through the blood of the Lamb; without this, neither you nor I can say, God is my God: "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." The ministers of Christ must take câre they do not preach an unknown God, and we must take care we do not pretend to live upon an unknown God, a God that is not appropriated and brought home to our souls by the efficacy of the Spirit. But, my brethren, we cannot say, God is our God, unless we are in Jesus Christ. Can you say, such a one is your father, unless you can give proof of it? You may be bastards; there are many bastards laid at Christ's door. Now, God cannot be my God, at least I cannot know Him to be so, unless He is pleased to send into my heart the spirit of adoption, and to admit me to enjoy familiarity with Christ.

My brethren, I told you the other night that the grand controversy God has with England, is for the slight put on the Holy Ghost. As soon as a person begins to talk of the work of the Holy Ghost, they cry, You are a Methodist; as soon as you speak about the divine influences of the Holy Ghost, O! say they, you are an enthusiast. May the Lord keep these methodistical enthusiasts amongst us to the latest posterity. Ignatius, supposed to have been one of the children that Jesus took up in His arms, in his first epistle, (pray read it,) wrote soon after St. John's death, and we value nothing so authentic as what was wrote in the three first centuries, bears a noble testimony of this truth. When I was performing my first exercises at Oxford, I used to take delight to walk and read it, and could not help noting and putting down from time to time several remarkable passages. In the super-

scription of all his epistles, I remember, he styles himself *Theophoros, i. e.*, Bearer of God,* and believed that those he wrote to, were so too. Somebody went and told Trajan, that one Ignatius was an enthusiast, that he carried God about him: being brought before the emperor, who, though in other respects a good prince, was a cruel enemy to the Christians; but many a good prince does bad things by the influence of wicked counsellors, like our king Henry V., who was brought in to persecute the poor Lollards, for assembling in St. Giles' fields to hear the pure gospel, by false accusation of being rebels against him. Before such a prince was Ignatius brought: says Trajan, Who is this that calls himself a bearer of God? Says Ignatius, I am he; for which he quotes this passage, *I will dwell in them, and will walk in them, and they shall be My sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty.* The emperor was so enraged, that, in order to cure him of his enthusiasm, he ordered him to be devoured by lions; at which Ignatius laughed for joy. O! says he, am I going to be devoured? And when his friends came about him, he almost danced for gladness; when they carried him to execution, he smiled, and turning about said, now I begin to be a martyr of Jesus Christ! I have heard that the lions have leaped from the martyrs, but when they come to me, I will encourage them to fall on me with all their violence. God give you such enthusiasm in a trying hour! This is to have God for our God; "he that believeth hath the witness in himself," as it is written in this blessed word of God, and I hope it will be the last book that I shall read. Farewell father, farewell mother, farewell sun, moon, and stars! was the language of one of the Scotch martyrs in King Charles' time, and it is amazing to me that even Mr. Hume (I believe) a professed

*Deum ferens; inspired, divine, holy.

deist, in his history of England, mentions this as a grand exit, and also that seraphic soul Mr. Hervey, now with God, that the last words of the martyr were, Farewell thou precious Bible, thou blessed book of God. This is my rock, this is my foundation; it is now about thirty-five years since I began to read the Bible upon my pillow. I love to read this book, but the book is nothing but an account of the promises which it contains, and almost every word from the beginning to the end of it, speaks of a spiritual dispensation, and the Holy Ghost, that unites our souls to God, and helps a believer to say my Lord and my God! If you content yourselves with that, the devil will let you talk of doctrines enough. O you shall turn from Arminianism to Calvinism. O you shall be orthodox enough, if you will be content to live without Christ's living in you. Now when you have the Spirit, then you may say, God is mine. O this is very fine, say some, every body pretends to the Spirit; and then you may go on as a bishop once told a nobleman—My lord, these Methodists say they do all by the Spirit, so if the devil bids them murder any body, they will say the Spirit bid them do it; and that very bishop died, how? Why horrid! the last words he spoke were these, *The battle is fought, the battle is fought, the battle is fought, but the victory is lost for ever.* God grant you and I may not die with such words as these. I hope you and I shall die, and say, *The battle is fought, the battle is fought, the battle is fought, I have fought the good fight, and the victory is gained for ever.* Thus died Mr. Ralph Erskine—his last words were, Victory, victory, victory! and they that can call God their God, shall by and by cry, victory, victory! and that for ever. God grant that we may all be of that happy number.

If we can call God our God, we shall endeavor by the Holy Ghost to be like God, we shall have His divine image

stamped upon our souls, and endeavor to be followers of that God who is our Father: and this brings in the other part of the text, *thy God thy glory*. What is that? The greatest honor that a poor believer thinks he can have on earth, is to boast that God is his God. When it was proposed to David, that if he killed an hundred Philistines, he should have the king's daughter for his wife, and a very sorry wife she was, no great gain turned out to him: says he, "Do you think it is a small thing to be the son-in-law to a king?" A poor stripling as I am here, come with my shepherd's crook; what! to be married to a king's daughter; do you think that a small thing? And if David thought it no small thing to be allied to a king by his daughter, what a great thing must it be to be allied to the Lord by one Spirit? I am afraid there are some people that were once poor that are now rich, that think it a great thing, that wish, O that my family had a coat of arms; some people would give a thousand pounds, I believe, for one. Coats of arms are very proper to make distinction in life; a great many people wear coats of arms that their ancestors obtained honorably, but they are a disgrace to them as they wear them on their coaches. But this is our glory, whether we walk or ride, whatever our pedigree may be in life, this is our honor, that our God may be our glory. "O what manner of love is this," saith one, "that the Lord doth bestow on us, that we should be called the sons of God!" born not of the will of man, born not of flesh, but born from above. O God grant that this may be your glory and mine!

My brethren, if God is our God and our glory, I will tell you what we shall prove it by; whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we should do all to the glory of God. Religion, as I have often told you, turns our whole life into one continued sacrifice of love to God. As a needle, when once

touched by a loadstone, turns to a particular pole, so the heart that is touched by the love of God, turns to his God again. I shall have occasion to take notice of it by and by. when I am aboard a ship: for as soon as I get on board I generally place myself in one particular place under the compass that hangs over my head; I often look at it by night and by day; when I rise, the needle turns to one point, when I go to bed, I find it turns to the same point: and often while I have been looking at it, my heart has been turned to God, saying, Lord Jesus, as that needle touched by the loadstone, turns to one point, O may my heart, touched by the magnet of God's love, turn to Him! A great many people think, they never worship God but when at church; and a great many are very demure on Lord's days, though many begin to leave that off. I know of no place upon the face of the earth where the Sabbath is kept as it is in Boston; if a single person was to walk in Boston streets in time of worship, he would be taken up; it is not trusted to poor insignificant men, but the justices go out in time of worship, they walk with a white wand, and if they catch any person walking in the streets, they put them under a black rod. O! the great mischiefs the poor pious people have suffered lately through the town's being disturbed by the soldiers! When the drums were beating before the house of Dr. Sawell, one of the holiest men that ever was, when he was sick and dying, on the Sabbath day, by his meeting, where the noise of a single person was never heard before, and he begged that for Christ's sake they would not beat the drum; they damned and said, that they would beat to make him worse; this is not acting for the glory of God; but when a soul is turned to God, every day is a Sabbath, every meal is a spiritual refreshment, and every sentence he speaks, should be a sermon; and whether he

stays abroad or at home, whether he is on the exchange, or locked up in a closet, he can say, O God, Thou art my God!

Now, my dear friends, can you, dare you say, that your God is your glory, and do you aim at glorifying the Lord your God: if your God is your glory, then say, "O God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I am crucified to the world." What say you to that now? Do not talk of God's being your glory, if you do not love His cross. If God is our glory, we shall glory not only in doing, but in suffering for Him; we shall glory in tribulation, and count ourselves most highly honored when we are called to suffer most for His great name's sake. I might enlarge, but you may easily judge by my poor feeble voice this last week, that neither my strength of voice, or body, will permit me to be long to-night, and yet I will venture to give you your last parting salutation; and though I have been dissuaded from getting up to preach this night, yet I thought as my God was my glory, I should glory in preaching till I died. O that God may be all our glory! All our own glory fades away, and there is nothing will be valuable at the great day, but this, Thou art my God, and Thou art my glory. It was a glorious turn that good Mr. Shepherd, of Bradford, mentions in one of his sermons, where he represents Jesus Christ as coming to judgment, seated upon His throne, in a sermon preached before some ministers. Christ calls one minister to Him, Pray what brought you into the church? O, says he, Lord, there was a living in the family, and I was presented to it because it was a family living: Stand thou by, says Christ. A second comes: What didst thou enter the church for? O Lord, says he, I had a fine elocution, I had good parts, and I went into the church to show my oratory and my parts: Stand thou by, thou hast thy re-

ward. A third was called: And what brought you into the church? Lord, says he, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I am a poor creature, vile and miserable, and unworthy, and helpless, but I appeal to Thee my glory, Thou sittest upon the throne, that Thy glory and the good of souls brought me there. Christ immediately says, Make room, men; make room, angels, and bring up that soul to sit near Me on My throne. Thus shall it be done to all that make God their glory here below. Glorify God on earth, and He will glorify you in heaven. "Come, ye blessed of My Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," shall be your portion: and if so, Lord God Almighty make us content to be vilified whilst here, make us content to be despised while below, make us content to have evil things spoken of us all for Christ's sake, yet a little while; and Christ will roll away the stone: and the more we are honored by His grace to suffer, the more we shall be honored in the kingdom of heaven. O that thought! O that blessed thought! O that soul-transporting thought! it is enough to make us leap into a fiery furnace; in this spirit, in this temper, may God put every one of us.

If there be any of you that have not yet called God your God, may God help you to do so to-night. When I was reasoning within myself, whether I should come up, or whether it was my duty or not, I could not help thinking, who knows but God will bless a poor feeble worm to-night. I remember, a dear friend sent me word after I was gone to Georgia, "Your last sermon at the Tabernacle was blessed to a particular person;" I heard from that person to-day, and who knows but some may come to-night, and say, I will go and hear what the babbler has to say; who knows but curiosity may be overruled for good? Who knows but those that have served the lust

of the flesh and the pride of life, for their god, may now take the Lord to be their God? O! if I could but see this, I think I could drop down dead for you.

My dear Christians, will you not help me to-night, you that go and call God your God? Go and beg of God for me, pray to heaven for me, do pray for those that are in the gall of bitterness, that have no God, no Christ to go to, and if they were to die to-night, would be damned forever. O poor sinner, where is your glory then? where is your purple and fine linen then? your purple robes will be turned into purple fire, and instead of calling God your God, will be damned with the devil. O think of your danger! *O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!* If you never have been awakened before, may the arrows of God, steeped in the blood of Jesus Christ, reach your hearts now! Think how you live at enmity with God; think of your danger every day and every hour, your danger of dropping into hell; think how your friends in glory will leave you; and may this consideration, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, excite you to choose God for your God! Though the sun is going down, though the shadow of the evening is coming on, God is willing, O man, God is willing, O woman, to be a sinner's God. He has found out a way whereby He can be reconciled to you. I remember when I saw a nobleman condemned to be hanged, the Lord High Steward told him, that however he was obliged to pass sentence on him, and did not know that justice would be satisfied but by the execution of the law in this world, yet there might be a way whereby justice might be satisfied and mercy take place in another: when I heard his lordship speak, I wished that he had not only said, there might be a way, but that he had found out the way wherein God could

be just, and yet a poor murderer coming to Jesus Christ should be pardoned.

You that can call God yours, God help you from this moment to glorify Him more and more: and if God be your God and your glory, I am persuaded, if the love of God abounds in your hearts, you will be willing on every occasion to do everything to promote His honor and glory, and therefore you will be willing at all times to assist and help as far as lies in your power to keep up places of worship, to promote His glory in the salvation and conversion of sinners; and I mention this because there is to be a collection this night: I would have chosen, if possible, to have evaded this point, but as this Tabernacle has been repaired, and as the expense is pretty large, and as I would choose to leave everything unincumbered, I told my friends I would undertake to make a collection, that everything might be left quite clear: remember, it it is not for me, but for yourselves. I told you on Wednesday how matters were; I am now going a thirteenth time over the water, on my own expense, and you shall know at the great day, what little, very little assistance I have had from those who owed, under God, their souls to my being here: but this is for the place where you are to meet, and where I hope God will meet you, when I am tossing on the water, when I am in a foreign clime. I think I can say, Thy glory, O God, calls me away, and as I am going towards sixty years of age, I shall make what dispatch I can, and I hope, if I am spared to come back, that I shall hear that some of you are gone to heaven, or are nearer heaven than you were. I find there is £70 arrears; I hope you will not run away; if you can say God is my glory, you will not push one upon another, as though you would lose yourselves in the crowd, and say nobody

sees me; but does not God Almighty see you? I hope you will be ready to communicate, and when I am gone, that God will be with you: as many of you will not hear me on Wednesday morning. O may this be your prayer, O for Jesus Christ's sake, in whose name I preach, in whose strength I desire to come up, and for whose honor I desire to be spent, O do put up a word for me; it will not cost you much time, it will not keep you a moment from your business; O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art his God! and, Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Thy glory! If I die in the waters, I shall go by water to heaven; if I land at the Orphan-house, I hope it will be a means to settle a foundation for ten thousand persons to be instructed; and if I go by the continent, as I intend to do, I hope God will enable me to preach Christ; and if I return again, my life will be devoted to your service. You will excuse me, I cannot say much more; affection works, and I could heartily wish, and I beg it as a favor, when I come to leave you, that you will excuse me from a particular parting with you. Take my public farewell; I will pray for you when in a cabin; I will pray for you when storms and tempests are about me; and this shall be my prayer for the dear people of the Tabernacle, for the dear people of the Chapel, for the dear people of London: O God, be Thou their God! and grant, that their God may be their glory. Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen.

INDEX.

Aberdeen, 207, 211.
Abergavenny, 106, 208, 213, 214, 216, 264.
Alexander, Rev. Dr. A., 127, 153, 364.
Albany, 327.
Albans, St., 93.
" All a gore of blood," 298.
Allowances, short, 84.
America, 77, 80, 91, 116, 122, 141, 153, 189, 190, 192, 212, 225, 241, 255, 267, 278, 285, 289, 306, 314, 343, 351, 365, 377.
Annapolis, 130.
Antinomianism, 255.
Archbishop of Canterbury, 53, 90, 318.
Arminianism, 192.
Arrows of conviction, 298.
Associate Presbytery, 204. Its public fast, 227.
Association, first Methodist, 234, 235.
Association, Genl. of Conn., 244.
Assembly's Catechism, 246.

Baptists, 160.
Baptized an old Quaker, 107.
Barber, Mr., 182, 188.
Basil's prayer, 284.
Baskinridge, 183.
Bath, 105, 291.
Beaufort, 286.
Beelzebub's harvest, 390.
Belfast, 275.
Belcher, Gov., 163, 166, 171, 172, 179, 244, 247, 260, 267, 280.
Benson, Bishop, 39, 40, 43, 52, 93.
Bethesda, 140, 142, 145, 160, 187, 233, 247, 261, 276, 277, 286, 289, 308, 312, 313, 322, 383.
Bethesda College project, 318, 326, 345.
Bermudas, 145, 265.
Bengeworth, 235.
Berridge, Rev. Jno., 305.
Beza, 197.
Bible class on shipboard, 63.
Big congregations, 110, 3000; 111, 50,000; 112, 60,000; 115, 80,000; 119, 40,000; also 171 and 229.
Big collections, 112, 113, 136, 141, 166, 170.
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 77, 98, 180.
Blackheath, 110, 111, 116, 119, 206.
Blair, Rev. Mr., 131, 156, 247.
Bowling Green, 99, 105.
Bolingbroke, Lord, 256, 257.
Bolton, 292.
Boltzius, Mr., 76.
Boston, 163, 165, 166, 167, 171, 179, 180, 184, 243, 245, 287, 292, 305, 310, 311, 328, 329, 335.
Boston Common, 141.
Boston Gazette, 352.
Boy cut to the heart, 183.
Boy, little, preaches, 183.
Boys, little, converted, 224.
Bradford, 281, 296.
Brainard, Mr., 246.
Braintree, 198.
Breaking heads and hearts, 105.
Burkitt's Notes, 37.
Bunyan, John, 301.

Burning Bush, 144.
Burns, 20.
Burscough, Bishop, 88.
Butler, Bp., 17.
Burr, Rev. A., 184, 287, 302.
Bristol, 52, 53, 55, 106, 117, 163, 197, 198, 199, 215, 216, 261, 274, 291, 301, 306, 321.
Bryan, Mr. H., 144, 188.

Cards, fond of, 21, 71.
Calvin, 197.
Calvinistic views, 192.
Calvinistic school, 197.
Calvinism of Wesley, 200, 201.
Cambuslang, 225, 227, 229, 230, 306, 386, 387.
Cambridge, 165.
Carmarthen, 235.
Catechism, Episcopal, 143.
Cennick, Mr., 198.
Charleston, 80, 82, 134, 136, 137, 138, 160, 161, 164, 187, 188, 247, 250, 289, 323, 324, 326.
Chalmers, Rev. Dr., 332.
Cheever, Rev. Mr., 243.
Chelsea, 256.
Chesterfield, Lord, 256, 257, 361, 365.
Cicero, 19.
Christian Review, 114.
Clapp, Rev. Mr., 162, 177.
Clark's Bible, 303.
Clarkson, Mr., 329.
Clergy, ignorant, 18.
College, Bethesda, 318.
Coleman, Rev. Dr., 142, 167, 243, 245.
Columbus, 19.
Coc, Captain, 87, 88.
Cole, Mr., 108, 244.
Colliers of Kingswood, 96, 97, 98, 106.
Convulsive fits from the devil, 151.
Converted little girl, 169.
Conversion of W., 33.
Converted Indians, 246.
Converted noblemen, 258.
"Common Drawyer," 23.
Cooper, Rev. Mr., 170.
Congregational churches, 180.
Covenanters' Fast, 227.
Covenanters' views, 205.
Cork, 274, 298, 299.
Cormick, Mr., 232.
Communicants' tears in the cup, 60.
Cradle of Presbyterianism, 126.
Cripplegate, 57.
Crying out, 157, 171, 175, 176, 182, 183, 225.

Dartmouth, Lord, 318.
Davis, Rev. Saml., 247, 283.
Dead congregations, 170.
Deal 64, 65, 66.
Declaration of Independence, 366.
Delamotte, 50, 75, 77.
Demosthenes, 19, 222.
"Devil is blind, The," 104.
"Devil of devils," 293.
"Delusion," The, 227.
Devil's castaway, The, 256, 257.
Dickinson, Rev. Dr., 125.
Dixon, Rev. Dr., 319.
Doddridge, Rev. Dr., 18, 113, 269
Downs, The, 63, 65, 67.
Doctrines W. preached, 44, 59.
Dublin, 88, 89, 274, 297, 298, 299.
Durell, Rev. Dr. 319.
Drury Lane theatre, 304.

Earthquake sermon, 268.
Edenton, N. C., 132.
Edinburgh, 203, 204, 206, 207, 208, 224, 227, 232, 260, 271, 273, 275 281, 296, 297, 302, 305, 306.
Edwards, Jonathan, 19, 172, 173, 174, 175, 177, 180, 302, 332, 385 386.
Edwards, Rev. D., 355.
Episcopalians, 160, 186.
Eloquence, its source, 386.
Ellington, Rev. Mr., 344, 354.
Erskine, Rev. Ralph, 203, 260.
Exeter, 329, 334.

Expedition against Cape Breton, 245.
Evangelists, three great, 92.
Executors, Whitefield's 347.

Falmouth, 190, 314.
Farewell to England, 322.
Fast day on ship, 64.
Fetter Lane, 90, 100, 109.
Field-preaching introduced, 96, 97, 200, 365.
Finley, Rev. Dr., 338.
Foster Lane, 57.
Foote, Mr. S., 304.
Fogg's Manor, 157, 187, 225.
Forty preachers congratulate W., 366.
Foundry, The, 198.
Franklin, Benjamin, 152, 361, 383.
Free-will Baptists, 366.
Frederica, 78, 80, 136.
Funeral of Earl of B., 318.
Funeral of Whitefield, 341, 347.

Garden, Rev. Mr., 81, 134, 137.
Gambling house, 61.
Garrick, 331, 363, 383.
Gay dressing in Charleston, 134.
Georgia, 53, 54, 55, 56.
Georgia trustees, 93.
Germantown, 128.
Georgia government changed, 277.
Giving very cheerfully, 112.
Gibraltar, 68, 69.
Gillies, Dr., 21, 49, 110, 155, 218, 272, 275, 288, 341, 344, 360, 362.
Gill, Rev. Dr. Jno., 272.
Gifford, 272.
Gladman, Cap., 87, 154.
Glasgow, 207, 225, 229, 260, 272, 275, 281, 297, 300, 302, 303, 305, 306.
Gloucester, 20, 37, 38, 216, 218, 261, 274, 277, 291, 296.
Gordon, Rev., 160.
Gravesend, 61, 63, 120.
Great Revivals, 224, 225, 228.

Habersham, Mr., 64, 68, 70, 73, 74, 140, 144, 188, 288, 324, 345, 379.

Hall, Rev. Dr. R., 332.
Hall, Bishop, 223.
Hamilton, Rev. Dr., 229.
Happy wedding, 182.
Harris, Howell, 104, 106, 107, 201, 256.
Harris, Rev. S., 54.
Hampton Common, 234.
Hannam, Mount, 98, 99, 103, 105.
Haven, Dr., 341.
Heart-breaking partings, 311.
Henry's commentary, 37, 351, 377.
Hervey, Rev. Jas., 27, 51, 269, 272, 292, 302, 332, 362.
"Holy Club," The, 27, 28, 51.
Hoby, Rev. Dr., 348.
Hodge, Rev. Dr. Charles, 152.
Hume, 257, 361.
Huss, John, 265.
Hyde Park, 268.

Impulses, 175, 289.
Indians, 143.
Indian school, 309, 315.
Indian preachers, 315.
Indian congress, 325.
Impulse given by W., 289, 364.
Inquirers, anxious, 128, 151, 153, 157, 163, 171, 180, 206, 234.
Ipswich, 287.
Ireland, 88, 274, 275, 297.
Irish cabin, 88.
Islington, 111.

James, Jno. Angel, 221.
James, Mrs. E., 211.
Jaques, Mr., 347.
Jay, Rev. Wm., 344.
Jewett, Rev. Mr., 343.
Jonson, Ben., 20.
Journal, Whitefield's, 128, 130, 132, 206, 217, 254.
Joyful hallelujahs, 326.
Joy, great, 158, 160, 161, 166, 207, 215, 216, 217, 224, 278, 279, 281.
Justification by faith discovered, 37, 90.

Kempis, Thomas à, 25, 28.
Keen, Mr., 327, 328, 344, 345.
Kennington Common, 110, 111, 112, 113. 114, 115, 118, 190, 198.
Ken, Bishop, 22.
Kirkland, Mr., 327.
Kilmarnock, 230.
Kilbride, 230.
Kilsith, 230.
Kinchin, Dean, 51.
Kingswood, 96, 103, 106, 111, 197, 216, 261.
Kingswood school-house, 106.
Kinsman, Rev. A., 332.
King George, 289, 293, 299.
Kittery, 329.

Lady Huntingdon, 255, 256, 257, 259, 261, 269, 270, 273, 280, 291, 292, 301, 314, 316, 317, 321, 345. Her character, 259.
Land granted for Orphan House, 93, 342.
Last letter of W., 328.
Last sermon, 329.
Latin school at Bethesda, 247.
Law, Wm., 28, 29, 254.
Leeds, 266, 280, 281, 292, 293, 296, 306.
Letters, Whitefield's, 199.
Lewistown, Pa., 122.
Limerick, 274, 298, 299.
Light become darkness, 179.
Lions turned to lambs, 220.
Lisbon, 285, 294.
Little converted girl, 129.
Liverpool, 292.
Livingstone, Jno., 101.
Log college, 126, 127, 364.
Lord Halifax, 297.
Lost man, 78.
London, 161, 199, 200, 213, 215, 221, 232, 235, 237, 261, 266, 268, 272, 276, 282, 291, 299, 300, 304, 306, 308, 315, 317, 344, 354, 381.
London alarmed, 56, 89, 90, 93.
London Chronicle, 344.
Love feast, precious, 91, 92, 100.
Luther, Martin, 20, 85.

MacLaurin, Rev. Jno., 272.
MacMahan, Mr., 87, 88.
McCosh, Rev. Dr., 127.
McCullough, Mr., 227, 229.
Manchester, 292.
Manner of W.'s preaching, 331, 332.
Marylebone fields, 222.
Margate, 63.
Mayfair, 115.
Melanchthon, 233.
Methodism, origin of, 27.
Methodism, strength of, 28.
Methodism, epoch of, 92.
Methodist, 222, 315, 316, 317, 319.
Methodist church, first, 34.
Methodist seminary, first, 117.
Methodist, Oxford, 46, 47, 186, 263, 266, 298.
Methodist, Calvinistic, 194, 234.
Methodism, 307, 317, 364, 365.
Mesopotamia, 331.
Moody, Rev. Mr., 167.
Moorfields, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 118, 197, 206, 218, 219, 222, 224, 235, 255, 268, 389.
Moravians, 284.
Morrison, Mr., sued for having preaching in his house, 247.
"Morris' reading house," 247.
Mrs. Whitefield, 212, 213, 214, 224, 241, 254, 265. Her death, 320. Monument, 320.
Muir, Rev. Dr., 233.
Muthel, 230.

"Nail the flag just below the cross," 294.
Negroes, 166, 180, 251, 253.
Newark, 183.
Newbern, 132, 312.
New Brunswick, 184.
New-creature ministers, 308.
New Castle, 306, 313.
Newburyport, 287, 310, 329, 334, 349, 351.

New England, 162, 178, 179, 180, 200, 218, 241, 243, 249, 309, 310, 313, 343.
New Brunswick, 153, 184.
New Haven, 177.
New era dawned, 97.
New lights, 69.
New measures, 90, 102.
New Jersey College, 127, 172, 184, 261, 269, 283, 308, 309, 311, 338, 365.
New York, 123, 124, 125, 129, 177, 178, 181, 246, 248, 249, 286, 309, 310, 311, 314, 327.
New tabernacle, 278, 283.
Nobility, The, 314, 321.
Nobility converts, 258.
Noble, Mr., 177, 181.
Nonconformity churches, 365.
Nonconformists, 26.
Northampton, 113, 162, 172, 174, 176, 190, 269, 280, 292.
Norwich, 280, 292.
North Carolina, 250, 288.
North Carolinians, very kind, 132.
Nottingham, 187, 270.

Occum, Rev. Mr., 315.
Offering strange fire, 170.
Oglethorpe, General, 53, 136, 139, 140, 144.
Ogle, Gov., 130.
Old Bell Inn, 20.
Opposition, causes of, 93, 95.
Orphan house, 76, 78, 80, 93, 104, 106, 112, 113, 120, 136, 139, 140, 141, 142, 144, 145, 190, 200, 232, 248, 324, 345.
Orphan boy's speech, 325.
Oxford Bull, 320.
Oxford, 37, 49, 56, 93, 108.
Oxford University, 26, 27, 36, 319, 351, 383.

Paisley, 224, 225.
Parsons, Rev. Mr. 330, 334, 336, 349, 351.
Paul, 89, 90, 100.
Patriotism of W., 293, 294.
Pemberton, Rev. Dr., 124, 129, 155, 181.
Pentecost, another, 157.
Pepperill, Col., 242.
Persecutors converted, 280.
Periam, Joseph, 113.
Persecution, 232.
Personal appearance of W., 330.
Penn, Wm., 123.
Philadelphia, 122, 127, 129, 130, 151, 184, 186, 206, 211, 248, 286, 308, 309, 312, 326, 327, 344.
Philip, Rev. Dr., 28, 53, 69, 100, 202, 206, 240, 289, 316, 331, 383.
Piety, Church of England low, 17.
Picking holes in coats and hearts, 179.
Pierpont, Mr., 177.
Pilot fish, 72.
Pitched battle, The, 218.
Piscataway, 241.
"Pickpocket, spiritual," 59.
Planters converted, 161.
Plymouth, R. I., 177, 188, 262, 299.
Portsmouth, 167, 242, 243, 264, 269, 273, 310, 328, 334.
Portrait of W., 310.
Pointed letter to Wesley, 195.
"Pot-boy," The, 23.
Phillips, Captain, 84.
Poughkeepsie, 327.
Portrait of W., 310.
Portugal, 285.
Praying to men, 18.
Prayer, 159, 160, 171, 181, 225, 241, 266, 284, 328, 377, 329.
Prayer meetings, 100, 101, 116, 128.
Prayed and sung all night, 58, 59 91, 116, 225, 228.
Preaching before day, 57.
Predestination, Wesley's sermon against, 193.
Presbyterians, 160, 182, 186, 247, 251 288.
Presbyterian church, 152, 156, 334 366.

Presbyterian church, old South, 347.
Princeton theological seminary, 365.
Prince, Rev. Dr., 180, 184, 243, 349.
Pulteney, 361.

Quakers, 53, 107, 132, 151, 204, 222, 239.
Quietism, 28.

Raikes, Robert, 20.
Ramsgate, 323.
Rappahannock, 308.
Randall, Benj., 339, 366.
Reconciliation effected, 201.
Reading W.'s sermons, 246.
Regeneration, sermon on, 56, 57, 58, 59.
Remains of W., 347, 348.
Revivals, 53, 55, 59, 108, 124, 143, 148, 151, 156.
Revival at Northampton, 172, 173.
Revival at Cambuslang, 227.
Revival at Bristol, Bath, Gloucester, 53.
Revivals, 53, 55, 59, 108, 124, 143, 148, 151, 156, 159, 162, 166, 169, 171, 172, 180, 184, 187, 206, 213, 215, 218, 246, 261, 264, 270, 275, 248, 299, 300, 304, 306, 309, 310, 317, 321, 364, 366, 387.
Richmond, 288.
Rodgers, Rev. Dr. Jno., 151, 152, 167.
Rodborough, 321.
Romaine, Rev. Mr., 314, 337.
Roxbury, 165.
Rose Green, 99, 104, 116.

Sacrament, precious, 60.
Salisbury, 327.
Sawyer, Dr., 336.
Sayings of W., 367, 371.
Savannah, 76, 158, 159, 187, 211, 276, 312, 324, 354, 380.
Sermons, Whitefield's, 331.
Secret of his victorious death, 339.
Sallies of joy, 54.
Salem, 287.
Satan showing his teeth, 270.
Seceders, 360.
Seward, Mr., 106, 154.
Separation of Whitefield and Wesley, 190, 191, 192.
Sectarianism unknown in heaven, 186.
Scattered sheep gathered, 200.
Scotland, 203, 207, 208, 216, 217, 218, 224, 225, 260, 270, 278, 283, 301, 306, 308, 320, 365, 377, 380.
Scoffers prayed to silence, 105, 118.
School on ship-board, 70.
Shakspeare, 20.
Shark, The, 71, 72.
Shirley, 314, 316.
Shuter, pierced, 389.
Simpson, Bishop, 293.
Ship cook's boast, 74.
Shotts, The, 101.
Smith, Rev. M., 334, 341, 359.
Social meetings, religious, 46, 59, 90, 101, 107, 128, 208.
Springfield, 174.
Spain, 68.
Stevens, Dr. A., 50, 180, 365.
Strongest wires, The, 101.
Steven, Sir James, 360.
St. Annis, 57.
"Sweet Bereavements," 320.

Tabernacle, The, 198, 220, 255, 266, 278, 279, 280, 284, 291, 293, 317, 344.
Tabernacle society, 221.
Tappan, Mr. W., 349.
Tabernacle, lectures, 317.
"Tears of blood," 158.
Tennent, Rev. Wm., 126, 154, 155.
Tennent, Rev. Charles, 148, 187.
Tennent, Rev. Gilbert, 123, 125, 126, 152, 155, 176, 177, 183, 184, 249, 283.
Testimony for W., 245.
Thousands cried out, 157.
Thorpe converted, 27.
Tillotson, Arch., 191.
Toplady, 17, 331, 338, 357.

"Town full of God's presence," 173,
Trevecca college chapel, 320.
Trapp, Dr., 110.
Tottenham court chapel, 321, 344.
Tyerman, Rev. Mr., 28, 34, 77, 193, 319, 388.

University, Oxford, 319, 351, 353.
University, Cambridge, 360.
Unction, W.'s source of, 100.
Universities, 179, 244.
"Universal stair," 262.

Venn, Rev. Mr. 191, 314, 355.
Vesey, Rev. Mr., 123.

Wakely, Rev. Dr., 210, 212, 330.
Wales, 103, 106, 208, 211, 213, 217, 234, 235, 264, 265, 274, 277, 279, 301, 365, 377.
Warburton, Bishop, 307.
Walter, Rev. Mr., 165.
Walpole, Horace, 257.
Washington, General, 211.
Warren, Rev. Dr., 366.
Worcester, 172.
Watts' Psalms, 334.
Watson, Dr., 18.
Webster, Daniel, 386.
Webb, Rev., 167.
Webster, Rev. Dr. 228.
Wesley, Jno., 18, 28, 49, 50, 51, 67, 77, 81, 90, 91, 97, 99, 105, 106, 116, 117, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 200, 201, 211, 218, 249, 258, 272, 280, 283, 338, 344, 347, 352, 358, 364, 365, 376, 387. His love for the poor, 258.
Wesley, Charles, 27, 49, 50, 51, 90, 91, 118, 139, 191, 249, 266, 347.
"White gutters," colliers' cheeks, 98.
White Clay creek, 130, 187.
Whiting, Captain, 63, 65, 73.
Winter, Cornelius, 312.
Wilmington, 130, 148.
Williamsburgh, 131
Will of Whitefield, 345.
Wycliffe, Jno., 278.
Whitefield, Thos, 345.
Wright, Mr. A., 345.

York, 167, 293, 296, 329.
Young men's society, 151.
Young women's prayer-meetings, 208.

Zeal of Whitefield, 321.
Zubly, Rev. Mr., 344.